

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO



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RESOLVES,
DIVINE, MORAL, AND POLITICAL,

OF

Owen Felltham.

Et sic demulceo vitam.

SECOND EDITION, AS REVISED.

WITH

SOME ACCOUNT OF

THE AUTHOR AND HIS WRITINGS.

BY

JAMES CUMMING, Esq. F.S.A.

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TO
HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS
THE
DUKE OF GLOUCESTER,

8c. 8c. 8c.

SIR,

THE RESOLVES of OWEN FELLTHAM, now humbly presented for the acceptance of your Royal Highness, contain a treasure of *Divine, Moral, and Political* wisdom, clothed in manly, nervous, and energetic language. When I proposed to myself the republication of this work, I was naturally desirous, after it had remained so long in obscurity, of bringing it forward to public notice, under the patronage

of One, who could form a proper estimate of its merits, and by the lustre of his name, and the weight of his character, give a currency to doctrines, so essential to the promotion of the best interests of man.

The name of your Royal Highness immediately occurred: and by the intercession of a friend, your Royal Highness has been pleased to confer upon me, by accepting of this Dedication, an honour, which I gratefully acknowledge.

I could not have flattered myself that any work of mine, could have compensated your Royal Highness for the trouble of the perusal; but I can venture to assure you, Sir, that the perusal of FELLTHAM will afford you no small satisfaction, as you will, in every page, discover the loyal subject, the sound moralist, the pious Christian. Had this Author been now living, entertaining such sentiments as he did, where would he more naturally have looked for a patron than to your Royal Highness? Sprung from that august Family which was called to protect and to secure to the people of this land,

their Constitution, their Laws, and their Religion; trained and educated as your Royal Highness has been, by your illustrious Father, in the love of that Constitution, in a strict veneration for those Laws, and well instructed in the purest principles of the Christian Faith, the British nation have the best assurance, that as you have early imbibed the principles and the attachments which such an Education was well suited to produce, so you will cherish them, as long as you live. In times so eventful as these, when the conduct of Princes may determine the fate of empires, the inhabitants of this great nation, take a deep interest in the conduct of every branch of that illustrious Family which surrounds the throne; and in the character of your Royal Highness, they recognize a bright emanation of those virtues, which for nearly half a century, have shone with such distinguished splendour, in the life of our most gracious Sovereign; virtues, which may have been the means of securing to this nation the favour of Heaven, amidst the alarming convulsions of the earth.

That your Royal Highness may long adorn that elevated rank in human society, which you are destined, by Divine Providence to fill, and benefit mankind by your talents, by your virtues, and by the exemplariness of your life, is the earnest prayer of him, who, with every sentiment of respect and veneration, subscribes himself,

SIR,

Your Royal Highness's

Most dutiful and obedient Servant,

JAMES CUMMING.

November 1800.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Editor first became acquainted with the *Resolves of Owen Felltham* in the year 1804. They appeared to him to abound with valuable lessons of instruction on the most important and interesting subjects of human life and conduct, applicable to all ages and conditions, and conveyed with great force and beauty of expression. In them, he thought, he beheld, “imagination and knowledge equally successful in their exertions; this, as the contributor of truths, and that, as opening her affluent wardrobe for their dress; one like the Earth, throwing out of her bosom the organized forms of matter, and the other like the Sun, arranging them in an endless variety of hues*.”

The pleasure and profit which he derived from the perusal of them, induced him to recommend them to the attention of others; who purchased the book, and became as great admirers of it, as himself. It was then known but to a few persons who were

* Preface to Lord Bacon's *Essays*.

curious in a knowledge of the old writers ; and it was sold for little more than waste paper, and easily to be procured. It had, in truth, lost the reputation it once possessed, and had nearly sunk into total oblivion ; but a demand for it arose, and it soon became difficult to obtain a copy of it. This latter circumstance, and a desire to bring again into general notice a work, which, he conceived, could be read by no one without improvement, suggested to the Editor the idea of a republication : an idea, which he was encouraged to carry into effect by those who were too eminent and respectable in the department of moral and religious learning, to suffer him to hesitate, as to the prosecution of his design. Had, however, any hesitation remained in his mind, it would have been effectually removed, by the invitation held forth to him by one, whose sanction of such a work as the present, could not but be regarded by him as a very strong reason in itself for sending a new Edition of it to the press. “ It certainly contains,” said he, in a letter to the Editor, “ an astonishing treasure of moral and religious truth,—“ a mine in which you may dig for ages, without exhausting it.—When pruned of a few impurities, and a little curtailed, it will be a vast addition to the stores of English Literature.”

A new Edition of the Resolves was accordingly

presented to the public in the year 1806, in which the Editor availed himself of the judicious suggestions of the learned person to whom he here alludes. The impurities consisted of expressions, allusions, and conceits, which are not unfrequently to be met with in the writers of Felltham's time; and which, though by no means of a licentious or immoral cast, are nevertheless offensive to the delicacy of modern refinement. Besides curtailing the chapters where this could be done without injury to the effect of the argument, or train of thought, the Editor exercised a discretion in giving only a selection of Chapters. This selection, however, contained the far greater part of the original work. He, in that Edition, took some further liberties with the text of Felltham, the nature of which, he deems it proper here to state. For such obsolete words and quaint phrases as might not be intelligible, except to those conversant with the writers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, or might not carry with them a ready signification to the minds of readers at large, he substituted others which appeared to him better adapted to convey the Author's meaning; and he ventured, occasionally, somewhat to modernize the dress in which the writer had clothed his thoughts; a freedom which he sparingly, and, he trusts, cautiously exercised. He also adopted the orthography

now in use; and where some of the titles of Chapters did not appear sufficiently appropriate, he endeavoured to remedy that defect. More finished translations of some of the classical quotations were also, in some instances, substituted from other writers. In all these alterations, it was the object of the Editor, to render his Author better adapted for general use. The whole of that impression (which was a large one) having been called for, several years ago, the Editor has much gratification in again committing the work to the press; which he would have earlier done, if he could have commanded the time necessary for that purpose.

In the present Edition of the Resolves, he has been induced, to insert a few not included in the former one, which he considers to have well deserved a place in it; and he has subjoined to it, some of the poetic productions of Owen Felltham; both of which, he flatters himself, will prove acceptable to those who may read the Volume now presented to the Public. The Editor has also enlarged the Account of the Author and his Writings, prefixed to the former impression of the Resolves; but without being able to add much to the few particulars which he then gave of his private history.

SOME ACCOUNT
OF
Owen Felltham,
AND HIS WRITINGS.

THERE are few English writers, perhaps none, of any considerable celebrity in the ages in which they lived, of whom less is known, than of the Author of the *Resolves*; and what is particularly remarkable, though this production of his pen, had passed through no less than twelve Editions, (the greater part of which appeared during his life) when I formerly ventured to present it to the world, yet the name of Owen Felltham had not been made the subject of an article in any one of our printed Biographical Collections.

The Fellthams were a family of high antiquity in Norfolk and Suffolk; and were seated, according to

Blomefield, at Felltham's Manor, in the former county, as early as the reign of Henry III. A branch of them, it seems, remained in Norfolk in 1664: and, I am informed by my friend Edmund Lodge, Esq. Herald at Lancaster, that there is, in the College of Arms, a pedigree of the Fellthams, of four descents, made, in a visitation of that year; which sets forth, that Thomas Felltham of Sculthorpe, in Norfolk, who married Mayant daughter of Jackson, of —— in Derbyshire, had issue Thomas Felltham of Mutford, in Suffolk, who married Mary daughter of —— Ufflett of Somerleyton, in Suffolk, who had Robert Felltham of Sculthorpe, who married Christian daughter of William Lucas, of Horniger, in Suffolk, and had a numerous issue, of which the second son was named Owen. The above-mentioned Thomas Felltham of Mutford in Suffolk, must in all probability, have been the father of our author; and the Owen described as the second son of Robert Felltham of Sculthorpe, the nephew of him who wrote the Resolves, from whom that Owen derived his Christian name.

That the name of Felltham's father was Thomas, that he resided in Suffolk, that he died on the 11th of March, 1631, aged 62, and was buried at Babram, in Cambridgeshire, appears from the following Epitaph written by his son Owen, and preserved in the supplementary matter to the later impressions of the Resolves; from which it also appears, that his father had three children; and that he was a gentleman of worth.

[“ Upon my Father’s Tomb at Babram in Cambridgeshire.”]

M. P. Q. S. Memoriae Posterisque Sacrum.

Ex

Suffolciæ ortus Comitatu

THOMAS FELLTHAM

Vir probus, generosus, sciens

Ubique colendus.

Bonis,

Malis,

Adjutor, Obstes;

Amicisque fidelis.

Bene vivens, moriens pie,

Filios tres, totitemque Natas,

Superstites relinquens,

II. Martii, Salutis Anno 1631.

Sed militiæ suæ 62.

Per natu Filium minorem,

Hic,

In vitam beatiorem

Ad Resurgendum,

Positus.

The monument is still in existence in the Church of Babram. The parish clerk who, in the year 1806, when I made my inquiries concerning the Fellthams, distinctly recollected events and circumstances as far back as 1734, had never heard of any of the name having been settled at that place or its neighbourhood; nor could I learn that any traces of the family remained in Norfolk, or even at Mutford in Suffolk, which was in latter times the seat of their residence. The minister at Mutford examined his registers; but could find nothing in them respecting the family, of a more recent date than 1590. It was the baptismal entry of a female. The Church contained no memorials of the Fellthams of any kind;

and as the minister believed “there was no estate “that could have been in their possession, for very “many years.” The name is by no means an uncommon one; and I have endeavoured to learn of several who bear it, whether they were descended from our author Owen; but I have not met with a single Felltham who could trace his lineage to that source or who set up any pretensions to a connection with his family*.

Owen Felltham must have been born either at the latter end of Queen Elizabeth’s reign, or at the beginning of James the first’s.

Of his private history, I have not been able (and I have not been indolent in my researches) to collect any further information than what is afforded by Oldys, in his manuscript notes to a copy of Langbain preserved in the British Museum. “Of this Felltham,” says Oldys, “there has been little written,

* It may be worth while to mention, that about two years ago, my attention was attracted by the name of “Owen Felltham,” placed over a ginger-bread booth at Croydon Fair, where I happened to be with a party of children. The proprietor of it, being present, (who appeared to me to be a respectable and intelligent man,) I talked to him about his eminent name-sake. I found he was a native of Suffolk; and that he had heard of the Resolves, which not many years before had been put into his hands by a schoolmaster in that county, with whom he had placed a son; but he was not conscious of having sprung from the family; and could not carry his genealogy further back than his own father and mother. If he could have traced it back but two generations further, it is not improbable he would have turned out to be a near relative of our Owen. The coincidence of christian name and county of birth is, at all events, curious.

“ he was a poet of those times, but more noticed as a
“ moralist for his book of Resolves,” which in another
place he mentions, as “ having been looked upon by
“ some readers, as a treatise full of good councils, and
“ fine conceits.” Oldys further says, “ William
“ Loughton, the schoolmaster in Kensington, is the
“ only person I have met with who knows any thing
“ more of him (*i. e.* than the fact of his parentage). I
“ think he told me once, near thirty years since, that
“ he or some of his family were related to Owen Fell-
“ tham; and that he lived in some noble house, in
“ quality of gentleman of the horse, or secretary to
“ some nobleman; with several other particulars, now
“ forgot.” It is most probable, that the noble family
with which Felltham is here said to have been con-
nected, was that of the Earl of Thomond. In the
Dedication which is prefixed to the later editions of
his Resolves, commencing with the year 1661, and
which is addressed “ to the Right Honourable, my
“ most honoured Lady Mary Countess Dowager of
“ Thomond,” he declares, “ that most of them were
“ composed, under the coverture of her roof;” and he
notices, “ the many other obligations which em-
“ boldened him to this dedication;” and at the end
of the last or twelfth edition, published in 1709,
there is “ A form of prayer composed for the family
“ of the Right Honourable the Countess Dowager of
“ Thomond*.”

* This lady was the daughter of Sir George Fermor, Knight, an ancestor of the Earls of Pomfret, who spent his youth in the Netherlands, under that great captain in arms, William Prince

His motives for writing the Resolves, and for giving them to the world, are as virtuous as they must be interesting to the moralist, but particularly the Christian moralist. The Resolves themselves, also throw a broad and strong light on the personal character, habits, and dispositions of the writer. Speaking of this work in one of his old prefaces,

of Orange. He was a friend of Sir Philip Sydney. He kept up the old style of living, and entertained James the First and his Queen, at Easton, in 1603. Sir George Fermor married Mary daughter of Thomas Curson of Addington, in Berks, Esq. by whom he had seven sons and eight daughters. Felltham wrote an epitaph on this lady, in which he describes her, as "*the best example of her sex.*" Her daughter Mary first married Robert Crighton Lord Sanquehar, a Scotch peer, who was executed at London, June 29, 1612, and afterwards married Barnabas sixth Earl of Thomond, who, according to Lodge in his Irish Peerage, was a nobleman of strict loyalty, religion, and honour. He was Lord Lieutenant and Custos Rotulorum of the county of Clare, in Ireland; and upon the rebellion breaking out in that country, he repaired to his Majesty King Charles at Oxford, who, during the Earl's attendance upon him there, received such proofs of his fidelity and affection to his person and service, that, by patent under the privy seal dated 3d March, 1645, he created him Marquis of Billing, in the county of Northampton; but the troubles which overspread the kingdom, prevented the passing of the patent under the great seal, so that the title was never enjoyed.—Lodge gives some long and curious extracts from the wills of this Earl of Thomond, and of his Countess; but, I find no mention of Felltham in them. Penelope Countess of Peterborough, was daughter of the Countess of Thomond by her last husband. Felltham penned some lines in praise of her beauty, addressed to the painter to whom she sat for her picture.

“ To the Peruser,” he says, “ what I aime at in
“ it, I confesse hath most respect to myselfe: that
“ *I might out of my owne school, take a lesson*
“ *which should serve me for my whole pilgrimage:*
“ *and if I should wander, my own items might*
“ *set me in heaven’s direct way againe.* We
“ do not so readily run into crimes, that from our
“ owne mouth have had sentence of condemnation.”
Again, in the same preface, he says, “ That I might
“ curb my own wild passions, I have writ these:
“ and if thou findest a line to mend thee, I shall
“ thinke I have divulged it to purpose. Read all
“ and use thy mind’s liberty—how thy suffrage falls,
“ I weigh not; for it was not so much to please
“ others, as to profit myselfe.” And in the preface
to the later editions, he further observes, “ Sure it is,
“ the invitation he had to write and publish them,
“ were not so much to please others, or to shew any
“ thing he had, could be capable of the name of
“ parts: but to give the world some account how he
“ spent his vacant hours, and that *by passing the*
“ *press (they becoming, in a manner, ubi quitaries)*
“ *they might every where be, as boundaries to hold*
“ *him, within the limits of prudence, honour, and*
“ *virtue.*” Conformably with this view, it will be seen,
that the topics which he handles come home to every
man’s business and bosom, and that it is the imme-
diate tendency of the work, to instruct the minds
and to improve the hearts of men in general; and
what gives no small effect to these good purposes,
the argument of each chapter is concluded by a
direct and personal application of it to himself, and

through him to his readers, in the form of a Resolve or Resolution. In the very early editions, and in those only, there is a chapter, entitled "*Though Resolutions change: yet Vowes should know no varietie.*" It ought not to be lost; and it is so short, that I shall here insert it.—“Resolutions may often change: sometimes, for the better; and the last ever stands firmest. But vowes well made, know no variance. For the first should bee sure, without alteration. He that violates their performance, failes in his dutie; and every breach is a wound to the soule. I will resolve oft, before I vowe once; never resolve to vow, but what I may keepe; never vow, but what I both can, and will keepe.” “The best is,” (says he, in his Resolve “*Of Public Scandal,*”) “to let the same spirit, guide both the hand and tongue.” “I will never professe, what I will not strive to practice; and will think it better to be crooked timber, than a strait blocke for man to stumble on.” Randolph the poet, though personally unacquainted with Owen Feltham, when he addressed to him the lines on his “Booke of Resolves,” might well say of him,—

“ —I guesse thy life thy booke produces,

“ And but expresses thy peculiar uses.”

————— “ Thy life hath been

“ Pattern enough, had it of all been seen,

“ Without a booke*.”—————

* The Resolves of Owen Feltham remind me of the “*Private Thoughts upon Religion,*” of Bishop Beveridge, written in his younger years, and which consist of “Articles” declaratory of

The Resolves indeed, exhibit to us, *the man himself*, as well as the author.

principles, and of resolutions formed upon those principles “to regulate his actions in the practice of them.” The Rev. Mr. Todd has most obligingly made me acquainted with another writer of that day, whose name I never before heard of, and whose resemblance to my favourite author, at once struck me. I refer to a duodecimo volume, written by Joseph Henshaw, Bishop of Peterborough, entitled, “*Daily Thoughts; or, a Miscellany of Meditations Holy and Humane,*” the third edition of which was published in 1651, “much enlarged,” as the title page expresses. It is extremely scarce, and is a pearl of great value. I mean not on account of its scarceness, but its intrinsic worth. The greater part of this most pleasing and instructive little work, (for with its “enlargements” it is a very small one,) were, like Felltham’s Resolves, written in the early days of life, for personal improvement, and given to the world from the desire of profiting others, in their passage through it. I will not deny myself the pleasure of transcribing a passage from Bishop Henshaw’s preface to the first part of this choice manual of piety and morality:—“It is not out of desire of being known, nor out of a desire to be thought to know, that I doe commend this small tract to the world; but to take up the roome of worse thoughts in thy head, and worse bookes in thy hands. It is the work of younger yeares, and the fruit of idle times, not of serious study; and no otherwise do I publish it to view: though I am persuaded it would conduce much to the peace of the Church, if bookes of this nature were more in use. It were to be wished that inferiors would employ their time, rather in holy meditation of those truths which are already received in the Church, than in making themselves, or in shewing themselves able to defend them; not that I would commend an ignorant devotion to any, or desire men to know lesse good: but more to practice, that good they know: nor turne religion into disputation; but turne their disputation into

Owen Felltham appears never to have followed any profession, and never to have been in affluent circumstances ; yet to have possessed enough to satisfy one of his happy frame of mind, and to enable him with his well-ordered habits, to administer to the wants and necessities of others. He was a youth, when he thus spoke of himself, in one of his original Resolves, to be found only in the very early editions. “ I live in a ranke, though not of the highest, yet
 “ affording more freedome, as being exempt from
 “ those suspicious cares that pricke the bosome of the
 “ wealthy man. It is such as might content my
 “ betters, and such as heaven smiles on with a
 “ gracious promise of blessing, if my carriage bee faire
 “ and honeste ; and without these, who is well?
 “ I have necessaries, and what is decent ; and when
 “ I desire it, something for pleasure. Who hath

“ action and obedience. They shall finde, in the last day, that
 “ it is holinesse, not knowledge (I doe not say holinesse, without
 “ knowledge), that must bring them to heaven. ‘ *Supremo*
 “ ‘ *illi judici non scripta approbanda sed facta ;*’ not the dis-
 “ puter, but the doer of God’s will shall be justified. Men,
 “ while they spend their time in disputing what they shall doe,
 “ they too often neglect to doe, even those things which are
 “ without dispute.” The Meditations of Bishop Henshaw well
 deserve to be republished, for the use and instruction of the
 present generation. There is also another valuable little work,
 of the same character, which ought to be much better known
 than it is. “ *Spare Minutes ; or, Resolved Meditations and*
 “ *Premeditated Resolutions, written by Arthur Warwick,*” the
 seventh edition of which bears the date of 1640.

“ more that is needfull? If I bee not so rich, as to
 “ sow almes by sackfulls, even my mite is beyond the
 “ superfluetie of wealth; and *my pen, my tongue,*
 “ *and my life, shall I hope, helpe some to better*
 “ *treasure than the earth affords them.* I have food
 “ convenient for mee; and I sometimes find exercise
 “ to keepe my bodie healthfull; when I doe, I make
 “ it my recreation, not my toyle. My rayment is
 “ not of the worst: but good, and than that, let mee
 “ never have better. I can be as warme, in a good
 “ kersey, as a prince, in a scarlet robe. I live where
 “ there is means of true salutation;—my libertie is
 “ mine own: I can both frequent them, and desire
 “ to profit by them.”

In one of his letters, written at a much more
 advanced period of his life, he says, “ I have lived
 “ in such a course, as my bookes have been my
 “ delight and recreation; but not my trade, *though*
 “ *perhaps I could wish they had.*”

Divine and moral contemplations and the quiet
 pursuits of literature were his favourite occupations;
 but not his only occupations. “ I persuade no man
 “ (says Felltham) to make contemplation his whole
 “ life’s business. We have bodies, as well as souls.
 “ I will neither alwayes be busy and doing, nor ever
 “ be shut up in nothing but thoughts; but that which
 “ some call idleness, I will call the sweetest part of
 “ my life, and that is my thinking.”

He had nothing of the ascetic in his composition.
 “ The bat and the owl (he observes) are both recluses:
 “ yet they are not counted in the number of the

“ wisest birds. It is not one of millions that habits
 “ himsef for a monk, out of choice and natural
 “ liking; and if we look at those who doe it, upon an
 “ easie scrutinie we shall finde, it is not so much
 “ election that hath bowed them against the graine
 “ they grew to. Either want or vexation, crosses or
 “ contingencies, send them unto places, nature never
 “ meant them born unto.”

In our Author, the active virtues of social life, shone forth conspicuously, “ If a man be good, he ought
 “ not to obscure himsef. He robs his friends and
 “ country, that being of use to both, doth steale him-
 “ selfe out of the world: for being abroad, he suffers
 “ others to reape the advantage of his parts and pietie:
 “ and if he be bad, he will hardly mende by being
 “ alone.” In another of his Resolves, he beautifully pours forth this favourite sentiment, “ The good man’s
 “ goodnesse lies not hid, in himsef alone. He is
 “ still strengthening his weaker neighbour. How
 “ barren a tree he is, that lives and spreads and
 “ cumpers the ground: yet leaves not one seed, not
 “ one good work to generate another after him.”
 “ I know all cannot leave alike, yet all may leave
 “ something answering their proportion, their kinds.
 “ I doubt whether he will ever guide the way to
 “ heaven who desires to go thither alone. I will, if
 “ I can do something for others and heaven, not to
 “ deserve by it, but to expresse mysef, and my
 “ thanks. Though I cannot do all I would, I will
 “ do what I can.”

“ Charity,” says he, “ is communicated goodnesse,

“ and without it, man is no better than a beast. The
“ world which is chained together by intermingled
“ love, would all shatter and fall to pieces, if charity
“ should chance to die.” “ God may respect the
“ minde and will, but man is nothing better for my
“ meaning. Let my minde be charitable, that God
“ may accept me. Let my actions express it, that
“ men may be benefited. All heavenlie hearts are
“ charitable; enlightened souls disperse their rage.”

In speaking of virtuous society, he says, “ How pleasaunte, can good company make this life beneath.” “ Certainly, if there be any thing sweet in meer
“ humanity, it is in the intercourses of beloved society,
“ when every one shall be each other’s councillor,
“ each other’s friend, and mirror, and solace.” There is no topic on which he has more fondly dwelt in his Resolves, than Friendship; and the rules and advice which he has left behind him for the cultivation and preservation of this blessing of life, evince a thorough knowledge of the human heart. They at the same time, spring from the finest and the best motives of human action, and manifest that our author had the most just and generous notions of the duties of those who stand in this happy relation to each other.

It has been justly observed, with reference to a most worthy person of our own time, who, as I can well attest, pleased, as much as he edified both youth and age by his society and conversation, and whose character, as a man and a christian, is as faithfully as it is happily pourtrayed by his intimate friend and biographer, who makes the observation; that

“ a life of the strictest piety and devotion to God, and of
 “ warmest and most extensive benevolence to our fellow-
 “ creatures, is strictly compatible with the utmost
 “ cheerfulness of disposition, with all rational pleasures,
 “ and with all the gaiety which young persons natur-
 “ ally feel: but of whom, many are deterred from the
 “ pursuits of piety and goodness, because they have
 “ been falsely taught that a life of virtue is not con-
 “ sistent with cheerfulness, and that the pursuits of
 “ Religion are gloomy and enthusiastic*.” The
 former part of this remark, also well applies to Owen
 Felltham, who though a man of exalted piety from
 his early youth, forming as it did, the transcendent
 affection of his heart, the fixed and characteristic
 habit of his mind, had none of that moroseness and
 severity of spirit, and that sadness of manner, which,
 alien as it is to the genius of Christianity, is often
 visible in religious men, thereby rendering their lives
 and examples much less profitable to the world, than
 they otherwise would be.

No one could be more profoundly sensible of the sin-
 fulness and infirmities of man than Felltham. On this
 subject, he expresses himself with that humility and
 prostration of mind, which marks the true christian.
 “ Of myself, (he exclaims) what can I do, without
 “ the hazard of erring? Nay, what can I think?
 “ Nay, what can I not do or not think? Even my
 “ best business and my best vacations are works of
 “ error and offence. Corruption mixes with our

* Memoirs of William Stevens, Esq. 1812.

“ purest devotions; and yet not to perform them is
“ neglect. When we think not of God at all, we are
“ impious and ungrateful. When we do, we are not
“ able to think rightly. To what can we apply our-
“ selves, wherein there is not an evil spirit to entrap
“ us? If we pray, how it casts in wandering thoughts,
“ or steals away our hearts to some other object than
“ God. If we hear, it has the same policy, and pre-
“ judices us against the man or a part of his doctrine.
“ If we read, it persuades to let reason judge, as well
“ as faith; so measuring by a false standard, it would
“ make us believe that Divinity is much short of
“ what it is. If we perform good works, the same
“ evil spirit would poison them with pharisaism, and
“ make us, by overvaluing, to lose them. If we do
“ ill, it encourages us to a continuance; and at last,
“ accuses us for it.”

Felltham was not however fond of looking, at the dark side of human nature only. “ Who is
“ it, (he says,) is so inveterately ill, as to love vice,
“ because it is vice?” “ Yet, we find there are
“ some so good, as to love goodnesse purely for good-
“ nesse sake; nay vice itself is never loved, but for
“ the seeming good that it carries with it.” “ The
“ first acts of sin are for the most part trembling,
“ fearfull, and full of the blush. It is easie to know
“ the beginning swearer—he cannot mouth it like a
“ practised man. He oaths it, as a cowardly fencer
“ plays, who as soon as he hath offered a blow, shrinks
“ back, as if his hearte suffered a kind of violence by
“ his tongue: yet had rather take a step in vice, than

“ be behind, for not being in fashion. I will help
 “ nature what I can, in the way, though of myselfe,
 “ I be not able to set her safe in the end, and if it be
 “ in spiritual things, not able to begin. As man has
 “ not that free power in himselfe, which he first had ;
 “ so I am far from thinking him so dull, as to be
 “ a patient merely.”

For, the failings and errors of others, such a man would be disposed to make every allowance, that did not compromise those pure principles of religion and virtue, which he so earnestly and so invitingly enforces, without abatement, throughout his Resolves. “ No
 “ man’s weaknesse,” (says he, in one of them,) “ shall
 “ occasion a greater weakness in me, that of proudly
 “ condemning him. The bodies and souls of both of
 “ us, have the same original nature. If I have any
 “ thing beyond another, it is not my merit; but God’s
 “ goodness to me; and he, by time and means, may
 “ have as much or more, than I? Why should a man
 “ despise another, because he is better furnished with
 “ that which is none of his own?”

To the sour-minded and over-rigid christian, who from narrow or mistaken views of the will of God, thinks it sinful to partake at all of the pleasures of the world, and would condemn all its innocent enjoyments, he thus addresses himself:—“ To decline offences, to
 “ be careful and conscientious in our several actions,
 “ is a purity which every man ought to labour for,
 “ which we may well do, without a sullen segregation
 “ from all society. If there be any privileges, they
 “ are surely granted to the children of heaven. If

“ mirth and recreation be lawful, sure we may lawfully
“ use them. What parent is it, that rejoiceth not to
“ see his childe pleasaunte, in the limits of filial dutie?
“ Change anger into mirth; and the precept holds
“ good still, ‘ *Be merry, but sin not.*’ As there are
“ many, that in their lives assume too great a libertie;
“ so I believe there are some, who abridge themselves
“ of what they might lawfully use. I like those
“ pleasures well,” (says this amiable and good man
in another place,) “ that are on all sides legitimated
“ by the bounty of heaven; after which no private
“ gripe, nor fancied goblin comes to upbraid my sense
“ for using them: but such as may with equal pleasure
“ be again dreamed over, and not disturb my sleep.
“ This is to take off the parchings of the summer’s
“ sun, by bathing in a pure and crystal fountain.”

Felltham was also devoid of that enthusiasm, which, transporting the passions and feelings beyond the power of reason to control, not unfrequently leads to dangerous excesses, and had indeed in his days, brought no small scandal even upon religion itself.

Steadily attached to the sound and sober doctrines and discipline of the Church of England, he stood forth to expose the folly and sin of those who sought the overthrow of all christian order, to gratify the fancies of their wild and conceited imaginations. “ When
“ a man,” (he observes,) “ in things but ceremonial,
“ shall spurn at the grave authority of the Church, and
“ out of a needlesse nicitie, be a thief to himselfe, of
“ those benefits which God has allowed him, or out
“ of a blind and uncharitable pride, censure and

“ scorne others, as reprobates ; or out of obstinacy
“ fill the world with brawls about undeterminable
“ tenets ;—I shall think him one, whose opinions hath
“ fevered his zeal to madness and distraction.” “ Me-
“ thinks the reading of Ecclesiastes should make a
“ puritan undress his braine, and lay off all those
“ fanatic toys that jingle about his understanding.”
In his chapter “ *On Religion and Morality,*” he particularly adverts to the evils of separation from the established Church ; to the unworthy and hypocritical use that was made of Religion, by too many of the sectarists of his time, to serve their own private interests ; and to the contradiction that existed between their practice and their professions. “ In all religions it will be found,” (says Fellthám,) “ that when they are cut into sects,
“ they run to division and destroy. Like little
“ rills from large rivers, they suffer not the stones
“ to rest, but rattle and make a noise with their
“ shallowness ; while the main stream, by reason
“ of its deepness, is both smooth and silent. Men
“ who are of depraved and harsh dispositions, are
“ aptest to become sectaries ; and when such, come
“ once to be dipt in religion (for to be well washed
“ cleanseth) they are usually more virulent than any
“ other sort of men. If they had the grounds of
“ morality, even the goodnesse of nature would make
“ them unoppressive, and teach them that it were
“ nobler to undergo a self-denial, or some sufferance,
“ than by singularity and the morosity of an eager
“ spleen, to create a public disturbance, perhaps to

“ the unhinging of the whole frame of government.
“ Certainly,” (he adds,) “ however, the pretext be
“ religion, and that misleading meteor, liberty: yet,
“ in the violators of a just authority, it is either an
“ ill-nature, or a sinister end, which draws them
“ to persist in maintaining their point. If there
“ were charity (without which all religion is vain)
“ no man would prefer a self-immunity, before a
“ general peace. Therefore, let men be never so
“ specious in the formal profession and verbalities of
“ religion; when I see them act things against mora-
“ lity, and such as are destructive to human society,
“ I shall be content to call it craft or policy, but by
“ no means religion. To circumvent men into snares
“ of either life, estate, or liberty: to entrap the
“ unwary and well-meaning man: to grow great, by
“ my neighbour’s fall, to which I have contributed:
“ to undo a man, for acting honesty and consci-
“ ence: to delude the world by vowes and pro-
“ mises: to falsify oathes and public manifestoes: to
“ be prodigal of the blood and lives of others: to
“ lift them out of the world, for bye ends: to appro-
“ priate to myselfe, that which is not mine: to
“ pretend one thing, and act the contrary;—these
“ and the like, being against the rules of morality, let
“ them carry what face they will, religion may be
“ the paint, but can never be the complexion of such
“ actions. He who is not morally honest, whatso-
“ ever gloss his religion bears, he wears it but in
“ water colours, which either a warm breath, or a
“ wet storm will melt away or blemish. Methinks

“ I find the heathens putting the blush upon the
“ practice of some christians, who stain the sincere
“ profession of it, by the underhanded complications
“ of fraud and collusion.”

Owen Felltham seems constitutionally to have been blessed with those dispositions, which, improved by the influence of religion on his heart and understanding, enabled him to preserve a resignation, and even a contentedness of spirit, in all the circumstances and vicissitudes of life. It may be collected from his writings that his was not a prosperous one, and that he did not escape those reverses of fortune which fell upon the good and great, in the revolutionary period of our history, in which it was his lot to be cast; but they appear not to have rendered him unhappy, to have affected his peace of mind, or even to have called forth from him the language of complaint or murmur on any one occasion. “ A
“ small loss shall never trouble me, neither shall
“ the greatest hinderance make my heart, not my
“ own. He spake well that said, ‘ *he which hath*
“ ‘ *himselfe, hath lost nothing.*’ In all losses I
“ would have a double prospect. I would consider
“ what I have lost; and I would have regard, to what
“ I have left. It may be, in my loss, I may find a
“ benefit. I may be rid with it, of a trouble, a snare,
“ or a danger. If it be wealth, perhaps there was a
“ time, when I had it not. Let me think, if then I
“ lived not well, without it. And what then should
“ hinder that I should not do so now? Have I lost
“ my riches? It is a thousand to one, but some other

“ did lose them, before they were mine. And though,
“ perhaps, I may have lost a benefit, yet thereby I
“ may also be eased of a load of care. In most
“ things of this nature, it is the opinion of the loss,
“ more than the loss itself that vexes. If the only
“ prop of my life were gone, my wonder ought to be,
“ that in so many storms, I rode so long with one
“ single anchor, which at last failed me. In the
“ next place, let me look to what I have left. He
“ who miscarries once, will better husband what is
“ left. If the die of fortune has thrown me an ill
“ chance, let me strive to mend it by my good play.
“ What I have, is made more precious by my want
“ of what I once possessed. If I have lost but little,
“ let me be thankful that I have lost no more, seeing
“ the remainder was as flitting as that which is gone.
“ He who in a battle is but slightly wounded, rather
“ rejoices that he has got off so well, than grieves
“ that he has been hurt. But admit that all is gone,
“ a man hath hope still left, and he may as well
“ hope to recover the things he hath lost, as that he
“ did acquire them, when he had them not. This
“ will lead to a new resource, where he cannot deny
“ but he may be supplied to advantage. God will
“ be left still; and who can be poor who has Him
“ for his friend, that hath all? In penury a chris-
“ tian can be rich.”

A devoted resignation to the divine will, and a firm confidence in the goodness and wisdom of God, is beautifully displayed throughout his writings; particularly in the following passage :—“ Not trusting in

“ God we disquiet ourselves with fears and solici-
“ tudes; and to cure these, we run into prohibited
“ paths—unworthy earthen worm! that can think
“ so unworthily of God, as that he will suffer those
“ to want who with a dutifull endeavour depend upon
“ him. Can a Deity be inhumane? Or can he who
“ grasps the unexhausted provisions of the world in
“ his hand, be a niggard to his sons, unless he sees
“ it for their good and benefit? Couldst thou thyselfe,
“ that readest this, whosoever thou art, if thou hadst
“ but a Sareptan widow’s cruize of gold; couldst
“ thou let a diligent and affectionate servant that
“ waits on thee, want necessaries? Couldst thou
“ bear to see him in want of subsistence, and neglected
“ in sicknesse? I appeal to thy inward and more
“ noble acknowledgement, I know thou couldst not.
“ Canst thou then imagine that thou canst want
“ such things, from so unbounded a bounty as God’s?
“ Serve him, and believe: and he will never faile
“ thee of what is most convenient. O my God, my
“ refuge, my altar, and my soul’s anchor! I beg that
“ I may but serve thee, and depend upon thee. Thou
“ knowest for my selfe, my soul’s wishes are not for a
“ vast abundance. If ever I should wish for abund-
“ ance, it would be for my friends, not me. I care
“ not to abound in abounding; and I am persuaded,
“ I shall never want. Let my hearte be dutifull,
“ and my faith upon trial stedfast; and I am sure
“ thou will afford me sufficient happiness while I
“ live here.”

Felltham had a natural dislike to brooding over

crosses and misfortunes. This consisted not with the good-humouredness of his character. "Discontent," (he observes,) "is so busied in grieving as to have
"neither room nor time to consider what should
"give it relief. It disassociates man, who was by
"nature made sociable: and sends him with beasts
"to the loneliness of unfrequented deserts; nor is it
"the mind alone that is affected by it. It thickens
"the complexion, and gives it a saturnine cast—the
"eye is rendered dim, and the whole man becomes
"as if stuated into stone and earth. Seriousness as
"to worldly things I know is sometimes profitable;
"but like a willow, if we set it deep, or let it stand
"too long, it will grow up to a tree and overspread."

He was not without passions and affections: but in him, they flowed in a calm mediocrity. "I
"care not," (says he,) "for the insensible stoic—
"there is a sect between him and the epicure. Moderate passions are the most affable expressions of
"humanity, without which the soul finds nothing
"like itself to love. A horse too hot and fiery, is
"the danger of his rider; one too dull is his trouble;
"and as the first will not endure any man, so the
"last will be endured by no man." "God implanted
"passions in the soul, as he gave his talents in the
"Gospel: neither to be lavished impetuously, nor to
"be buried in a napkin. We may warm ourselves
"at these fires, though we burn not." In his chapter "*Of Violence and Eagerness*," we have some excellent thoughts to the same purpose. "He
that longs for heaven with such impatience as

“ to kill himselfe that he may be there the sooner,
“ may by that act, be excluded thence.” “ Sudden
“ risings, have seldom sound foundations. We might
“ toyle less and avail more. All who affect things
“ over violently, do ever violently grieve in the dis-
“ appointment. Whatsoever I wish for I will pursue
“ easily, though I do it assiduously ; and if I can, the
“ diligence of the hand, shall go with the leaping
“ bounds of the hearte. As I would not neglect a
“ good, when it offers : so I would not fury myselfe
“ in the search of one.”

Owen Felltham was highly gifted with those endowments of the mind which raise up man above the level of his fellows ; but it was contrary to his nature to assume a superiority on that account. He was too wise, to be vain of his parts ; and had too kind and benevolent a heart not, to respect the feelings of others. “ It is he that has nothing
“ else to commend him,” (observes Felltham,) “ who
“ would invade men’s good opinions, by an unbe-
“ coming sauciness. Nothing procures love like
“ humility ;—nothing hate, like pride. The proud
“ man walks among daggers pointed at him, whereas
“ the humble and affable have the people for their
“ guide in dangers. To be humble to our supe-
“ riors, is dutie : to our equals, courtesie : to our
“ inferiours, generosity : and these, notwithstanding
“ their lowliness, carry such a sway as to command
“ men’s hearts.” In speaking of the relations of
master and servant, he in another place observes,—
“ Imperiousness turns that servant into a slave,

“ which kindness makes an humble speaking friend.
“ As there ought to be a difference, because nature
“ has made it, so there ought to be a difference
“ because fortune has set it; yet the distance of our
“ fortunes cannot be so much, as our nearness in
“ being men. No fate can fright away that like-
“ ness.”

Nothing does he caution his readers against more, than censoriousness.—“ You may ever observe that
“ they who know the least, are most given to censure:
“ and this, I believe, to be a reason why men of
“ secluded lives are often rash in this particular.
“ Their retiredness keeps them ignorant of the
“ world. If they weighed the imperfections of
“ humanity, they would be less prone to condem-
“ others. Self-examination will make our judg-
“ ments charitable. It is from where there is no
“ judgment, that the heaviest judgment comes.”

There was a greatness of mind and a nobleness and generosity of feeling in Felltham, which shed a grace and beauty over his other virtues. “ The
“ world,” (says he,) “ has nothing in it, worthy of a
“ man’s serious anger. The best way to quell dis-
“ contentments, is either, not to see them, or to
“ convert them to a smiling mirth.” “ As for the
“ crackers of the brain, and tongue squibs, they will
“ die of themselves, if I do not revive them. The
“ best way to have them forgotten, is first to forget
“ them myself. This will keep myself in quiet;
“ and by *a noble not caring*, wound the intender’s
“ bosome.” “ Those favours which I can do, I will

“ do not for thanks, but for nobleness and love, and
“ that with a free expression.” On benefits rendered
to himself, he observes,—“ If ever I should affect
“ injustice, it would be in this, that I might do
“ courtesies, and receive none—nothing enslaves a
“ grateful nature like a benefit conferred. He that
“ confers it on me, steals me from myself: and by
“ one and the same action, makes me his vassal, and
“ he my king.” Of injuries, says Felltham, “ He has
“ a poor spirit that is not planted above petty wrongs.
“ Small injuries, I would either not hear or not
“ mind; nay, though I were told of them, I would
“ not know the authors, for by this, I may mend
“ myself without revenging myself upon the person.”
“ When wrong is done us, that which we have to do,
“ is to remove it. We are not commissioned to
“ return it. What will it ease me when I am vexed,
“ to vex another? Can another’s suffering pain take
“ off from my own smart? If a wasp sting me, I
“ pursue not the winged insect through the air, but
“ straight apply myself to draw the venom forth.”
“ If ever revenge be fit, it is when all our passions
“ are becalmed; and then it is but as physic, to be
“ used more to prevent a future fit, than satisfy a
“ craving appetite.”

Felltham was a learned man, and his learning was of the same practical stamp and character as his religion.—For though deeply versed in the philosophy of the schools, it served not to render him pedantical, or to unfit him for intercourse with the world. On the contrary, it qualified him the better, to take a

part in its affairs. His observations upon human conduct and manners, are, it is true, richly illustrated by that knowledge which can only be acquired by study in the closet; but they must have been primarily deduced from views of real life, and the study of man, in the active pursuits and concerns of it. “It is certaine,” (says he,) “neither example
“nor precept (unlesse in matters wholly religious)
“can be the absolute guide of the truly wise man.
“It is only a knowing and a practical judgment of
“his own that can direct him in the mazes of life, in
“the twitches and the twirls of fate.” “He that
“lives always by book rules, shall shew himselfe
“affected and a foole.” And in another of his Resolves upon “*Learning and Wisdome*,” he observes, —“The practique part of wisdome is the best. Wisdome is no inheritance: no, not to the greatest
“clerkes. He that is built up of the presse and the
“pen, shall be sure to make himself ridiculous.
“Company and conversation, are the best instructors
“for a noble behaviour, and this is not found in a
“melancholic study alone.”

Felltham applied his mind to the affairs of political government, as well as to those of religion and morals: with which, indeed, they are closely connected; and though his chapters upon the former are but few, they are not among the least instructive and valuable. I particularly allude to those “*on the danger of Liberty*,” “*of Law*,” and “*of establishing a troubled Government*.”

He was evidently a man of polite and polished

character. Among the lesser virtues, there are none on which he lays more stress than good and pleasing manners.

We have seen that he thought it no sin to partake of the innocent gaieties and enjoyments of life. Even dancing, he has not deemed unworthy of a chapter in his Resolves. "Doubtlesse," says he, "it was out of the jollity of nature that the art was first invented, and taken up among men. Bate but the fiddle, the colts, the calves, and the lambes of the field, do the same."—He observes, that if dancing were unlawful, Solomon would not have told us, '*there is a time to dance, as well as there is to mourn;*' so that it is not the matter and the thing that is condemned, but the manner and corrupt abuse. I find not, (he adds) that Sallust twitted Sempronia merely for her dancing, but for doing it more artificially than an honest woman needed. That there have been several offences occasioned by it, is not to me an argument against it, in itself. Even at sermons, I have heard that scenes of vice have been laid. I would not patronize it, for the least offence that is in it: but if it conduces to the bettering of behaviour, and the handsome carriage of a man's person among strangers; if it be for a harmesle exercise, for a recreation merely, or to expresse inoffensively a justifiable joy, I see not why it should be condemned."

In his chapter also "*on gaming,*" while he powerfully describes the desolating evils which attend it, he does not omit to observe, that "labours and cares

“ may have their relaxes and recreations;” and that, “ though Memnius objected to Cato, his nightly play and jollity, yet Cicero excused it with in-“ stancing his perpetual daily toil for the public;”— but he adds, “ We must beware lest we make a “ *trade* of sport; and never to play for more than we “ may lose with content, and without the prejudice “ of ourselves, or others.” Felltham appears, not to have disrelished the pleasures of the festive board, when moderately indulged in, and kept subservient to the purposes of harmless recreation. “ I “ like a cup to brisk the spirits; but continuance dulls “ them. It is less labour to plow it than to pot it; “ and forced healths do infinitely add to the irksome-“ ness of it.” He facetiously but instructively adds, “ Some laugh at me for being sober, and I laugh at “ them for being drunk. Let their pleasures crown “ them and their mirth abound; the next day they “ will feel the inconvenience.” “ *Bibite et per-“ græcamini, O Cimmerici, ebrietatem, stupor, dolor, “ imbecillitas, morbus, et mors ipsa comitantur.*”

He was a lover of poetry, and himself a poet, as his productions in that way attest; and one of his chapters in the Resolves, shews him also to have had a soul alive to the delights of music, upon which he observes, “ they that despise it wholly, may well be “ suspected to be something of a savage nature.”

Though he did not follow any profession, his acquirements in Divinity learning, and the early application of his mind to this pursuit, render it probable, that he was originally destined for the church: but

that he was diverted from adopting this plan of life, by the unsettledness of the times, and the troubles that were fast coming on the nation, from an early period of the reign of James the first.

I have not been able to find that he was of either of our Universities; but if of any, I conclude it was Cambridge. Wood in his "*Athenæ Oxonienses*" makes no mention of him," and if he had studied at Oxford, he would hardly have escaped the notice of that industrious and minute biographer.

Some of his letters which will be presently noticed, shew him to have been a married man, and that he enjoyed much happiness in that estate.

He would seem to have resided, for the most part in the country, and probably spent more of his time there, than he would have chosen to do, had he been in a situation that left him independent and free to consult his own inclinations. In a letter to "*Sir C. T.*" he writes thus, "I am now getting a while to London, which appears to this region, as the hearte to the body, through which its' businesse, as the stirring blood, hath all its circulation. If you have not in the country, you may have some-thing to do, there."

His epistolary correspondence, or rather the few letters which he has himself given to the world, testify that he was a close observer of, and took a lively though not any active part, in the passing events and circumstances of the eventful times in which he lived.

When he died is not known. Oldys thinks that if

he was not dead before the publication of the edition of his *Resolves* in 1677, (the 10th,) “ he did not live “ long after.”

It was one great consolation of this good man’s life, that he lived to witness the *Restoration*. Of this event, he speaks in his *Resolve* “ on Peace,” in an affecting strain of eloquence. After alluding to “ the havoc,” which, as he says, “ a few years had “ made among us,” he thus expresses himself:—
“ The waste of wealth, the wreck of worth, the sad
“ fate lighting on the great and good, the vertuous
“ left to scorn, the loyal used as once the Roman
“ parricides; as those in sacks, so these shut
“ under decks with cocks and serpents; desperate
“ and malicious persons left to rule and vex them;—
“ wealth prostituted to the beggarly and the base;
“ palaces plundered and pulled down; temples pro-
“ faned, antiquities razed; religion rivuled into petty
“ issues running thick corruption. Then, let men
“ consider, after a little revolution, how little have
“ the authors gained;—who would take peace from
“ others, themselves have missed it in their hollow
“ graves; the earth they tore, hath shut them from
“ her bosom and her bowels, with nought i’t least
“ considerable to the expense of blood and treasure.
“ Then also, let men see, how the sacred wheel of
“ Providence hath resuscitated all our joys;—how
“ the Church recovers her late besmeared beauties;
“ how the tide of trade returns; how brightened
“ swords have now a peaceful glitter; how glory,
“ wealth, and honour, with loyalty, is returned; how
“ shouts of joy have drowned the cannon’s noise; that

“ till men come into heaven, such joy on earth can
 “ ne’re again be expected to be seen. Three nations
 “ looking for a fatal stroke at once retrieved from
 “ slavery and ruin. So have I known some generous
 “ courser stand, tremble and quake under both whip
 “ and spur ; but, once turned loose into the open
 “ fields, he neighs, curvets, and prances forth his joy ;
 “ and now made glad with ease and liberty, he fills
 “ himself with pleasure, and all those high contents
 “ that bounteous nature meant him.”

It was, at this interesting period, that he wrote
 an Epitaph for himself, entitled “ *Quod in Sepul-*
 “ *chrum volui.*”

Postquam vidisset rotantem mundum,
 Imáque summis supernatantia,
 Prosperum Tyrio scelus imbutum,
 Dum virtus sordidá squallet in aulá,
 Securíque cervicem præbuit ;
 Injusta tamen hominum
 In justissima disponente Deo ;
 Dum redux *Cæsar* nubila pellit,
 Gloriámque gentis tollit in altum ;
 Tandem evadens terris,
 Exuvias híc reliquit FELLTHAM*.

It would seem from the following letter which
 like all his other letters are without date, that he

* The above epitaph may be thus translated : “ Having wit-
 “ nessed all the vicissitudes of this world, and that the very dregs
 “ of men often rise uppermost, that vice prospers and is clothed
 “ in purple, while virtue is reduced to rags, and sometimes to
 “ the stake ; God meanwhile over-ruling the injustice of man to
 “ the general good ; at the restoration of monarchy, and glory to
 “ this nation, *Felltham* quitted the earth, and his mortal remains
 “ were here deposited.”

had been kept out of the estate of his family, by some unjust proceeding.

*To the Lord C. J. R.**

MY LORD,

Being put upon a trial for vindicating the right of the antient inheritance of my family gained from me by a verdict last assizes, by what means I shall forbear to speak : I cannot but think myself very happy to have it heard before your lordship, whose knowledge in the laws and unalterable integrity are so conspicuously eminent, that as the unjust cannot hope, so the just can never fear a partiality. God knows I am so far from taking away an others right, as I would not do revenge to preserve my own. I shall therefore say nothing at all of the cause, but submit it wholly and freely to your lordships upright judgement, as upon a full hearing it shall appear before you. Only I thought it might very well become me (for the just fame of your merit in this common-wealth,) to manifest not only this, but the desire I have to be esteemed

Your lordships affectionate servant.

Whether he succeeded in establishing his right, and getting possession of the estate, does not appear.

Felltham's only work of note, as an author, was his *Resolves*. The first edition is without date. It is in *small duodecimo*, and beautifully printed, with an elegant allegorical frontispiece, and consists of one century of *Resolves*, to which is prefixed the motto

* Probably Sir Thomas Richardson, Lord Chief Justice of the Court of King's Bench. If so, the letter must have been written between the years 1631, (the year in which Felltham lost his father) and the early part of 1635.

from Horace, — “ *His ego commodius, quam tu, preclare senator Millibus atque aliis vivo:*” and they are inscribed “ To the most Vertuous, Discreet, and Noble the Lady Dorothy Crane, daughter to the Right Honourable and Religious the Lord Hobart.” At the head of the *Errata*, placed at the end of the volume, are these lines ;—

“ When thou views’t this, mend faults,
 “ That heare are shewne ;
 “ And when thou views’t thyselfe,
 “ Then mende thine owne*.”

There is in the Bodleian and the Lambeth Libraries, a copy of the second edition which bears the date of 1628. It contains a second century, with the motto—“ *Ne te quesiveris extra;*” and it is addressed to “ The Right Honourable Thomas, Lord Keeper of the Greate Seale of England, &c.” The third edition was also published in 1628: so that it is to be presumed the work must originally have appeared, not long before that period. This last mentioned edition has the motto—“ *Et sic demulceo vitam;*” and it was continued in all the subsequent ones. In the eighth edition, and those which after-

* This edition is uncommonly scarce: I had for several years in vain endeavoured to meet with a copy in our public or in private Libraries. Mr. Rodd, junior, the bookseller of Little Newport Street, lately informed me, of the existence of one, of which he obtained me the sight. It is the only copy I have ever seen or heard of, and I have made inquiries after this edition of many of my literary friends.

wards appeared, both centuries are dedicated “to the Right Honourable my most honoured Lady Mary Countess Dowager of Thomond.” The centuries were transposed in the fourth edition; and this order was preserved in all the later ones*.

It is a circumstance which ought not to be passed over without notice, that one of the centuries of the RESOLVES, was written when Felltham was at the boyish age of eighteen. In his address “to the *Reader*,” prefixed to the eighth, and following editions, he says, “the Reader may please to be informed that the latter part of these RESOLVES, formerly printed as the first century, the Author of them, upon their perusal could not himself be satisfied with them. For, however all seemed to pass current, and did arise to several impressions, yet *being written when he was but eighteen*, they appeared

* The following list of the editions of the RESOLVES, though deficient as to the date of the first, may prove acceptable; and will serve to correct some errors of Mr. Oldys, in his account of the only five which he has noticed; the earliest of which is that published in 1631.

1st edition . . . ———12mo.	8th edition . . . 1661—fol.
2d and 3d . . . 1628—4to.	9th 1670—fol.
4th 1631—4to.	10th 1677—fol.
5th 1634—4to.	11th 1696—fol.
6th 1636—4to.	12th 1709—8vo.
7th 1647—4to.	

The titles to all these editions except the second, have an allegorical frontispiece; but the frontispiece to the first is a different one from that prefixed to the others, and is executed in a very superior style.

“to him to have too many young weaknesses, to be
“still continued to the world, though not for the
“honesty, yet in the composure of them.” It must,
however, be allowed by those who will make the
comparison, that what Felltham is here pleased to
consider as the defective compositions of his youthful
days are little inferior in justness of sentiment, or in
solidity of observation, to what afterwards came from
under his correcting hand; and that the work of his
more advanced years, is to be preferred to his *juvenilia*
more for this reason than for any other, that it treats
of some subjects in a more full and particular manner,
(many of his early ideas being preserved, in their native
language) and furnishes the Reader with many new
and valuable thoughts which are not to be met with
in the former impressions of the Resolves. We may,
therefore, consider Felltham to have furnished a very
rare and extraordinary instance of early genius,
sagacity, and cultivated knowledge.

I shall here present my readers with an interesting
specimen of one of his original Resolves; which is to
be found in the early editions only. In this Resolve,
he divides the life of man into four stages; boyhood,
youth, manhood, and old age, and describes himself
as having only passed through the first.

“Ovr yeeres at full, are fourescore and tenne :
“much time compared to a day ; but not a minute
“in respect of eternitie : yet how few liue to tell so
“large a succession of time ? One dyes in the bud ;
“another in the bloome ; some in the fruite ; few like
“the sheafe that come to the barne in a full age :

“ and though a man liues to enioy all, see but how
“ little hee may call as his owne. He is first *puer*,
“ then *iuuenis*, next *vir*, and after, *senex*; the first,
“ hee rattles away in toyes and fooleries, and ere he
“ knowes where hee is, spends a great part of his
“ precious time: he playes, as if there were no sorrow;
“ and sleeps, as if there would neuer be ioy. The
“ next, pleasures and luxury shorten and hasten away:
“ vnchecked heate makes his nimble spirits boyle;
“ hee dares then doe that, which after, he dares not
“ thinke of: hee does not then *liue*, but *reuell*; and
“ cares not so much for *life*, as for that which steales
“ it away, pleasure. Hee hath then a soule that
“ thinkes not of itselfe, but studies onely to content
“ the body: with which her best indulgence, is but a
“ piece of actiue earth: when she leaues it, a lumpe
“ of nastinesse. The third cares of the world, and
“ posteritie, debarre of a solid content: and now
“ when hee is mounted to the height of his way, hee
“ findes more miserie, than the beginning told him of.
“ What iarres, what toyles, what cares, what discon-
“ tentments, and what vnexpected distractions, shall
“ he light vpon? If poore, hee’s miserable and ridi-
“ culous: if rich, fearefull and sollicitous: this being
“ all the difference betweene them; the first labours
“ how to liue; the other studies how to continue
“ liuing. In the last, nature growes weake and irke-
“ some to herselfe, venting her distaste with Salomon,
“ and mournes that now shee findes her dayes that
“ bee vnpleasing. Hee that liues long, hath onely
“ the happinesse to take a larger taste of miserie:

“ what before hee thought hurled about with more
 “ than a sphericall swiftnesse, he now thinkes more
 “ tedious then a tyred hackney in foule waies: time,
 “ that before he hath wooed to stay for him, now hee
 “ could on his knee sue to, to haste him away. But
 “ if (that honey of all humanitie) learning, hath taught
 “ him a way to coozen his sorrowes, hee could then
 “ with old Themistocles, finde in his heart to weepe,
 “ that he must then leaue life, when he begins to
 “ learne wit. Thus, all man’s ages are so full of
 “ troubles, that they filch away his time of liuing.
 “ The first, is full of folly: the second, of sinne: the
 “ third, of labour: the last, of grieffe. In all, he is in
 “ the court of this world, as a ball bandyed betweene
 “ two rackets, ioy and sorrow: if either of them
 “ strike him ouer, hee may then rest: otherwise, his
 “ time is nothing but a constant motion in calamity.
 “ *I haue onely yet run thorow the first, and passed*
 “ *my puerilia*; whether my life or my youth shall
 “ be ended first, I neither know nor care. I shall
 “ neuer bee sorrowfull for leauing too soone, the
 “ tempests of this tumbling sea. But if I see my
 “ summer past, I hope in autumn God will ripen
 “ me for himselfe, and hather mee. If my Maker and
 “ Master saw it fit, I could bee content neither to see
 “ it, nor winter, I meane the winter of age: but if
 “ hee shall appoynt mee so large a time, I shall will-
 “ ingly pray, as my Sauour hath taught mee, *his*
 “ *will bee done*: though I wish not the full fruition
 “ of all, yet doe I desire to borrow a letter from
 “ each: so instead of *puer, iuuenis, vir, et senex*;

“ giue mee the foure first letters, which will make
 “ me *pius*.”

In the works of Randolph, (an eminent poet, of that day, and one of the adopted sons of Ben Jonson,) there is a poetic address “ to *Mr. Owen Felltham* “ on his booke of *Resolves*,” to which I have already adverted, as having been written when Randolph was unacquainted with Felltham, except from his writings. It may not be unacceptable, here to produce some extracts from these commendatory lines :—

“ When none resolves but to be rich, and ill;
 “ Or else resolves to be irresolute still.
 “ In such a tide of minds, that every hour,
 “ Do ebb and flow, by what inspiring power,
 “ By what instinct of grace, I cannot tell,
 “ Do’st thou resolve so much, and yet so well?
 “ While foolish men, whose reason is their sense,
 “ Still wandering in the world’s circumference;
 “ Thou, holding passion’s reigns with strictest hand,
 “ Do’st firm and fixed in the center stand.
 “ Thence thou art settled, other—while they tend
 “ To rove about the circle find no end.

“ Thy book I read, and read it with delight,
 “ Resolving so to live, as thou do’st write.
 “ And yet I guesse thy life thy book produces,
 “ And but expresses thy peculiar uses.
 “ Thy manners dictate whence thy writing came,
 “ So Lesbians by their works their rules do frame,
 “ Not by the rules the work ; thy life had been
 “ Pattern enough, had it of all been seen
 “ Without a book ; books make the difference here ;
 “ In them thou liv’st the same but every where.
 “ And this I guesse, *though th’art unknown to me*,
 “ By thy chaste writing ; else it could not be

“ (Dissemble ne'er so well) but here and there
 “ Some tokens of that plague would soon appear ;
 “ Oft lurking in the skin a secret gout,
 “ In books would sometimes blister and break out,
 “ Contagious sins in which men take delight,
 “ Must needs infect the paper when they write.
 “ But let the curious eye of Lynceus look,
 “ Through every nerve and sinew of this book,
 “ Of which 'tis full ! let the most diligent minde
 “ Pry thorow it, each sentence he shall finde,
 “ Seasoned with chaste, not with an itching salt,
 “ More savouring of the lamp than of the malt.

“ Thou hast not one bad line so lustful bred,
 “ As to die maid or matron's cheek in red.
 “ Thy modest wit, and witty honest letter
 “ Make both at once, my wit and me the better.

“ These lines rich sap, the fruit to heaven doth raise,
 “ Nor doth the cinnamon bark deserve lesse praise,
 “ I mean thy stile, being pure and strong, and round,
 “ Not long but pithy, being short-breath'd but sound.
 “ Such as the grave acute wise Seneca sings,
 “ The best of tutors to the worst of kings.
 “ Not long and empty ; lofty but not proud ;
 “ Subtile but sweet, high but without a cloud ;
 “ Well settled, full of nerves, in brief, 'tis such,
 “ That in a little hath comprized much.
 “ Like th' Iliads in a nut-shell.

“ Such is thy sentence, such thy stile being read,
 “ Men see them both together happ'ly wed,
 “ And so resolve to keep them wed, as we
 “ Resolve to give them to posterity.
 “ 'Mongst thy Resolves, put my resolves in too ;
 “ Resolve who's will, this I resolve to do ;
 “ That should my errors chuse another's line
 “ Whereby to write, I mean to live by thine.”

Though, at this time, Randolph and Felltham were personally unknown to each other, it seems that they afterwards became intimate friends; for there are at the beginning of the posthumous editions of Randolph's works, some verses by Owen Felltham, "*on his beloved friend the author, and his ingenious poems.*" These verses, are not preserved, in any of the editions of Felltham's writings.

The Resolves are noticed by a comparatively modern writer, Mr. John Constable, in his "Reflections upon Accuracy of Style," published in 1731. The principal object which this author appears to have had in view in these Reflections, was to animadvert on the style of some popular writer of his time, whom he designates by the fictitious appellation of Callicrates. He also incidentally criticises the phrase of several other writers both ancient and modern; and condemns in a very round and unqualified manner, the language of Felltham, (from which he considered Callicrates to have copied) as forced, and unnatural. This opinion he supports by some sentences, but more frequently parts of sentences, selected from different chapters of the Resolves. That the style of Felltham is not without its faults, will be readily allowed. He wrote in an age when the nicer proprieties of style were little understood. It is sometimes marked by a superabundance of metaphor, and a profuseness of historical illustration; and there are instances in which he dwells with too much minuteness on his subject. These imperfections, however, will be found

in great measure to proceed, from the luxuriance of his imagination, and the richness of a mind, stored with acquired knowledge; and not to be the effect of laboured study or affectation. Felltham is not a writer who thought on the stretch, or who went *in search* of analogies and illustrations, or of what Horace terms the *ambitiosa ornamenta**. Strong and original thinkers have very often a characteristic manner of expressing their ideas, which, though unfit to be recommended as an example for imitation, is nevertheless best calculated to give force and effect to the conceptions of their own minds. Such I conceive to be the case with respect to Felltham.—There is, an uncommon strength and significance in his expressions and general diction. His thoughts seem to be properly his own, and to flow from an extraordinary elevation of wit. Every sentence seems to be full of sense and meaning, and leaves a strong impression on the mind of the reader. I think it will be admitted that the style of Felltham possesses a degree of eloquence, copiousness, nerve, and beauty, not often to be met with, in the writers of his day;

* It was objected to Felltham on the first publication of the *Resolves*, that he had not given his authorities of quotation. In stating his reasons for not having adduced his authorities, he says, “ I doe not professe myselfe a scholar; and for a gentleman, I hold it a little pedanticall. He should use them, rather as brought in by memory *raptim* and occasional, rather than by study, search, or strict collection, especially in *Essay*; which, of all writing, is the nearest to a running discourse.”

and in any age, would have entitled him to the character of a powerful and very pleasing writer*.

The style of Felltham is, however, a consideration of inferior importance. It is the interesting truths which he inculcates; it is the soundness of his principles, the good sense and usefulness of his counsels, the wisdom and excellence of those rules which he lays down for the government of our conduct, in all the absolute and relative circumstances in which man is placed, which so strongly recommend his Resolves to the attention of readers †.

* Mr. Todd in his valuable additions to Dr. Johnson's "History of the English language," prefixed to the Dictionary of that great man, has not omitted to notice the Resolves of Owen Felltham, which, (he observes,) "are short Essays upon various subjects, displaying fine sentiments and harmonious language: and sometimes highly poetical conception." Of this, Mr. Todd produces some instances, with which the work abounds. He has also introduced our author as an authority, into his edition of the Dictionary.

† While preparing the former edition of my favorite author, accident threw in my way a small work, entitled "The Beauties of Owen Felltham selected from his Resolves, by J. Vine," (a fictitious name) and published in 1800. The editor observes, that "in perusing the Resolves he had discovered truths not only of the first importance, but also of an uncommon degree of beauty;" and adds, "I have been induced to offer them to the public, from the pleasure and satisfaction, I have myself derived from them: and I think, to many, particularly to youthful readers, they may prove an invaluable treasure." These selections appear to have been intended more for private, than for public circulation, and from some cause or other, (it is believed from the death of the bookseller who published them,)

They were known but to few readers of the present day, when I ventured again to introduce them to public notice, in the year 1806; but I find that they had attracted the attention, and contributed to enrich the works, of some modern divines, who have not always acknowledged their obligations to Owen Felltham. I also find, that, in the useful and pleasing “Practical “Dissertations” of the late Bishop Newton, there are several veins of thought which may be traced to the same source; though, from the natural manner in which they occur, his lordship was most probably unconscious of the fact.

To the eighth and subsequent impressions of the Resolves, are appended some other productions of Felltham. The first of these productions, is a dissertation on the scriptural text: “*All is vanity and vexation of spirit, and there is nothing of value under the sun;*” taken from Ecclesiastes ii. 11.; the next, some practical reflections on the text: “*Another said, I have married a wife, and, therefore I cannot come;*” from St. Luke xiv. 20. They both possess considerable merit.

These are followed by “*Lusoria,*” or occasional

the sale of them was discontinued. This circumstance is to be regretted; for though the selections are made on a very limited scale, and can be considered to furnish no more than specimens of the beauties of Felltham, they are judiciously made, and are well calculated to awaken the public attention to the merits of the work from whence they are chosen. A new edition of these selections, as they originally appeared, was published in the year 1817.

“pieces” consisting of poetry; “*a Brief Character of the Low Countries under the States written long since, being three weeks observation of the virtues and vices of the inhabitants:*” and “*a Taste of some Letters.*”

Speaking of these performances in his preface to the Reader, our author observes, “The poems, the character, and some of the letters, he looks upon as sports, that rather improve a man, by preserving him from worse, than by bringing otherwise any considerable profit. As they were his own recreations, so, he wishes they may prove to others.”

It is upon his prose work that Felltham’s fame depends: but I accord with the writer in the “*Censura Literaria*,” who has produced some specimens of his poetry, that the majority of his pieces in that way, “possess no slight merit;” though, as he remarks, “it has been the fate of Felltham to experience little or no notice or attention, in his poetical capacity*.” Even his prose writings, as Mr. Todd has observed, “sometimes display high poetical conception.”

The “*Lusoria*” contain forty pieces; of which we shall here give the titles: “True Happiness.” “To the Lady D. S.”—“The Sun and Wind.”—“On the Duke of Buckingham slaine by Felton.”—“The Appeal.”—“Elegy on Henry Earl of Oxford.”—“On a Jewel given at Parting.”—“The Cause.”—“The Vowe Breach.”—“The Sympathy.”—“The

* “*Censura Literaria*,” 1808. vol. vii. p. 379.

“Reconcilement.”—“A Farewell.”—“On the Lady Venetia Digby, found dead in her bed, leaning her head on her hand.”—“An Epitaph on Robert Lord Spencer.”—“The Spring in the Rocke.”—“The Amazement.”—“An Epitaph on the Lady Mary Farmor.”—“On a Hopeful Youth.”—“Answer to the Ode, *Come leave the loathed Stage, &c.*”—“To Phryne.”—“To Mr. Dover, on his Cotswold Games.”—“On Sir Rowland Cotton, famous for Letters and other Parts.”—“On a Gentlewoman whose Nose was pitted with the Small Pox.”—“Elegy on Mr. Francis Leigh, who dyed of the Plague, May-day 1637.”—“Song.”—“Gunemastix.”—“To the Painter taking the Picture of the Lady Penelope, Countess of Peterborough.”—“Upon a Breache of Promise.”—“To this, written by a Gentlewoman, the Answer underneath was given.”—“Song.”—“The ensuing copy the late printer hath been pleased to honour, by mistaking it among those of the most ingenious and too early lost, Sir John Suckling.”—“Song.”—“Upon a rare voice.”—“Considerations of one designed for a Nunnery.”—“In Gulielmi Laud, Archiepiscopi Cantuariensis, Decollationem, January 10, 1643.”—“On Thomas Lord Coventry, Lord Keeper of the Great Seale of England, who died December 1640.”—“Upon abolishing the Feaste of the Nativity of our blessed Saviour, Anno 1643.”—“On Mr. Mynshall.”—“Epitaph to the eternal Memory of Charles the 1st, &c. inhumanly murdered by a perfidious party of

“ his prevalent subjects, Jan. 30, 1648*.”—“ On the
“ Lady E. M.”

The Ode of Ben Jonson, “Come, leave the loathed
“ Stage,” Felltham’s answer to which, has been
mentioned as composing one of the articles in the
Lusoria, was written by the poet in consequence of
the unfavourable reception of his play, the “New
Inne.” The reply of Felltham opens thus:—

“ Come, leave this saucy way,
“ Of baiting those that pay
“ Dear for the sight of your declining wit,” &c.

* Our Author’s veneration for Charles the First, appears to
have transported him in this Epitaph, beyond the limits of sober
panegyric; for, after representing him as outshining Job in
patience, and rivalling Solomon in wisdom, and comparing his
“ Peerlesse booke,” the “Eikon Basilike,” with the Psalms and
the Proverbs, he concludes with the two following lines:—

“ When he had rose thus, Truth’s great sacrifice,
“ Here Charles the First, and Christ the Second, lyes.”

Felltham was not the only writer of that day, who, upon this
subject, ran into the extravagance of praise. Charles, however,
was a prince whose misfortunes and trials, great and extraordi-
nary as they were, were not more remarkable, than the purity
and splendour of those Christian virtues which he displayed,
during the course of his ill-fated and calamitous reign. Those
who may be unacquainted with the “*Eikon Basilike*,” I would
refer for a character of it, to the writings of Bishop Horne, who
in his well-known sermon, entitled, “The *Christian King*,” as-
serts it to be “a book inferior only to the sacred writings, and
which, it were much to be wished, were the companion of
“ every son and daughter of the Church of England.” This is
also high praise; but, I believe, not higher than the *Eikon Basi-
like* deserves.

This, and several other productions of his muse, are given at the end of the present volume. Of this answer, Langbain in his *Dramatic Poets* observes, that if Jonson “had retained the maxim, “*nosce teipsum*, he had then prevented that sharp reply made by the ingenious Mr. Felltham to this “magisterial¹ ode, and which could not chuse but vex “a person of our Author’s haughty temper.” The answer of Felltham is inserted in Langbain, and in Abraham Wright’s “*Parnassus Biceps*.” The defence of Jonson was undertaken by Randolph, in an ode which begins :

“ Ben, do not leave the stage,
 “ ’Cause ’tis a loathsome age.
 “ For pride and impudence will grow too bold,
 “ When they shall hear it told
 “ They frighted thee.”

This ode was translated by Randolph into Latin, and Oldys had a manuscript copy of the translation. Thomas Carew had also some verses “to Ben Jonson upon occasion of his ode of Defiance annexed to his play of the *New Inne*,” which are to be found in the first edition of his works* ; and the accomplished Sir John Suckling composed some lines on the same subject, of which Langbain says, “Among the rest, Sir John Suckling, that neat and facetious wit, arraigned him (Jonson) at the *Sessions of*

* Vide *Censura Literaria*. In the first number of which, are Oldys’ manuscript notes of Felltham.

“ *Poets*, and had a fling at this play in particular ;
 “ though we may say, compared to the former (that
 “ is, Felltham’s) he did only *circum præcordia ludere* ;
 “ laugh at, and rally his unreasonable self-opinion.”

It is due to Felltham to state, that though he did not spare Jonson in his answer to the poet’s ode, he was thoroughly sensible of his high merits ; of which, a decisive proof is to be found in “ *Jonsonus Virbius* ;
 “ or, *the Memory of Ben Jonson revived by the*
 “ *Friends of the Muses* ;” consisting of elegies written for the occasion of his death, and collected together and published in 1638, a few months after that event, by Dr. Bryan Duppa, Bishop of Winchester, under the above-mentioned title*. The tributary offering of Felltham is addressed “ To the Memory of Immortal
 “ Ben,” and concludes thus :—

* This collection being “ of rare occurrence,” and containing several pieces by the most celebrated names of the time, Mr. Gifford has reprinted it, at the end of his edition of Ben Jonson’s Works, with short notices of the respective authors, which had been furnished by Mr. Gilchrist. Aubrey says, that Gataker told him the title of “ *Jonsonus Virbius*” was given to it, by Lord Falkland. Referring to this collection, Mr. Gilchrist observes that “ there is great pleasure in opposing these honourable and liberal proofs of the good understanding which subsisted between contemporary poets, to the slight and imperfect premises from which dramatic editors have laboured to deduce proofs of the most opposite and disgraceful feelings.” The remark is well applied : and Mr. Gifford, in his *Memoirs of Ben Jonson*, has succeeded in clearing his character from no small part at least, of those imputations which modern authors had cast upon it.

“ This I'll presume to say, when time has made
 “ Slaughter of Kings, that in the world have sway'd :
 “ A greener bayes shall crown Ben Jonson's name,
 “ Than shalt be wreath'd about their regal fame ;
 “ For numbers read to infinite ; but he,
 “ Of whom I write this, has prevented me,
 “ And boldly said so much in his own praise,
 “ No other pen need any trophy raise.”

Mr. Malone, in his Shakspeare, has inferred from the three last lines, that Felltham means to convey the idea, that Jonson had arrogated so much merit to himself, as to need no commendation from others ; but Felltham's meaning was very different, as the whole of the elegy shews. Mr. Gifford justly remarks, that “ it is in the composition of his *Sejanus*, *Catalina*, and other poems mentioned by Felltham, that he pronounced Jonson to have said so much in his own praise, as to make the applause of his friends superfluous, and that the critic expressly contrasts his conduct in this respect, with that of “ *the trivial poets whose chatterings live and fall at once.* ” It is, in the same spirit, that Felltham commences his verses :—

“ To write is easy : but to write of thee
 “ Truth will be thought to forfeit modesty,
 “ So far beyond conceit, thy strengths appear.”

Mr. Gilchrist seems to think it doubtful whether Felltham was really the writer of the reply to Ben Jonson's Ode, observing, that “ Langbaine afterwards called it Mr. Oldham's.” This was probably

a mistake of Langbaine's pen;—but, at all events, a mistake. If it had not been composed by Felltham, he would not have inserted it among the “*Occasional Pieces*,” which, in his preface to the eighth and subsequent editions of the *Resolves*, he expressly declares to have been written by himself. Oldham does not appear to have laid any claim to it whatever. It is not among his “*Works*,” nor his “*Remains*.”

Mr. Gilchrist was not, I conclude, aware that Felltham had given the answer to Jonson's Ode to the public, as his own.”

“*The Brief Character of the Low Countries under the States*” has to the frontispiece, the suitable motto “*non seria semper*;” and this performance proves Felltham to have been, what his *Resolves* had shewn him to be, a very lively wit, as well as a grave moralist. It abounds with keen strokes of humour, chiefly displayed at the expense of the *Hollanders*, and affords some very neat and entertaining descriptions of their character, their manners, their institutions, and of several of their large cities, &c. It was written by Felltham when a youth, as a recreation while on a three weeks tour in the *Low Countries*, and without any intention to publish it, which on solicitation he had refused to do; but it having got into print, by some surreptitious means, in a very imperfect form, in which it had passed through two impressions, he afterwards thought proper, in justice

to himself, to send forth a correct edition of it, with the Resolves*.

The following extracts will serve to give a tolerably correct idea of the "Brief Character;" they are taken from the first part of it.

" You may travail the country, though you have not
 " a guide; for you cannot baulke your road, without
 " the hazard of drowning. There is not there, any use of
 " an harbinger; wheresoever men go, the way is made
 " before them. Had they cities large as their walls,
 " Rome would be esteemed a bauble. Twenty miles in
 " length, is nothing for a waggon to be hurried on one of
 " them, where, if your foreman be sober, you may travail
 " in safety: otherwise, you must have stronger faith
 " than Peter had; else you sink immediately. A starting
 " horse endangers you two deaths at once; breaking of
 " your neck and drowning."

" Their ordinary pack-horses are of wood, carry their
 " bridles in their tails, and their burdens in their bellies.
 " A strong tyde and a stiffe gale, are the spurs that make
 " them speedy. When they travail, they touch no ground;
 " and when they stand still, they ride; and are never in
 " danger when they drink up too much of their way."

* The "Brief Character," also appears to have been published separately by Felltham. There are in the British Museum, two copies of it, in very small duodecimo, of the dates 1652 and 1660. There is also in the Museum, a copy of one of the surreptitious Editions published in 1648, and of the same size as the former.

“ Their beds are no other than land-cabins, high enough
 “ to need a ladder or stairs. Up once, you are walled in
 “ with wainscot, and that, in good discretion, to avoid the
 “ trouble of making your will every night; for once
 “ falling out else, would break your neck perfectly; but
 “ if you die in it, this comfort you shall leave your friends,
 “ that you died in clean linen.”

“ The time they there spend (*i. e.* at feasts) is in eating
 “ well, in drinking much, and prating most; for the truth
 “ is, the completest drinker in Europe is your English gal-
 “ lant. There is not such consumption of liquor as in the
 “ quaffing off of his healths. Time was, the Dutch had the
 “ better of it: but of late he hath lost it, by prating too
 “ long over his pot. He sips and laughs, and tells his
 “ tale: and in a tavern is more prodigal of his time than
 “ his wine. He drinks as if he were short winded; and
 “ as it were, cuts his drink by morcels, rather beseiging
 “ his brains, than assaulting them. But the Englishman
 “ charges home on the sudden, swallows it whole, and
 “ like a hasty tide fills and flows himself, till the moist
 “ brain swims and tosses in the hasty fume; as if his liver
 “ were burning out his stomach, and he striving to quench
 “ it, drowns it. So, the one is drunk sooner: and the
 “ other, longer: as if striving to recover the wager, the
 “ Dutchman would still be the perfectest soaker.”

The *Letters* of Felltham consist of seventeen, the titles of which are, “ Letter to his Friend, perswading
 “ him to a Wife.”—“ Letter with some of his Poems
 “ and the Character of the Low Countries.”—“ To
 “ Oliva.”—“ To Meliodorus.”—“ To Clarissa.”—
 “ To Meliodorus.”—“ To Clarissa.”—“ To Oliva.”

—“ To a Gentleman that having a fair and virtuous
 “ Wife of his own, yet would take a fancy to Kitchen
 “ Wenches and Drudges.”—“ To a Doctor of Physic.”
 —“ To the Lord C. J. R.”—“ To Remelia.”—“ To
 “ a Person of Honour.”—“ To Mr. S. T.”—“ To
 “ Sir C. F.”—“ For Mr. William Johnson of the
 “ Society of Jesus in Cadiz there.”—“ To S. H. C.”
 —“ To the Lady B. T.”

These letters are both serious and sportive, and though the names of those to whom they are addressed are suppressed, they appear to have been mostly written to persons of rank and consideration. Some of them are merely complimentary. The first in the collection, “ To his Friend, perswading him to a
 “ Wife,” is replete with valuable advice. He speaks of matrimony in this letter, and in other parts of his writings, like one who had largely experienced the comforts of it; and that he did so, is evident from some of his other letters. The two letters “ To
 “ Clarissa,” appear to have been addressed to the lady who afterwards became his bride.

“ How could I,” (says Felltham, in the former of these epistles,) “ arraign the vanity of poets, that tell us
 “ of the plagues of love? Since I find so many solaces in
 “ the assurance of your affection, that like the swan I
 “ could be singing in the midst of waves. Certainly, the
 “ invention of those pleasant shades below, sprung from
 “ the genius of a lover’s breast. Whether it be your own
 “ excelling sweetness, that charms me to be alwaies
 “ with you, even at this distance: or whether it be the
 “ clearness of my own passions, aiming at nothing but

“ honour and your felicity, I dispute not : but sure I am,
 “ the zeal I bear, not all the phrensies this nation is now
 “ giddy with, can alter; and though it be debarred the
 “ present happiness of your conversation; yet upon your
 “ least command, is it ever ready to take wing and flie unto
 “ your bosom;—a sanctuary which being once attained,
 “ I shall disclaim the thought of being any thing but,
 “ Dear,

“ Your faithful servant.”

The second letter to Clarissa, seems to have been addressed to her, not long before wedlock, or at least, when they had engaged themselves to each other : and from this letter, it would appear that Clarissa, was in the circle of his own family connection.

“ Guarded by your better genius, like a partridge,
 “ dredg’d and wasted, I have pass’d the heate and duste
 “ of the way to my owne habitation; where, without
 “ your presence (which to me, only can make a cottage
 “ beautifull) I finde every roome a cell, and myselfe
 “ turning melancholy. But as the angel’s (besides their
 “ obedience to their Maker’s commands) in their dispatch
 “ can endure earth a little season, out of their apprehen-
 “ sions, that they shall speedily again returne to heaven :
 “ so all my comfort is, that the time of my privation is
 “ but short, and in my ever busie thoughts, I at this
 “ distance dwell with you, to whom nothing in my
 “ absence will, I hope, presume to bring the least trouble.
 “ To this end, you ought, for my interest’s sake, now to
 “ be kind to your owne goodnesse, and suffer nothing
 “ that is not calme and milde as it, to come neare it.
 “ Dear, fail not to present my humble duty to my
 “ honoured father and best mother, nor to make much of
 “ yourself, who is for ever

“ All and only yours.”

It is for Clarissa that the following verses in the *Lusoria*, called "A Farewell," were probably intended:—

" When by sad fate, from hence I summon'd am,
 " Call it not absence,—that's too mild a name.
 " Believe it, dearest soul, I cannot part,
 " For who can live two regions from his heart?
 " Unless as stars direct our human sense,
 " I live by your more powerful influence.
 " No: say I am dissolv'd; for as a cloud
 " By the sun's vigour melted is, and strew'd
 " On the earth's face, to be exhal'd again
 " To the same beams that turn'd it into rain,
 " So absent think me, but as scatter'd dew,
 " Till re-exhal'd again, to virtue;—you."

The lines in the same collection, entitled "The Sympathy," must also have been designed to describe the connubial felicity that subsisted between Felltham and Clarissa.

"Oliva," to whom some of his letters were inscribed, was the mother of "Clarissa;" and for Oliva we find him to have entertained no common regard.

The happiness he had enjoyed from his matrimonial connection with her daughter, and his love and affection to herself, are the chief topics of one of his letters to Oliva.

" If I had been frighted with merit in others, or want
 " of desert in myself, I had never arriv'd to that happi-
 " nesse, which (through your conduct) by the fruition of
 " your daughters conversation, I now enjoy without envy-
 " ing, even all those pleasures that a bounteous spring
 " can give. Like spirituall blessings I find them more in

“ possession than expectation;—so that I verily believe
 “ to cure all the heresies and prejudices that have been
 “ taken up against marriage, there needs but to propose
 “ myself, that I might convince the world of the felicities
 “ that are in it. Nay, I am confidently of opinion, if all
 “ men that have married had been as happy as I believe
 “ myself, even in the Romish Church, there never had
 “ been the erection of monastery or nunnery: But, dear
 “ mother, though this be truth; yet I pray print it not,—
 “ though I hug my own opinion, I am not bound to
 “ impose it upon the world, wherein none lives more in
 “ health than your daughter, I think without any ill
 “ opinion of me or my country. If there be any infelicity
 “ offends us, ’tis that we are deprived the honour of your
 “ company, which wheresoever it bestows itself, can both
 “ civilize and sanctifie; to whom I had sooner presented
 “ my ever thankful duty, had there not been a supply
 “ from that hand, which was content to give a heart to

“ Your ever most obedient son.”

The most valuable of Felltham’s letters, is his
 Answer to Mr. William Johnson of the Society of
 Jesus at Cadiz. He had sent to Johnson a copy of
 his Resolves. Johnson acknowledged the present, in
 a letter addressed “ *To his much respected and*
 “ *loving friend, Mr. Owen Felltham,*” in which,
 after telling him that he had “ greedily read his
 “ witty, grave, and sententious book,” and “ took
 “ delight in his pithy discourses,” commences a per-
 sonal and intemperate attack on our Author for
 what he had said in his chapter “ On the Choice of
 “ Religion,” in favour of the Church of England;
 and for some things which in his comparison of the
 religion of that Church, with the other religions of

the world, he had advanced of the doctrines of the See of Rome. Johnson tells him, that among Catholics (*i. e.* Roman Catholics) “ he had lost a great deal of credit by it; and that many souls were deceived, and withheld by his calumniations, from embracing the true antient Roman Religion.”

Felltham, in his unpretending manner, had said in the preface to his Resolves, “ I do not profess myself to be a scholar.” Johnson took this, as an admission that he was not one, and told him that he spoke truly; and that in the chapter in question, he “ at least shewed himselfe no divine, blotting the perfection of his former discourse, with the black spot of error and ignorance in true divinity.” “ Is it fit,” (says he,) “ that such a worthy wit, as your’s is, should build your salvation upon the weake and false opinion of weake and unlearned ministers, despising the infallibility of the Catholique Church?” Johnson finishes his letter to Owen Felltham, in these words:—

“ What ransome can you give for those deceived souls, which giving credit to your book, persisted till death in the Protestant religion, and were damned for their heresie? What recompence for the blood of Christ Jesus spilled and lost in their damnation, will cry louder than the blood of Abel for revenge against you? If you desire therefore to give a good account and save your soul, read this book, follow the doctrines it teacheth you. *Take once, a good resolution to live and die a Roman Catholick; then do penance for your sins. Recall and correct the errours of your book by the help of some Catholick divine:* There are others that must be corrected in your Resolve of the choice of religion.

“ Counsell the Roman faith which stands more for God’s glory, and the quiet and eternall good of the soul; and without this, there is no hope of salvation. *Believe me, Sir, I love your person, but hate your errours, and the zeal of your salvation moved my pen, far inferior to your’s in eloquence, to write these rude lines.* If my counsell take effect, I shall think myself happy; if not, I shall justifie God’s cause, do my duty to which my estate, *et charitas Christi urget nos.* I beseech Almighty God of his mercy, to give you light that you may see the errors of your new religion, the truth of ours; that entering here into the militant Roman Church, you may deserve hereafter to be a member of the triumphant in heaven: so expecting your answer, I rest, committing you to the protection of sweet Jesus.”

The reply of Felltham to this indiscreet attack of Johnson, is unquestionably an able piece of controversial writing; and proves that though a layman, he was not meanly versed in theological learning. It is a compendious refutation of the leading and fundamental errors of the Roman Catholic religion; and exhibits our Author, as a man not less fixed and decided in his own principles of attachment to the Reformed Church, “established within these realms,” than charitable and considerate in his judgment towards those, who were not so.

“As for God’s church,” says Felltham, “we believe that it, agreeing with Scripture, cannot erre. I believe, before the Scriptures were written, the church’s power was absolute and arbitrary, guided by the Spirit of God; but they being written by divine inspiration, and she, accepting them for her rule, became tyed to them, which she did confirm, not make. If you urge things war-

“ rantable by these, or not against them, we obey : if crossing these, the answer is with the Apostles (Acts iv. 19), *Whether it is better to obey God or man, judge you.*”

“ Every man has liberty allowed him by our Church to disburthen his own conscience, to which (though not compelled) he is exhorted : and if he does, the priest has authority to absolve him ; and this, in these things, I understand for the doctrine of our church, which are so well vindicated by men so infinitely above my abilities, as in my reason I am so well satisfied, as I desire not to be further controversiall.

“ I deny not but some private men, by the too much liberty of the presse (which I acknowledge to be a fault), may have published some things not so orthodox ; but what are these to me, while they wander from foundations ? I am neither Zuinglian, nor Lutheran, nor Calvinist, nor Papist, but Christian ; for I build not on men, but on God, and his Church agreeing. His Church, I believe, may erre : I mean a particular Church, which yet may be a true Church ; and so his. But of his universal Church, lawfully congregated and free in matters of faith, I averre not.”

He next enters upon an examination of the doctrines of the Church of Rome ; and ends his letter as follows :—

“ Thus, Sir, you see I had reason enough to say what I did. I do protest before God, if I thought I had done your side any wrong, I would most willingly recant it : for I have ever held it a nobleness beseeing the best bravery of a Christian, rather to submit in a wrong even to public acknowledgement, than by any oratory, though never so potent, to maintain it. But my conscience and reason tell me, I have dealt fairly. And if you consider the many other enormities of Rome, you must confesse me modest, to touch you with so soft a

“ hand. In part, I will follow your counsell; for with
“ God’s grace, I resolve to live and dye a true Christian
“ Catholick. But a Roman Catholick, I understand no
“ more than you would me, if I should call a council
“ National, Œcumenical, or General, particular. I have
“ writ this, because I would be civil; and sooner you
“ should have had it, if I had been at leisure, and had not
“ deferred it, in expectation of your book you mention to
“ have sent me, which yet I never met with; nor with
“ your letter, till the time before specified. The love
“ which you professe to my person, I shall be ready to
“ requite; which had taken me much more, if the many
“ mistakes wherewith you slander me, had not thrown
“ stain and scandal on your charity. For your hatred to
“ my errors, ’tis neither in my power nor thoughts to help
“ it; and since you needs will called them so, you must
“ pardon me that I add another to them, which is to think
“ them none.”

“ If you have any other matter that may be of civil
“ commerce, I shall not be adverse to your lines. But
“ for my religion, I believe myself to be upon too good
“ grounds, to be moved by your pen. And to argue
“ more were fruitlesse, since even the means of reconcile-
“ ment, your side has taken away: for you allow no judge
“ but the Pope, which you crie up for infallible; and,
“ besides our denying that, we know that by him, we are
“ already prejudged.”

“ And does it not incline to partial, when you will
“ admit no judge but your own? Abate but that, and
“ the policy and interests of either side, the cavils and
“ the niceties, the obstinacy and peevishness of men, their
“ study on either side, rather to maintain opinion and
“ come off with victory, than to find out and submit to
“ truth; and then, that man’s opinion will not look so
“ horribly monstrous, as some would have it deemed;—
“ that even a pious, discreet, moderate, learned Papist,

“ and a pious, discreet, moderate, learned Protestant,
 “ may be very near to be both of one religion. I am
 “ sure they have both the same foundation to build upon,
 “ and both will own Christ, and the Gospel’s heavenly
 “ doctrine. So that the frailties of both, I hope, upon
 “ repentance and begging forgiveness, may receive a
 “ pardon, and they, in the end, meet together, as well as
 “ at first together they began. I am not convinc’d but
 “ that both may be of gold; only one, may have something
 “ more of alloy, and so be something coarser, than the
 “ other. Two clocks may be made by one workman’s
 “ hand, and either of them sometimes go false. Yet I
 “ would not have them broken, because they disagree;—
 “ each may be mended, and go right at last; but their
 “ own spring and string it is, must guide them.”

“ I shall therefore take it for a favour, if you please to
 “ let me enjoy my religion in peace. Then, shall I so far
 “ go along with your wishes, as to pray to God for direc-
 “ tion in the right: making it further my petition to God,
 “ that he will vouchsafe to build up his Church in truth
 “ and unity; and make us so members of it here, as we
 “ avoid the errors, which exclude from above, where I
 “ shall not despaire but that you may be met by

“ Sir, Your servant,
 “ OWEN FELLTHAM*.”

* Mr. Archdeacon Daubeny, in his “*Vindiciæ Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ*,” published in 1803, quotes the following passage in the above letter of Felltham. It is in answer to a passage in Johnson’s, which charges the Protestants with making God the author of sin, by predestinating men to eternal punishment, by his sole will, without any fault. “For predestination, you urge Calvin. But, sir, the Church of England is not bound to his tenets; nor do I hold my faith from him, but from my blessed Saviour and his Apostles. Let it suffice, I hold man saved, to be the subject of predestination. I believe no man saved, but by God’s mercy; no man damned, but by his own default.”

In this general account of the works of Felltham, it is proper to point out "*a Form of Prayer*" (*for morning and evening*) "*composed for the family of the Right Honourable the Countess of Thond*," which is subjoined to the twelfth edition of the Resolves, and to that edition only. In the preface to that edition, he thus mentions it: "The form of prayer that is here extant, being such as was made use of, when the liturgy of the church was as the church itself, in the Revelation, forced to flee into the wilderness; and perhaps, somewhat more appropriated to the conditions of a private family, than that appointed for the church, in public; he confesses to have willingly published, not to obtrude it upon any; but that if any like it (as some have done) they might not want a form to invite them to so necessary a duty." It is a truly Christian composition, after the model of our Liturgical service. With the exception of a few passages which have relation to a state of national affairs, which, happily for us, do not now exist, it is a form of prayer well adapted for the purposes of domestic worship, in the times in which we live.

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RESOLVES:

DIVINE, MORAL, AND POLITICAL.

OF SUDDEN PROSPERITY.

PROSPERITY, in the beginning of a great action, oftentimes undoes a man, in the end; for while we expect all things to be laughing upon us, like those we have passed, we remit our care and perish by neglecting. It eats up circumspection; and when that guard is wanting, we lie spread to the shot of general danger. How many have lost the victory of a battle, from too great confidence in the good fortune which they found, at the outset of it. It frequently undoes a noble family, to have the estate fall to the hands of an heir in his minority. Witty children oft fail, in age, of what their childhood promised. This holds true, not in temporal things only but even in spiritual; for nothing slackens the proceedings of a Christian more than the too early applause of those that are groundedly honest. This makes him think he is now far enough, and that he may rest and

breath, and gaze;—so, he slides back for want of striving to go on, with increase. Good success in the midst of an action, takes a man in a firm settledness: and though he finds the event alter; yet custom before, will continue his care, for afterwards. In the end, it crowns his expectations; and encourages him to the like care in other things, that by it, he may find the sequel answerable. But in the beginning, it may be compared to a heavy rain soon after the seed is sown, which washes more of it away, than takes root in the ground. How many had ended better, if they had not begun so well. Pleasure can undo a man at any time, if yielded to. Cræsus counselled Cyrus, if he meant to hold the Lydians in slavery, that he should teach them to sing and play and drink and dance, and dally; and that would do it, without his endeavour. I remember Ovid's Fable of the Centoculated Argus. The Devil, I compare to Mercury; his pipe, to pleasure; Argus, to man; his hundred eyes, to our care; his sleeping, to security; Io, to our soul; his transformation, to the curse of God. The moral is this; the Devil with pleasure, pipes man into security; then steals away his soul and leaves him to the wrath of heaven. It could ruin Antony in the midst of his fortunes, and spoil Hannibal after a long and glorious war. To meet it at first, is indeed the great danger; it then being aptest to find admission;—but to meet and yield, the worst, at last: because there is not then time left, for recovery. If the action be of worth, that I take in hand, neither shall an ill accident discourage me, nor

a good one make me careless. If it happen ill, I will be the more circumspect, by a heedful prevention to avoid the like ; if it happen well, my fear shall make me warily vigilant. I will ever suspect a smooth stream to be a deep one ; till I reach the land.

OF RESOLUTION.

THE uncomposed man may be likened to a skein of ruffled silk. Every thing that offers to even him, entangles him the more ; if you unbend him one way, he warps worse the other. He cannot but meet with variety of occasions ; and every one of these, entwines him in a deeper trouble. His ways are strewed with briers, and he bustles himself into his own confusion ; like a partridge in the net, he masks himself the more, by the anger of his fluttering wings. Certainly, a good resolution is the most fortifying armour that a discreet man can wear. This, can defend him against all the unwelcome shuffles that the poor rude world puts on him. Without this, like hot iron, he hisses at every drop that touches him ; with this, he can be a servant as well as a lord ; and have the same inward pleasantness in the quakes and shakes of fortune, that he carries in her softest smiles. That which puts the irresolute mind into a whirling tempest, is, by the resolute, seen, slighted, laughed at ; with as much honour, more quiet, more safety. The world has nothing in it, worthy a man's

serious anger. The best way to quell discontentments, is either not to see them or to convert them to a smiling mirth. It is true, nothing but experience and collected judgment can enable a man to do this: but when he has brought himself to it, how infinite shall he find his ease! It was Xantippe's observation, that she ever found Socrates return with the same countenance that he went abroad with. Lucan can tell us, that

———*Fortunaque perdat
Oppositâ virtute, minas.*———

Lib. 9. 570.

———All Fortune's threats are lost,
Where virtue does oppose.———

I wish no man so spiritless, as to let all abuses press upon a willing shoulder: but I wish him an able discretion, to discern which are fit to be stirred in, and those to prosecute for no other end but to shew, the injury was more to virtue and dear nature's justice, than to himself. Every man should be equity's champion: because it is that eternal pillar whereon the world is founded. In high and elevated fortunes, resolution is necessary to secure us from the thefts and wiles of prosperity, which steal us away, not only from ourselves, but virtue: and for the most part, like a long peace, softly deliver us over to impoverishing war. In the wane of fortune, resolution is likewise necessary to guard us from the discontentments that usually assail the poor dejected man; for all the world will beat the man, whom fortune buffets;—and unless by

this, he can turn off the blows, he shall be sure to feel the greatest burthen in his own sad mind. A wise man makes a trouble less, by fortitude: but to a fool, it is heavier, by his stooping to it. I would fain bring myself to that pass, as that my happiness shall not depend upon another's judgment. But as I would never do any thing dishonestly: so I would never fear the immaterial wind of censure, when it is done. He who steers by that gale, is ever in danger of a wreck. Honesty is a warrant of far more safety than fame. I will never be ashamed of that which bears her seal: knowing that it is only pride's being in fashion, that hath put honest humility out of countenance. As for the crackers of the brain and tongue-squibs, they will die of themselves, if I do not revive them. The best way to have them forgotten by others, is first to forget them myself. This will keep myself in quiet and by *a noble not-caring*, wound the intender's bosom; who will ever fret most, when he finds his designs most frustrated. Yet, in all these, I will something respect Custom, because she is magnified in that world, wherein I am one; but when she deviates from just reason, I shall rather displease her by parting than offend in her company. I would have all men set up their rest, for all things which this world can yield: yet so, as to build upon a surer foundation than themselves: otherwise, that which should have been their foundation, will surely cross them; and that is, God.

OF THE ENDS OF VIRTUE AND VICE.

VIRTUE and Vice never differ so much as in the end; at least, their difference is never so clearly seen, as then. And this, I think, is the reason, why so many minds are seduced to the pursuit of ill. They imagine not their last act will be tragical; because their former scenes have all been comedy. The end is so far off, that they see not those stabbing shames that await them in a killing ambush; and if it were nearer, yet their own dim sight would leave them undiscovered. The same thing also, that encourages vice, discourages virtue; for by her rugged way and the resistance that she finds in her passage, she is often persuaded to step into vice's path: which while she finds smooth, she does not perceive to be slippery. Vice's road is paved with ice; inviting to the eye but tripping up the heel, to the hazard of a wound or drowning. Virtue's is like the passage of Hannibal over the Alps, a tiring toil of infinite danger; but, when once performed, lets him into the world's garden, Italy. Doubtless, the world has nothing so glorious as virtue: as virtue, when she rides triumphant; when, like a Phœbean champion, she has routed the army of her enemies, razed their strongest forts, and brought the mightiest of her foes to subjection. Her presence is a dignity which amazes the beholder with surrounding rays. The good honour her, for the love of the like they find in themselves; the bad, though they repine in-

wardly, yet shame (which is for the most part, an effect of base vice) now goes before the action, and commands their baser hearts to silence. On the other side, what a monster is vice! Her own guilt, and the detestation of others, set up two great hells, in her single little, narrow heart; horror, shame; and that which most of all must gall her, is, that she finds their flames inextinguishable. Outwardly, she may sometimes appear like virtue. For all the several gems of virtue, vice has counterfeit stones, wherewith she gulls the ignorant. But there are two main reasons which shall make me virtue's lover: for her inside and for her end; and for the same reasons, will I hate vice. If I find there be a difference in their ways; I will yet think of them, as of the two sons in the Gospel; whereof virtue said, he would not go to the vineyard, yet did: and vice, though he promised to go, desisted.

A FRIEND AND ENEMY, WHEN MOST
DANGEROUS.

I WILL take heed both of a speedy friend and a slow enemy. Love is never lasting which flames before it burns; and hate, like wetted coals, throws a fiercer heat, when fire gets the mastery. As quick wits have seldom sound judgments which should make them continue: so friendship kindled suddenly, is rarely found to consist with the durability of affection.

Enduring love is ever built on virtue, which no man can see in another, at once. He that fixes upon her, shall find a beauty, which will every day take him with some new grace or other. I like that love, which by a soft ascension, does degree itself into the soul. As for an enemy who is long a making, he is much the worse, for being ill no sooner. He hates not without cause, who is unwilling to hate at all.

OF PURITANS.

I FIND many who are called Puritans; yet few or none, who will own the name. The reason of which is surely this, that it is a name of opprobrium; and is so new, that it hath scarcely yet obtained a definition: Nor is it an appellation derived from one man's name, whose tenets we can find digested into a volume: whereby we do much err, in our application of it. In itself, it imports a kind of excellency above another; which man (being conscious of his own frail bendings) is ashamed to assume to himself. So that I believe there are men, who would be Puritans; but not any that indeed, are so. One will have him to be a man who lives religiously and will not revel in an unbounded excess; another, him who separates from our divine assemblies; another, him who in some tenets only, is peculiar; another, him who will not swear. Absolutely to define him is, I think, a work of difficulty. Some I know, who rejoice in the name;

but they are such, as least understand it. A Puritan, as he is more generally, in these times, taken to be, is a church-rebel or one who would exclude order that his brain may rule. To decline offences; to be careful and conscientious in our several actions, is a purity, which every man ought to labour for, and which we may well do, without a sullen segregation from all society. If there be any privileges, they are surely granted to the children of the king; who are those that are the children of heaven. If mirth and recreations be lawful, surely such a one may lawfully use them. If wine was given to cheer the heart, why should I fear to use it, for that end? The merry soul is freer from intended mischief than the man of gloomy thoughts. God delights in nothing more than in a cheerful heart, careful to perform his service. What parent is it, that rejoices not to see his child cheerful, while within the limits of filial duty? It is true, we read of Christ's weeping, not of his laughter: yet we know that he graced a feast with his first miracle and that, a feast of joy: and can we think that such a meeting could pass, without the noise of laughter? What a lump of quickened care is the melancholy man! Change anger into mirth, and the precept will hold good still: *be merry, but sin not*. As there are many, who in their lives assume too great a liberty; so I believe there are some, who abridge themselves of what they might lawfully use. Ignorance is an ill steward to provide for either soul or body. A man who submits to reverend order, who sometimes unbends himself in a

moderate relaxation; and in all things, labours to approve himself in the sereneness of a healthful conscience; such a Puritan, I will love immutably. But when a man, in things but ceremonial, shall spurn at the grave authority of the church, and out of a needless nicety, be a thief to himself, of those benefits which God has allowed him; or out of a blind and uncharitable pride, censure and scorn others, as reprobrates; or out of obstinacy, fill the world with brawls about indeterminable tenets: I shall think him one of those, whose opinion hath fevered his zeal to madness and distraction. I have more faith in one Solomon, than in a thousand such. Behold then, what I have seen good! That it is meet for man to eat and to drink, and to take pleasure in all his labour wherein he travails under the sun, the whole number of the days of his life, which God gives him; for this is his *portion*. Nay, *there is nothing better for a man than that he should eat and drink, and that he should make his soul enjoy good in his labour*. Methinks the reading of Ecclesiastes, should make a Puritan undress his brain, and lay off all those fanatic toys that jingle about his understanding. For my own part, I think the world hath not better men than some who suffer under that name nor withal more scelestic villains: for when they are once elated with that pride they so much contemn in others, they infringe the laws of all human society.

OF ARROGANCE.

I NEVER yet found pride in a noble nature nor humility in an unworthy mind. It may seem strange to an inconsiderate eye, that such a poor violet as virtue, should ever dwell with honour: and that such an aspiring fume as pride, should ever sojourn with baseness. It is certain, we seldom find the latter but in those who, being conscious of their own deficiency, think there is no way to get honour but by boldly assuming it. It is he that has nothing else to commend him, who would invade men's good opinions, by an unbecoming haughtiness. If you search for high and strained carriages, you shall for the most part, meet with them, in low men. Arrogance is a weed which grows upon a dunghill. It is from the rankness of the soil, that she has her height and spreadings: witness, clowns, fools, and fellows, who from nothing, are lifted up some few steps on fortune's ladder: where, seeing the glorious representment of honour above them, they are so eager to embrace it, that they strive to leap thither at once, and by overreaching themselves in the way, they fail of the end, and fall. And all this happens, either for want of education, which should season their minds with the generous precepts of morality; or, which is more powerful, example: or else, for lack of a discerning judgment, to point out to them that the best way thither is the road of humility and desert. Of trees, I observe God hath chosen the vine, a low plant

which creeps upon the helpful wall: Of all beasts, the soft and patient Lamb: Of all fowls, the mild and gall-less dove. When God appeared to Moses, it was not, in the lofty cedar nor the sturdy oak; but in a bush, an humble, slender, abject shrub;—as if by this, he would check the conceited arrogance of man. Nothing procures love, like humility; nothing hate, like pride. The proud man walks among daggers pointed against him; whereas the humble and the affable have the people for their guard, in dangers: To be humble to our superiors, is duty; to our equals, courtesy; to our inferiors, generosity: and these, notwithstanding their lowliness, carry such a sway as to command men's hearts. But we must take heed that we express not our humility, in unworthy actions; for then, leaving virtue, it falls into baseness. So far as a man, both in words and deeds, is free from flattery and unmanly compliance, he may be humble with commendation. But surely, no circumstances can render pride laudable. If ever it be, it is when it meets with audacious pride. Of this good it may then be author, that the affronting man, by his own folly, may learn the way to his duty and wit. Yet this, I cannot so well call pride, as an emulation of the Divine justice; which will always vindicate itself upon presumptuous ones; and is indeed said to fight against no sin but pride.

OF REWARD AND SERVICE.

WHEN it lights upon a worthy nature, there is nothing procures a more faithful service, than the master's liberality : nor is there any thing makes that appear more, than a true fidelity. They are alternate parents ; begetting, and begotten. Certainly, if these were practised, great men need not so often change their followers : nor would patrons be abandoned by their old attendants. Rewards are not given but paid, to servants who are good and wise. Nor ought that blood to be accounted lost, which is spent for a noble master. Worth will never fail to give desert her praise. A liberal master who loves his servant well, is in some sort, a God to him : who may both give him blessings and protect him from danger. And, on the other hand, believe it, a diligent and discreet servant is one of the best friends that a man can be possessed of. He can do, whatsoever a friend may ; and can be commanded, with less hazard of losing him. Nay, he may, in one sense, challenge a glory above his master : for, though it be harder to play a king's part well than it is to act a subject's ; yet nature's inclination is much more bent to rule than to obey. It is good sometimes for a lord to use a servant, like a friend, like a companion : but it is always fit for a servant, to pay him the reverence due to a master. Pride becomes neither the commander nor the commanded. Every family is but a plume of feathers, the meanest of which is made of the self

same stuff: only he who made the plume, was pleased to set the lord, highest. The power of commanding is rather political, than derived from nature. The service of man to man, followed not the creation but the fall of man; and until Noah cursed his son, the name of servant is not read in Scripture. Since there is no absolute freedom to be found below, even kings are but more splendid servants for the common body. There is a mutuality between the lord and his vassals. The lord serves them, of necessaries; and they him, in his pleasures and conveniences. Virtue is the truest liberty. He is not free who stoops to passions: nor he in bondage, who serves a noble master. When Demonax saw a cruel one beating his servant, *fie* (said he) *forbear, lest by the world, yourself be taken for the servant.*

*Fallitur, egregio quisquis sub principe credit
Servitium: nunquam libertas gratior extat
Quàm sub rege pio.*——

Claud. de Laud. Still. l. 3.

He knows no bondage whom a good king sways;
For freedom never shines with clearer rays
Than when brave princes reign.

Imperiousness turns that servant into a slave, whom kindness makes an humble-speaking friend. Seneca begins an epistle, with rejoicing that his friend lived familiar with his servant;—neither can have comfort, where both are uncommunicable. I confess, the like countenance is not to be shewn to all. That which makes a wise man, modest, makes a fool, unmannerly. It is the saucy servant, that causes the

Lord to withhold his gracious favours. Of the two, pride is more tolerable, in a master. In the other, it is preposterousness. Hadrian sent his inferior servant a box on the ear, for walking between two senators. As there ought to be equality, because nature has made it: so there ought to be a difference, because fortune has set it;—yet, the distance of our fortunes cannot be so much, as our nearness, in being men; no fate can frighten away that likeness. Let not the lord abuse his servant; for it is possible he may fall below him. Let not the servant neglect his master; for he may be cast into a meaner condition. Let the servant deserve, and the master recompense: and if they would both be noble, the best way is for those who are subject, to forget their services, and for those who command, to remember them:—So, each loving the other, for their generous worthiness; the world shall strew praises in both their paths. If the servant suppose his lot to be hard, let him bear in mind, that service is nothing but the freeman's calling, wherein he is bound to discharge himself well, as long as he continues in it.

OF REPREHENSION.

TO reprehend well, is the most necessary, and the hardest part of friendship. Who is it, that does not sometimes merit a check; and yet how few will endure one? Yet wherein can a friend more unfold

his love than in preventing dangers before their birth, or in bringing a man to safety who is travelling on the road to ruin? I grant that there is a manner of reprehending, which turns a benefit into an injury: and then, it both strengthens error and wounds the giver. When thou chidest thy wandering friend, do it secretly, in season, in love: not in the ear of a popular convention: for oftentimes, the presence of a multitude, makes a man take up an unjust defence, rather than fall into a just shame. Nor can I much blame a man, if he shuns to make the vulgar his confessor; for they are the most uncharitable tell-tales that the burthened earth doth bear. They understand nothing but the dregs of actions. A man had better be convinced, in private, than be made guilty, by a proclamation. Open rebukes are for magistrates and courts of justice; for star-chambers and for scarlets, in the thronged hall. Private rebukes are for friends; where all the witnesses of the offender's blushes, are blind and deaf and dumb. We should do by them, as Joseph thought to have done by Mary, seek to cover blemishes with secrecy. Public reproof is like the striking of a deer in the herd; it not only wounds him, but betrays him to the hound, his enemy; and makes him, by his fellows, to be pushed out of company. Even concealment of a fault, argues some charity to the delinquent: and when we tell him of it in secret, it shews we wish he should amend, before the world comes to know that he is amiss. Next, it ought to be in season, neither when the brain is muddled

with rising fumes, nor when the mind is maddened with ungovernable passions. Certainly, he is drunk himself, that so profanes reason as to urge it to a drunken man.

Quis matrem, nisi mentis inops, in funere Nati

Flere vetat ? non hoc illa monenda loco est.

Ov. Rem. Am.

He's mad, that dries a mother's eyes' full tide
At her son's grave : This is no time to chide :

was the opinion of the smoothest poet. To admonish a man in the height of his passion, is to call a soldier to council in the midst, in the heat, of a battle. Let the combat slacken, and then thou mayest expect a hearing. All passions are like rapid torrents: they swell the more for meeting with a dam, while in their raging violence. He that will hear nothing in the roar of his anger, will after a pause, inquire of you. Seem you to forget him, and he will the sooner remember himself: for it often falls out, that the end of passion is the beginning of repentance. A word seasonably given, like a rudder, sometimes steers a man into quite another course. When the Macedonian Philip was capering in the view of his captives, says Demades;—*Since fortune has made you like Agamemnon, why will you shew yourself like Thersites?* And this, changed him to another man. One blow bestowed in the striking time, is better than ten delivered unseasonably. There are some nicks in time, which,

whosoever finds, may promise himself success. It is not good to be too harsh and virulent. Kind words make rough actions plausible. If ever flattery be lawful, it is in the business of reprehension. To be plain, argues honesty: but to be pleasing, argues discretion. Every man that adviseth, assumes as it were, a transcendency over him whom he advises; so that if his counsel be not recommended by some self-including terms, it grows hateful. It will be good, therefore, not to make the complaint our own, but to lay it upon some others; who, not knowing the natural virtues of the man, will, according to this, be apt to judge of all his actions. Nor can he be a competent judge of another's crime, who is guilty of the like himself. It is unworthily done, to condemn that in others, which we would have pardoned in ourselves. When Diogenes fell into the school of the stoics, he answered his deriders with this question: *Why do you laugh at me for falling backward, when you yourselves do retrograde your lives?* He is not fit to cure a dim sight, that looks upon another with a beamed eye. Freed, we may free others; and, if we please them with praising some of their virtues, they will, with much more ease, be brought to know their vices. Shame will not let them be angry with those who so equally deal out the rod and the laurel. If he be much our superior, it is good sometimes to do it in parables, as Nathan did to David: and so to let him, by the application, give himself the censure. If he be an equal, let it appear affection and the truth of friend-

ship urging it. If he be our inferior, let it seem our care and desire to benefit him. Towards all, I would be sure to shew humility and love. Though I find a little bluster for the present, I am confident, I shall afterwards meet with thanks; and in my absence, shall have his good report; if not, the best way to lose a friend, is by seeking by my love to save him. It is best for others, that they hate me for my vice; but if I must be hated, it is best for myself, that they hate me for my goodness; for then, I am my own antidote, against all the poison they can spit upon me.

OF TIME'S CONTINUAL SPEED.

IN all the actions which a man performs, some part of his life passes. We die while doing that, for which alone, our sliding life was granted. Nay, though we do nothing, time keeps his constant pace, and flies as fast in idleness as in employment. Whether we play or labour, or sleep or dance or study, the sun posts on, and the sand runs. An hour of vice is as long as an hour of virtue. But the difference between good and bad actions is infinite. Good actions, though they diminish our time here, as well as bad actions, yet they lay up for us a happiness in eternity; and will recompense what they take away, by a plentiful return at last. When we trade with virtue, we do but buy pleasure

with the expense of time. So it is not so much a consuming of time as an exchange. As a man sows his corn, he is content to wait it a while, that he may at the harvest, receive it with advantage. But the bad deeds that we do here, not only rob us of much time; but also bespeak a torment for hereafter: and that, in such a life, that the greatest pleasure we could there be crowned with, would be, the very act of dying. The one treasures up pleasure, in a lasting life; the other provides torture, in a death eternal. Why should I wish to pass away this life ill, which, to those that are ill, is the best? If I must daily lessen it, it shall be by that, which shall joy me with a future income. Time is like a ship which never anchors. While I am on board, I had better do those things that may profit me at my landing, than practise such as shall cause my commitment, when I come ashore. Whatsoever I do, I would think what will become of it, when it is done. If good, I will go on to finish it; if bad, I will either leave off where I am, or not undertake it at all. Vice, like an unthrift, sells away the inheritance, while it is but in reversion: but virtue, husbanding all things well, is a purchaser. Hear but the witty Spaniard's distich;

*Ampliat atatis spatium sibi vir bonus, hoc est
Vivere bis, vitâ posse priore frui.*

Mart. x. 23.

He that his former well-led life enjoys,
Lives twice; so gives addition to his days.

OF VIOLENCE AND EAGERNESS.

THE too eager pursuit of a thing hinders enjoyment ; for it makes men take indirect ways, which, though they sometimes prosper, are never blessed. The covetous man, being mad for riches, practises injurious courses, which God cursing, bring him to a speedy poverty. Oppressions will bring a consumption upon thy gains. Wealth amassed by unjust and improper means, like a rotten sheep, will infect thy healthful flock. We think, by wrong, to secure ourselves from want, when it is that only which unavoidably brings it on us. He that longs for Heaven, with such impatience, as to kill himself, that he may be there the sooner, may, by that act, be excluded thence ; nay, though we be in the right way, our haste will make our stay the longer. He that constantly rides upon the spur, tires his horse ere his journey ends : and so is there the later, for making such unusual speed. He is like a giddy messenger, who runs away without his errand : and thus loses time, notwithstanding his nimbleness. When God has laid out man a way, in vain he seeks a nearer one. We see the things we aim at, as travellers do towns in hilly countries ; we judge them near, at the eye's end, because we see not the valleys and the brook that interpose : and thinking to take shorter courses, we are led about through ignorance and incredulity. We go surest, when we do not post precipitately. Sudden risings, have seldom sound foun-

dations. We might toil less, and avail more. What jealous and envious furies gnaw the burning breast of the ambitious! What fears and cares affright the starting sleeps of the covetous man! If any thing happen to warrant them, it crushes him ten times more heavily, than it would do the mind of the well-tempered man. All who affect things over-violently, do over-violently grieve in the disappointment. Whatsoever I wish for, I will pursue easily, though I do it assiduously. And, if I can, the diligence of the hand shall go, without the leaping bounds of the heart. So, if it happen well, I shall have more content, as coming less expected. Those joys clasp us with a friendlier arm, which steal upon us, when we look not for them. If it fall out ill, my mind not being set on it, will teach me patience under the saddening want. I will cozen pain, by not caring for it; and plump my joys by letting them surprise me. As I would not neglect a good, when it offers; so I would not fury myself, in the search of one.

OF THE TRIAL OF FAITH AND FRIENDSHIP.

FAITH and friendship are seldom truly tried, but in extremes. To find friends when we have no need of them, and to want them when we have, are both alike easy and common. In prosperity, who will not profess to love a man? In adversity, how few will shew that they do indeed. When we are happy, in

the spring-tide of abundance, and the rising flood of plenty, the world will be our servant: then, all men flock about us, with bare heads and bended bodies and protesting tongues. But when these pleasing waters fall to ebbing; when wealth but shifts to another hand: men look upon us at a distance, and stiffen themselves as if they were in armour, lest (if they should come nigh us) they should get a wound in the cloze. Our fortunes and ourselves, are things so closely linked, that we know not, which is the cause of the regard that is shewn to us. When these two shall part, we may then discern which of them it was that excited affection. I confess he is happy who finds a true friend in extremity: but he is happier, who finds not extremity, wherewith to try his friend. Thus the trial of friendship, is by finding what others will do for us. But the trial of faith, is by finding what we will do for God. To trust him when we have the securities in our iron chest, is easy, and not thank-worthy. But to depend upon him for what we cannot see, as it is more hard for man to do, so it is more acceptable to God, when done: for in that act, we make confession of his deity. All men will be Peters, in their bragging tongue; and most men will be Peters, in their base denial: but few men will be Peters, in their quick repentance. When we are well, we swear we will not leave him in our greatest sickness: but when our sickness comes, we forget our vows. When we meet with calamities which force us, either to let go our hold of God, or ourselves; then it is we see, to which our souls will

cleave the fastest ;—and of this trial, excellent is the use we may make. If we find our faith, upon the test, firm ; it will be to us a perpetual banquet ;—if we find it wavering, knowing our weakness, we may strive to sinew it, with a stronger nerve. So that faith ever is, either the assurance of our happiness, or the way, whereby we may find it. Without this confidence in a power which is always able to aid us, we wander in trouble and in doubt. Infidelity is the cause of all our woes, the ground of all our sins. Not trusting God, we disquiet ourselves with fears and solicitudes : and, to cure these, we run into prohibited paths. Unworthy earthen worm ! that canst think so unworthily of God, as that he will suffer those to want, who with a dutiful endeavour depend upon him. It is not usual for man himself, to be so base. Can a deity be inhumane ? Or can he who grasps the unexhausted provisions of the world in his hand, be a niggard to his sons, unless he sees it for their good and benefit ? Couldst thou thyself, that readest this, whosoever thou art, if thou hadst but a Sareptan widow's cruse of gold, couldst thou let a diligent and affectionate servant that waits on thee, want necessaries ? Couldst thou bear to see him in want of subsistence, and neglected in sickness ? I appeal to thy inward and more noble acknowledgment. I know thou couldst not. Canst thou then imagine that thou canst want such things from so unbounded a bounty as God's ? Serve him, and believe ; and he will never fail thee, for what is most convenient. O my God ! my refuge, my altar, and my soul's anchor, I beg that

I may but serve thee, and depend on thee. Thou knowest for myself, my soul's wishes are not for a vast abundance. If ever I should wish for abundance, it would be for my friends, not me. I care not to abound in abounding; and I am persuaded, I shall never want. Let me find my heart dutiful, and my faith, upon trial, stedfast; and I am sure these will afford me sufficient happiness, while I live here.

THAT A WISE MAN MAY GAIN BY ANY
COMPANY.

As there is no book so poorly furnished, out of which a man may not gather something for his benefit: so is there no company so bad, but a wise man may learn from it something to make himself better. Vice is of such a toady complexion, that she naturally teaches the soul to hate her. So admirably hath God disposed of the ways of man, that even the sight of vice, in others, is like a warning arrow shot to make us take heed. When she thinks by publishing herself, to procure a train of followers; God, by his secret working, makes her turn her weapons against herself, and strongly plead for her adversary, virtue. We are wrought to good by contraries. Foul acts keep virtue from the charms of vice.

I confess, I learn by nothing more to correct faults in myself, than by seeing how uncomely they appear in others. Who can help thinking what a nasty

beast he would be in drunkenness, that hath seen how disgusting it has made another? Who will not abhor a choleric passion, and saucy pride in himself, who sees how ridiculous and contemptible they render those who are infested with them? Can I be so besottedly blind, as to believe others should not spy those vices in me, which I can behold in them? Though the bad man be the worse, for having vice before his eyes: yet the good man is the better for it, for all that he sees is ill. It is certain, neither example nor precept, (unless it be in matters wholly religious,) can be absolute guides to the truly wise man. It is only a knowing, and a practical judgment of his own, that can direct him in the maze of life; in the bustle of the world; in the twitches and the twirls of human affairs. Example and precept may help us, in generals; but cannot be sufficient, in particulars. No man can leave his successor rules, for severals; because he knows not how the times, will be. He that lives always by book-rules, shall shew himself affected, and a fool. I will do that which I see comely (so it be not dishonest) rather than what a grave philosopher commands me to the contrary. I will take what I see is fitting, from any: but I think there was never any one man, that lived to be a perfect guide of perfection. In many things, I shall fall short: in some things, I may go beyond him. We feed not the body with the food of one dish only: nor does the sedulous bee gather from one flower's single virtues. She takes the best, from many; and together, she makes them serve; working that, to

honey which the putrid spider would convert to poison. Thus should the wise man do. This however rather teaches us to love what is good, than to avoid that which is offensive. Those who are thoroughly skilled in navigation, are as well acquainted with the coasts, as the ocean: with the flaws, the sands, the shallows, and the rocks, as the secure depths, in the safest channel. And those who are perfect men (I speak of perfection, since the fall) must as well know the bad, that they may avoid it; as the good, that they may embrace it. Surely we shall know virtue the better, by seeing that which she is not. If we could pass the world, without meeting vice; then, the knowledge of virtue would alone be sufficient; but it is not possible to live, and not encounter her. I wish no man to know her, either by use, or by intrusion: but being unwittingly thrown in her way, let him observe her warily for his own more safe direction. Thou art happy, when thou canst make another man's vices steps for thee, to climb to heaven by. The wise physician makes a poison medicinal. Even the mud of the world, by the industrious Hollander, is turned to useful fuel. If I light on good company, it shall either induce me to a new good, or confirm me in my liked old good habits. If I light on bad, I will, by considering their faults, correct those I myself have, or shun those that I might have. As the mariner who hath sea-room, can make any wind serve, to set him forward in his voyage: so a wise man may take advantage from any company, to set himself forward in the course of

virtue. Vice is subtle, and designing, for her own preferment; why should not virtue be plotting for her's? It requires policy to grow good, as well as great. There is an innocent providence, as well as the slyness of a vulpine craft. There are vices to be displaced, which would stop us in the way of our rise. There are parties to be made on our side, to uphold us when we are declining, through the undue arts of our unjust maligners. There is a king to be pleased, who may protect us against the shock of the envious plebeians, the reigning humours of the times which plead custom and not reason. We must have intelligencers abroad, to learn what practices, our enemy, sin, has on foot against us: and beware what suits we entertain, lest we dishonour ourselves in their grant. Every good man is an ambassador here for heaven; and he must be wise and circumspect, to render vain, the artful designs of those who would undo him;—and, as those who are so, for the kingdoms of the earth, will gain something from all societies that they may fall into: so, those who are so, for the higher empire of the other world, may gather something beneficial, from all whom they shall converse with; either for prevention, or confirmation; either to strengthen themselves, or confound their opposers.

OF MAN'S UNWILLINGNESS TO DIE.

WHAT should make us all so unwilling to die, when we know that, until death, we cannot be accounted happy? Is it the sweetness we find in this life's solaces? Is it the horror or the pain that doth in death, affright us? Or, is it our fear and doubt of what shall become of us, afterwards? Or, is it the guilt of our misguided souls, already condemning us by the pre-apprehension of a future punishment? If I found death terrible alike to all, I should think there were something more in death, yea and in life too, than yet we do imagine; but, I find one man can as willingly die, as another man is willing to dine. Some there are who can as gladly leave this world, as the wise man, being old, can retire from court. There are, to whom death seems no more than a blood-letting: and these, I find, are of the sort of men whom we generally esteem wise. Every man, in the play of this world, is not only an actor, but is a spectator too: At the beginning (that is, in his youth) it promises so much, that he is loth to leave it; when it grows towards the middle (the act of virility), then he sees the scenes grow thick, and fill, and would gladly understand the end: but, when that draws near, and he finds what it will be, he is then content to depart, and leave his room to others. Nay, it often happens, that before the concluding part has commenced, he considers that it is all, as it were, delusion and a dream, or as a thing which

passeth away, as the sound of a bell, or as the consuming dew; and he grows weary with expectation; his life is entertained with a tedious dislike of itself. O the unsettled conceit of man! who, seeking after quiet, only increases his disquietude: who knows neither what he is, nor what he shall be! We are like men benighted in a wilderness: we wander in the tracks of several paths: we try one, and presently pursue another which is more likely: we follow that, and to as little purpose;—and while we are distracted about these various ways, Death comes and devours us. I find two sorts of men, who differ much in their conception of death. One live in a full joy here: and they sing and revel, as if their harvest were perpetual, and the whole world's face seemed to smile upon them; and these, would do any thing rather than die: whereby they tell us (though their tongues express it not) that they expect a worse state hereafter. The other sort, disgusted with this life, are ready for death, in the expectation of a better condition: for, *Natura semper in meliorem tendit*; Nature ever aims at better: could she wish a change, if she did not think it a benefit? Now, what do these two tell us? but that there is both a misery and a joy attending man, when he leaves this world? The like is shewn by the good man and the bad: one avoiding what the other would wish, at least would not refuse. For the good man I must reckon with the wise; as one, that equally can die or live. He knows while he is here, God will protect him; and when he goes hence, God will

receive him. It is the observation of one of the fathers:—*Non ita vixi, ut me vixisse pudeat: nec timeo mori, quia bonum habeo Dominum*:—I have not so lived as I should be ashamed: nor fear I to die, for God is merciful. Certainly, we can never enjoy peace in any thing long, till we have conquered the fear of death. Every spectacle of mortality terrifies. Every casual danger affrights us. Into what a gloom did the sight of Cyrus' tomb throw the noble Alexander! Fear of death kills us often, when death itself can do it but once. I love therefore the saying of the dying emperor Julian;—*He that would not die when he must, and he that would die when he must not, are both of them cowards alike*.—That which we know we must do, once; why should we be afraid to do it, at any time? What we cannot do, till our time comes, why should we seek to do it, before? I like the man, that can die willingly, whensoever God would have him die; and that can live as willingly, when God would not have him die. To fear death much, argues an evil man; at best, a man who is weak. *Nihil est in morte quod metuamus, si nihil timendum vita commisit*:—“Death hath nothing terrible, but what our life hath made so.” He that hath lived well, will seldom be unwilling to die. Death is much facilitated, by the virtues of a well-led life. Take a man, as nature hath made him, and, it must be confessed there is some reason why he should fear death; because he knows not what it will do with him. What he finds here, he sees and knows; what he

shall find after death, he knows not. And there is no man, but would rather continue in a moderate enjoyment, which he knows; than endure pain, to be delivered to uncertainties. I would live, till God would have me die: and then, I would do it without either fear or grudging. It were a shame for me, being a Christian and believing heaven, to be afraid of removing from earth. In resolving thus, I shall triumph over other casualties. All things that we fear here, we fear as steps that lead us to our graves, towards punishment, or deprivation. When we get the victory over this great terror all the small ones are conquered in it. When the great cities are once captured, the dorps and villages will soon come in, of themselves.

OF THE WORSHIP OF ADMIRATION.

WHATSOEVER is rare and excellent, carries the soul to the thought of eternity, and, by contemplation, gives it some glimpses of more absolute perfection than here it is capable of. When I see the royalty of a state-shew, at some unusual solemnity, my thoughts present me something more royal than this. When I see the most enchanting beauties that earth can shew me, I yet think, there is something far more glorious: methinks I see a kind of higher perfection, peeping through the frailty of a face. When I hear the ravishing warblings of a melodious

voice in concert with the tones of the artificial instrument, I apprehend by this a higher diapason, and do almost believe I hear a little deity whispering through those sounds; but, this I can only grope after; I can neither find nor say, what it is. When I read a rarely sententious man, I admire him with impatient ardour. I cannot read some parts of Seneca, above two leaves together, but he raises my soul to contemplations which set me a thinking on more than I can imagine; so I am forced to lay him by, and subside in admiration. Similar effects are worked by poetry, when it has to do with towering virtues. It excites in the mind of man such raptures, and irradiates the soul with such high apprehensions, that all the glories which this world hath, hereby appear contemptible. On this, the soft-souled Ovid touches in the following lines:—

*Impetus ille sacer, qui vatam pectora nutrit,
Qui prius in nobis esse solebat, abest.*

De Ponto. 4. 2.

That sacred vigour, which had wont, alone,
T' enflame the poet's noble breast, is gone.

But this is, when these excellencies incline to gravity and seriousness; for light turns of thought, produce only sprightly emotions which generally breathe away in a loose laughter, and never leave half that impression behind, which sober considerations do; as if mirth were the excellence for the body, and meditation for the soul; as if one were, for the contentment of this life; and the other, prospective

of the life to come. All endeavours aspire to eminence; all eminences beget an admiration. And this makes me believe, that contemplative admiration is a large part of the worship of the Deity. It is an adoration, purely of the spirit; a more sublime bowing of the soul to the Godhead. And this it is, which the Homer of philosophers avowed, could bring a man to perfect happiness, if, to his contemplation, he joined a constant imitation of God, in justice wisdom and holiness. Nothing can carry us so near to God and heaven, as this. The mind can walk beyond the sight of the eye; and (though in a cloud) can raise us up to heaven, while we live on earth. Meditation is the soul's perspective-glass, whereby she discerns God, as if he were nearer at hand. I persuade no man to make it his whole life's business. We have bodies, as well as souls. And even this world, while we are in it, ought somewhat to be cared for. As those states are more likely to flourish, where execution follows sound advisements: so is man, when contemplation is seconded by action. Contemplation generates; action propagates. Without the former, the latter is defective. Without the last, the first is abortive, and mere embryo. Saint Bernard compares contemplation to Rachael who was the most fair; but action to Leah, who was the most fruitful. I will neither always be busy and doing; nor ever be shut up in nothing but thoughts. Yet, that which some would call idleness, I will call the sweetest part of my life; and that is, meditation. He was a monk of an honest age, who, on being

asked how he could endure such a life, without the pleasure of books, answered: that the works of creation were his library, wherein when he pleased, he could muse upon God's deep oracles.

OF FAME.

IT may seem strange, that man should have such an earnest desire of a noble fame and memory, after his death: when, at the same time, he knows that the tongues of the living avail nothing to the good or hurt of those who lie in their graves; and that the account must pass upon his actions, and not upon the reports of others. False witnesses can never find admission where the God of Heaven sits in judgment. There is hardly any thing which we possess, that we reckon of equal value with fame; our wealth, our comfort, nay sometimes even our lives, are held cheap, when they come in competition with it. When Philip asked Democritus, if he did not fear to lose his head, he answered, *No: for if he did lose it, the Athenians would give him one that would be immortal.* He would be statued, in the treasury of eternal fame. Ovid's comfort, in his banishment, was his fame:—

*Nil non mortale tenemus,
Pectoris exceptis ingenique bonis,
En ego, cum patriâ caream, vobisque, domoque:
Raptaque sint, adimi quæ potuere mihi;*

*Ingenio tamen, ipse meo comitorque fruorque :
 Cæsar in hoc potuit juris habere nihil.
 Quilibet hanc sævo vitam mihi finiat ense :
 Me tamen extincto, fama perennis erit.*

————— All that we hold will die,
 But our brave thoughts and ingenuity.
 Even I that want my country, house, and friend;
 From whom is ravish'd all that fate can rend ;
 Possess yet my own genius, and enjoy
 That which is more than Cæsar can destroy.
 Each groom may kill me : but whenso'er I die,
 My fame shall live to mate eternity.

Ov. Trist. 3. 7.

Plutarch tells us of a poor Indian, that would rather endure death than shoot before Alexander, having been out of practice ; lest, by shooting ill, he should mar the fame he had acquired. Desire of glory is the last thing that even wise men lay aside. For this, you may take Tacitus. *Etiam sapientibus, cupido gloriæ, novissima exiitur.* It was Tamerlane's practice to read often the heroic deeds of his own ancestors ; not as any boast to himself, but as glorious examples propounded to inflame his virtues. The noble acts of our predecessors, are as flaming beacons, which fame and time have set on hills, to call us to a defence of virtue, whensoever vice invades the commonwealth of man. Who can endure to skulk away his life in an idle corner, when he has the means of usefulness within him ; and finds, how fame has blown about deserving names ? In weak and base minds, worth begets envy ; but in those which are magnanimous, emulation. Roman virtue, made

Roman virtues lasting. A brave man never dies; but, like the phoenix, others rise out of his preserved ashes. How many valiant soldiers does a generous leader make! Brutus bred many constant patriots. Fame, I confess, I find more eagerly pursued by the Heathen race, than by the Christian. The immortality (as they thought) of their name, was to them, as the immortality of the soul, to us; which often made them sacrifice their lives to that, which they esteemed above their lives, their fame. Christians know a thing beyond it, and this knowledge, causes them to give but a secondary respect to fame; there being no reason why we should neglect that, whereon all our future happiness depends, for that, which is nothing but a name and empty air. Virtue were a kind of misery, if fame were all the garland that crowned her. Glory alone were a reward incompetent for the toils of industrious man. This follows him, but on earth; but in heaven, is laid up a more noble, more essential recompence. Yet, as it is a fruit which springs from good actions, I cannot help thinking, that he who loves that, loves also that which causes it, worthiness. I will honour fame, for the deserving deeds which produced it. In myself, I will respect the actions that may merit it; and, though for my own benefit, I will not much seek it; yet, I shall be glad if it may follow me, to incite others, that they may go beyond me. I will, if I can, tread the path which leads to it; if I find it, I shall think it a blessing; if not, my endeavour will be enough for discharging myself within, though I miss it. God is not

bound to reward me any way; if he accepts me, I may count it a mercy. I like him, who does things which deserve fame, without either search, or caring for it. For a mean man to thirst for a mighty fame, is an absurd ambition. Can we think a mouse can cast a shadow like an elephant? Can the sparrow look for a train like the eagle? A great fame is for princes; and such as for their parts, are the glories of humanity: A good fame, may crown the private man. Let the world speak well of me, and I will never care, though it does not speak much. Check thyself, vain man, that pursuest fleeting shadows.—Love substances, and rest thyself content with what Boetius tells thee:—

*Quicumque solam, mente præcipiti, petit,
 Summumque credit, gloriam:
 Latè patentès ætheris cernat plagas,
 Arcumque terrarum situm.
 Brevem replere non valentis ambitum,
 Pudebit aucti nominis.*

De Consolatione, l. 2. met. 7.

He that thirsts for glorious prize,
 Thinking that, the top of all:
 Let him view th' expanded skies,
 And the earth's contracted ball.
 He'll be asham'd then, that the name he wan,
 Fills not the short walk, of one healthful man.

OF THE CHOICE OF RELIGION.

VARIETY, in any thing, distracts the mind and leaves it in a dubious trouble: and how easy is it, to sway it to either side. But among all the diversities we meet with, none perplex us more than those of religion. We are encircled round with several voices calling us. At first, we see not, which will lead us the right way; so divided in ourselves, we too often sit still and follow none, remaining in downright atheism, which strikes deep at the foundation both of our own, and the whole world's happiness. Oh! why is our neglect the most, in that wherein our care should be greatest? How few are there who fulfil that precept of *trying all things, and holding fast to that which is good*? Assuredly though faith be above reason, yet is there a reason to be given of our faith. He is a fool that believes he knows neither what, nor why. Among all the diversities of religion which the world holds, I think we may with most safety adhere to that, which makes most for God's glory, and man's quiet. I confess, in all the treatises of religion which I ever saw, I find none that I should so soon follow, as that of the Church of England. I never found so sound a foundation, so sure a direction for religion, as the song of the angels at the birth of Christ.—*Glory be to God on high*: here is the honour, the reverend obedience, the admiration, and the adoration which we ought to give him.—*On earth, peace*: this is the effect of the

former, working in the hearts of men, whereby the world appears in its noblest beauty, being an entire chain of intermutual amity.—*And good will toward men*: this is God's mercy, to reconcile man to himself, after his fearful desertion of his Maker. Search all religions the world through, and you will find none which ascribes so much to God nor which constitutes so firm a love among men, as does the established doctrine of the Protestant Church among us. All others, either detract from God, or infringe the peace of men. The Jews in their Talmud say, before God made this, he made many other worlds and marred them again, to keep himself from idleness. The Turks in their Alcoran, bring him in discoursing with the angels, and they, telling him of things which before he knew not; and they afterwards make him swear by Mahomet's doctrine. The Papists pourtray him as an old man; and by this means undeify him, derogating also from his royalty, by their odious interposing of merit. And, in regard to mankind, what bloody tenets do they all hold! As, that he deserves not the name of Rabbi, who hates not his enemy unto death; that it is no sin to revenge injuries; that it is meritorious to kill a heretic, with whom no faith is to kept: Even, to the ungluing of the whole world's frame, which is kept together by commerce, and contracts. What abhorred and barbarous precepts did Selymus leave to his successor Solyman! which, though I am not certain that they were ratified by their Mufties, I am sure are practised by the inheritors of his empire. This, as a specimen:

*Ne putes esse nefas, cognatum haurire cruorem :
 Et nece fraternâ, constabilire domum.
 Jura, fides, pietas, regni dum nemo supersit
 Æmulus, haud turbent religione animum.
 Hæc ratio est, quæ sola queat regale tueri
 Nomen, et expertem te sinit esse metûs.*

Think not thy kindred's murder ill, 'tis none,
 By thy slain brothers, to secure thy throne.
 Law, faith, religion, while no rivals aim
 Thy ruin, may be practised, else they maim.
 This is the way, how kindly names may be
 Insaf'd, and from destructive terrors free.

In other religions of the heathen, what fond opinions have they held of their gods? reviling them with unseemly threats, when their affairs have thwarted them; as if allowing them the name, they would keep the Numen to themselves. In their sacrifices, how butcherly cruel! as if (as it is said of them) they thought by inhumanity, to appease the wrath of an offended deity. The religion which we now profess, establishes all in another strain. What makes more for God's glory; what makes more for the mutual love of man, than the Gospel? All our abilities of doing good, we offer to God, as the fountain from whence they stream. Can the day be light, and that light not come from the sun? Can a clock go without a weight or spring to move it, or a keeper to set it? As for man, it renders his wild temper mild; and learns him in his patience, to regard his enemies. And it makes Just God, a friend to unjust man, without being unjust either to himself or man. Surely, it could be no

other than the invention of a Deity, to find out a way how man who had justly made himself unhappy, should with a full satisfaction to exactest justice, be made again most happy. I would wish no man who is able to judge for himself, to take his religion upon another's word : but once resolved in it, it is dangerous to neglect where we know we owe a service.—

*Dii multa neglecti dederunt
Hesperia mala luctuosæ.*

Hor. Od. 3. 6.

God neglected, plenteously
Plagued mournful Italy.

And so it was, before Horace's time: when God is neglected of man, man shall be contemned of God. When man abridges God of his honour, God will shorten man of happiness. It cannot but be best to give all to him, of whom whatsoever we have, we hold. I believe it safest to take that religion, which most magnifies God, and makes most for the peaceable conversation of men. For, as we cannot ascribe too much to him, to whom we owe more than we can ascribe: so I think the most splendid estate of man, is that which comes nearest to his first creation: wherein all things wrought together, in the pleasant embraces of mutual love and concord.

OF PETITIONS AND DENIALS.

BEWARE what thou askest, and beware what thou deniest; for if discretion guide thee not, there is a great deal of danger in both. We often by one request, open the windows of our hearts wider, than all the endeavours of our observers can. It is like giving a man our hand in the dark, which directs him better where we are, than either our voice or his own seeking. If we give repulses, we are presently held in suspicion and searched for the cause; which, if it be found trenching on discourtesy, love dies, and revenge springs from its ashes. To a friend therefore, a man never ought to give a simple denial: but always either to grant him his request or give a good reason why he cannot; by no means suffering him to go away dissatisfied, for that, ever leaves fire behind it. Deny not a just suit; nor admit thou one that is unjust. Either, to a wise man, stamps unkindness in the memory: I confess, to a generous spirit, as it is hard to beg; so it is harsh to be denied. To such, let thy grant be free, for they will neither beg injurious favours nor be importunate; and when thou art to receive of such, grate not too much a yielding friend; though thou mayest have thy wish for the present, thou shalt perhaps be a loser in the sequel. Those who are readily daunted upon a repulse, I would wish first to try by circumstances, what may be the speed of their suit. It is easier to bear *collected* unkindness, than that which we meet in

affronts: the one, we may stifle in a still silence: the other, we must for honour's sake, take notice of. For this cause, it will be best, never to request any thing, which carries not with it a probability of being obtained. *Negat sibi ipsi, qui quod fieri non potest petit*: when we ask what is not likely to be had, before we ask, we give ourselves the denial. Ill questions generate worse answers. A refusal is deserved, when our demands are either unfitting, or beyond the convenience of him whom we solicit. Nor ought we to be offended with any but ourselves, when we have in such requests, transgressed the bounds of modesty; though in some I have known the denial of one favour, drown the memory of many before performed. To think ill of any man, for not giving me that which he needs, is injustice: but for that, to blot out former benefits, is extreme ingratitude. The good man is thankful for old favours, even under the blows of injury. I like not those dispositions that can either make unkindnesses, and remember them; or unmake favours, and forget them. For all the favours I receive, I will be grateful, though I meet with a stop. The failing of one, shall not make me neglectful of many: no, not though I find upbraiding; which yet hath this effect, that it makes that an injury, which was before a benefit. Why should I, for the abortion of one child, kill all the elder issue? Those favours which I can do, I will do, not for thanks, but for nobleness, for love; and that with a free expression. Ungraciousness in rendering a benefit, like a hoarse voice, mars the music of the

song: Yet, as I will do none, for thanks; so I will receive none, without repaying them. As for petitions to others, I will never prefer indecent ones; nor if I fail in those I offer, will I vex myself, or distaste too much the denier. Why should I think he does me an injury, when he only keeps what is his own? I like well Pæderetus' mirth, who, when he could not be admitted for one of the three hundred among the Spartans, went away laughing, and said, *He was heartily glad that the republic had three hundred better men than himself.* I will neither importune unwilling minds too much; nor will I be slow in yielding what I mean to give. For the first, with Ovid,

*Et pudet, et metuo, semperque eademque precari,
Ne subeant animo tædia justa tuo.*

De Pont. 4. 15.

I shall both fear and shame, too oft to pray,
Lest urged minds to just disdain give way.

For the other, I am confident, Ausonius gives good counsel with persuading reasons:

*Si bene quid facias, facias citò : nam citò factum,
Gratum erit ; ingratum, gratia tarda facit.*

Dispatch thy purpos'd good : quick courteous deeds,
Cause thanks : slow favour, men unthankful breeds.

OF THE EVIL IN MAN FROM HIMSELF, AND
OCCASIONS.

IT is not so much, want of good, as excess of ill, that leads man on to vice. I believe there are sparks enough in the soul, to incite a man to the moral life of virtue; but they are quenched by the putrid fogs of corruption; as fruits of hotter countries transplanted into colder climates, have sufficient vigour in themselves to be fructuous, according to their nature, but that they are hindered by the chilling nips of the air and the soil wherein they are placed. Surely, the soul has the remaining impress of divine virtue still so left within her, as she would mount herself to the height of nobleness, were she not depressed by an impassable thicket of hindrances; the frailties of the body; the current of the world, and the army of enemies which continually war against goodness, are ever checking those motions she is pregnant with. When we run into new crimes, how we school ourselves when the act is over! as if conscience had still so much justice left, as it would be upright in pronouncing sentence, even against itself. Nay, many times to gratify the company, we are fain to force ourselves to unworthiness. Ill actions run against the grain of the undefiled soul; and even while we are committing them, our hearts chide our hands and tongues, for transgressing. There are few, who are

bad at the first, merely, out of their love to vice. Who is it that is so inveterately ill, as to love vice because it is vice? Vice indeed, is never loved but for the seeming goodness that it carries with it. And when we have performed any honourable action, how it cheers and lightens man! As if he had no true joy, but in such things, as, transcending the sense of the druggy flesh, tended to the blaze, and aspiring flame of virtue: nay then, as if she had dispatched the intent of her creation, she rests full, in her own approvement, without the weak world's reedy under-propping. Man has no such comfort, as to be conscious to himself of the noble deeds of virtue. They set him almost in the throne of a deity; raise him to a stability; and take away from him those black fears, that would shew him still to be but fragile man. It is the sick and diseased soul that drives us unto unlimited passions. Take her as she is in herself, not dimmed and thickened with the mists of corporality; she is then, a beauty, displayed in a full and divine sweetness.

Amat, sapit, rectè facit, animo quando obsequitur suo.

Plaut. Amph. 3. 4.

He loves, and he is wise; and he does right,
When he pursues the bent of his desire.

But this is not to be understood, at large. For, says the same comedian, *Dum id modo fiat bono*. Nor does it only manifest itself, in itself; but even, over the body too; and that, so far, that it even converts

it to a spirituality; making it indefatigable in travails, in toils, in vigillances; insensible in wounds, in death, in tortures.

*Omnia deficiunt, animus tamen omnia vincit ;
Ille etiam vires corpus habere facit.*

Ov. de Pont. 2. 7.

Though all things want; all things the mind subdues,
And can new strength in fainting flesh infuse.

When we find it seconded by the prevalent excitements of literature and sweet morality: how courageous, how comfortable, how towering is she! Socrates calls nature, the reason of an honest man; as if man, following her, had found a square whereby to direct his life. The soul that takes delight in vice, is gained upon by custom; and practice, makes her take a joy in that which, at first, she looked upon with terror. The first acts of sin, are for the most part trembling, fearful and full of blushes. It is the *iteration* of evil that gives forehead to the foul offender. It is easy to know a beginning swearer; he cannot mouth it, like the practised man: he oaths it, as a cowardly fencer plays; he shrinks back, as if his heart suffered a kind of violence by his tongue, yet had rather take a step in vice, than be left behind, for not being in fashion. Though a man be plunged in wickedness, yet would he be glad to be thought good; which strongly argues the intentions of the soul to be good, though unable to ripen that seed which is in it. There is no man, but, in his soul, dislikes a new vice, before he acts it; and this distaste

is so general, that even when custom has dulled the sense; yet the mind is ashamed to transmit itself to the tongue, as knowing he who holds tenets against Nature's principles shall lose his honest name. Goodness is not quite so extinct in man, but that he still flashes out a glimmering light of morality. Though vice in some souls have got the start of her, yet she makes every man's tongue fight for vice's extirpation. He who maintains vice lawful shall have mankind his enemy. It is gain, not love to treason, that makes the man a traitor. I believe, if we examine nature, we shall find that those things which have a pleasure in their performance, are bad but by misuse; not simply so, in themselves. Eating, drinking, mirth, are ill, in the manner or the measure only; not at all, in the matter. Man's wisdom consists not, in the *not using*; but in the *well-using*, of what the world affords him. *How to use*, is the most weighty lesson of man: and in this we fail, for want of seconding the seeds which are in the soul: the thorns first choak them, and then, they dwindle for lack of watering. Two things I will strongly labour for: to remove annoyance, and to cherish the growth of budding virtue. He spends his time well, who strives to reduce nature to her first perfection. I will help her what I can, in the way; though of myself, I be not able to set her safe, in the end; and if it be, in spiritual things, not able to begin. As man has not that free power, in himself, which first he had; so I am far from thinking him so dull, as to be a patient merely: man was not in the first Fall, slain; but

irrecoverably lamed ;—debilitated, but not annihilated. But whether this be so or not, I think it cannot be ill, that of whatsoever good we do, to give our God the glory.

OF PREACHING.

THE defect of preaching has made the pulpit slighted ; I mean the much bad oratory we find come from it. It is a wonder to me, how men can preach so little and so long : so long a time, and so little matter ; as if they thought to please, by the inculcation of their vain tautologies. I see no reason why so high a princess as divinity should be presented to the people, in the sordid rags of the tongue : nor that he who speaks from the Father of Languages, should deliver his embassage, in an ill one. A man can never speak too well, while he speaks not obscurely. Long and diffusive sentences, are both tedious to the ear and difficult to retain. A sentence well couched, takes both the senses and the understanding. I love not those cart-rope speeches which are longer than the memory of man can fathom. I see not, but that divinity put into apt *significants*, might ravish as well as poetry. They are sermons but of baser metal, which lead the eyes to slumber. He answered well, that after often asking, said still, that action was the chief part of an orator : surely that oration is most powerful, where the tongue is

elegant, and speaks in a native decency, even in every limb. A good orator should pierce the ear, allure the eye and invade the mind of his hearer. And this is Seneca's opinion: fit words are better than fine ones. I like not those which are injudiciously employed, but such as are expressively pertinent, which lead the mind to something beside the naked term;—and he that speaks thus, must not look so to speak every day. A *kembed* oration will cost both labour and the rubbing of the brain. And *kembed* I wish it, *not frizzled*, nor *curled*. Divinity should not be wanton. Harmless jests, I like well; but they are fitter for the tavern than the majesty of the temple. Christ taught the people with authority. Gravity becomes the pulpit. I admire the valour of some men who, before their studies, dare ascend the pulpit; and do there take more pains, than they have done in their library. But having done this, I wonder not, that they there spend sometimes three hours only to weary the people into sleep; and this makes some, such fugitive divines that, like cowards, they run away from their text. Words are not all nor is matter all; nor gesture: yet, together, they are. It is very moving in an orator, when the soul seems to speak as well as the tongue. St. Augustin says, Tully was admired more for his tongue than his mind; Aristotle more for his mind than his tongue; but Plato, for both. And surely nothing is more necessary in an oration, than a judgment able well to conceive and utter. I know God hath chosen by weak things, to confound the wise: yet I see not but, in all times, attention has been paid to language.

And even the Scriptures (though I know not the Hebrew) I believe are penned in a tongue of deep expression: wherein almost every word has a metaphorical sense, which illustrates by some allusion. How political is Moses, in his Pentateuch! How philosophical, Job! How massy and sententious is Solomon, in his Proverbs! How grave and solemn, in his Ecclesiastes; that in the world, there is not such another dissection of the world, as it! How were the Jews astonished, at Christ's doctrine! How eloquent a pleader is Paul, at the bar; in disputation how subtle! And he who reads the Fathers, shall find them, as if written with a fine pen. I wish no man to be too dark and full of shadow. There is a way to be pleasingly plain; and some have found it. He prodigals away a mine of excellence, who lavishes a terse oration on an aproned auditory. Mercury himself may move his tongue in vain, if he has none to hear him, but a *non-intelligent*. They that speak to children, assume a pretty lisp. Birds are caught by the counterfeit of their own shrill notes. There is a magic in the tongue, which can charm even the rude and untaught. Eloquence is a bridle, where-with a wise man rides the monster of the world, the people. The affections of the hearer, depend upon the tongue of the speaker.

*Flet, si flere jubes; gaudet, gaudere coactus :
Et te dante, capit Judex quum non habet iram.*

Lucan.

Thou may'st give smiles, or tears which joys do blot :
Or wrath to Judges, which themselves have not.

I grieve that any thing so excellent as divinity, should fall into a sluttish handling. Surely, though other obstructions do eclipse her; yet this is a principal one. I never yet knew a good tongue that wanted ears to hear it. I will honour her, in her plain trim; but I would desire her, in her graceful jewels;—not that they give addition to her goodness, but that she is thereby rendered more persuasive in working on the soul she meets with. When I meet with worth which I cannot overlove, I can well endure that art, which is a means to heighten liking.

OF RECONCILING ENEMIES.

IT is much safer to reconcile an enemy than to conquer him. Victory deprives him of his power; but reconciliation of his will;—and there is less danger in a will which will not hurt, than in a power which cannot. Besides, an enemy is a perpetual spy upon thy actions; a watch to observe thy falls and thy wanderings. When he is free from thy power, his malice makes him nimble-eyed; apt to mark a fault and publish it: and by a strained construction, to depreciate those things which thy intentions tell thy soul are honest. Like the crocodile, he slimes thy way, to make thee fall; and when thou art down, he watches for thy life. Thy ways, he strews with serpents and venomous animals. Thy vices he sets, like St. Paul's, on high, for the gaze of the world

and the wide city ; thy virtues, like Saint Faith's, he places under ground, that none may see them. Certainly it is a misery to have for one's enemies, those who are very powerful or naturally very malicious. If they cannot wound upon proofs, they will do it upon *likelihoods* : and so by degrees and sly ways, undermine our reputation ;—and they have this advantage, that the multitude will sooner believe them than ourselves ; for affirmations are apter to win belief than negatives. It was the saying of Machiavel, that a *slander once raised, will scarce ever die or fail of finding some, who will allow it both a harbour and trust*. The world is of itself, desirous to scar the face that is fairer than her own. When Seneca asked the question, *Quid est homini inimicissimum ?* he himself answered, *Alter homo*. But if our enemy be noble-minded, he will scorn to take an advantage of us, when it may be in his power. Let his worth persuade thee to a reconciliation. He that can be a worthy enemy, will when reconciled, be a worthier friend. If thy enemy be unworthy, reconcile him too. Though nothing else be gained by it, but the stilling of a scandalous tongue, even that, will be worth thy labour. Use him, as a friend in *outward fairness* : but beware of him, as an enemy, apt to reassume his arms. He who is a base foe, will hardly be otherwise than false in friendship. If it may be done with honour, I should think it a work of good discretion, to regain a violent adversary. But to do it, so as to bring a *meanness* on one's self, though it be safe, is worse than to be conquered in a manful

contest. Friendship is not commendable when it arises from dishonourable treaties. But he that upon good terms, refuses a reconciliation, may be stubborn, but certainly is neither liberal nor wise. I shall think that endeavour spent to purpose, that either makes a friend or unmakes an enemy. In the one, a treasure is won; in the other, a siege is raised. When one said, *he was a wise king that was kind to his friends and sharp to his enemies*: says another, *he is wiser that can retain his friends in their love and make his enemies like them.*

OF OUR SENSE OF ABSENT GOOD.

WE ever dote most on things, when they are wanting; before we possess them, we chase them with an eager pursuit; when we have them, we slight them; when they are gone, we sink under sorrow for their loss. Infatuated state of man! that the enjoyment of a pleasure must diminish it; that perpetual use should make it lessen itself by degrees, till, like a pyramid, it grows at last to a point, to a nothing! With what furious heat, does the entangled lover court a deserving beauty! which when he obtains, he finds far short of that content she promised him: yet, he again no sooner loses her, than he values her at an unreasonable rate. Possession drowns or at least, mightily cools contentment. Want teaches us the worth of things more truly. How sweet a thing

seems liberty to one immured in a dungeon! How dear a jewel is health, to him who is in sickness! I have known many who loved their dead friends better than ever they esteemed them in their lifetime. There is a like complaint in the sinewy Lyric:

*Virtutem incolumem odimus;
Sublatam ex oculis quærimus invidi.*

Hor. Od. 24. Lib. 3.

Though living virtue we despise,
We follow her, when dead, with envious eyes.

When we have lost a benefit, the mind has time to reflect on its several advantages, which she then finds to be many more than she was aware of, while in possession of it. It is a true remark that blessings appear not, till they have vanished. The Comedian was serious when he wrote,

*Tum denique homines nostra intelligimus bona,
Cum quæ in potestate habuimus, ea amisimus.*

Plaut. 1. 2.

Fond men, till we have lost the goods we had,
We understand not what their values were.

It is folly to neglect the present and then to grieve that we have neglected it. Surely he does best, who is careful to preserve the blessings he has, as long as he can; and when they must take their leave, lets them go without sorrowing or over-valuing them. Vain are those lamentations that have no better fruit than rendering the soul unpleasant. I would do any thing that lies in man, to comfort or preserve the life

of a friend; but once dead, all that tears can do, is only to shew the world our weakness. I bespeak myself a fool, to do that which reason tells me is unreasonable. It was the philosopher's dictate,—*That he who laments the death of a man, laments that that man is man.* I will apply myself to the present, to preserve it, to enjoy it; but never be afflicted by the loss of that which I cannot keep nor can regain. When I have a blessing, I will respect it, I will love it as ardently as any man; and when it is gone, I confess, I would grieve as little;—and this, I think, I may well do, and yet feel a dear respect to the memory of that which I have lost.

OF JUDGING CHARITABLY.

I NEVER yet knew any man so bad, but some have thought him honest and afforded him love; nor any one so good, but some have thought him vile and hated him. Few are so thoroughly wicked as not to be estimable to some; and few are so just, as not to seem to some unequal;—ignorance, envy and partiality, enter much into the opinions that we form of others. Nor can a man, in himself, always appear alike to all. In some, nature has made a disparity; in some, report has blinded judgment; and in others, accident is the cause of disposing us to love or hate; or, if not these, the variation of the body's humours; or perhaps, not any of these. The soul is often led

by secret motions and attachments, she knows not why. There are impulsive instincts, which urge us to a liking; as if there were some hidden beauty of a more magnetic force than what the eye can see; and this too, is more powerful, at one time than at another. The same man that has now welcomed me with a free expression of love and courtesy; at another time, has left me unsaluted at all;—yet, knowing him well, I have been certain of his sound affection, and have found it to proceed not from an intended neglect, but from an indisposedness or a mind seriously busied within. Occasion rules the motions of the stirring mind: like men who walk in their sleep, we are led about, we neither know whither nor how. I know there are some who vary their behaviour out of pride; and in strangers, I confess, I know not how to distinguish; for there is no disposition but has a varnished vizard, as well as an unpencilled face. Some people deceive the world; are bad but are not thought so; in some, the world is deceived, believing them ill, when they are not. I have known the world at large to fall into an error. Though report once vented, like a stone cast into a pond, begets circle upon circle, till it meets with the bank that bounds it: yet fame often plays the cur, and opens when she springs no game. Why should I positively condemn any man, whom I know but superficially? as if I were a God, to see the inward soul. Nature, art, report, may all fail; yea, oftentimes, even probabilities. There is no certain way to discover man, but by time and conversation. Every man

may be said, in some sort, to have two souls ; one, the internal mind ; the other, the outward face and body's gesture. And how infinitely in some, do they differ ! I have known a wise look, hide a fool ; and a merry face, conceal a discontented soul. Every man, if it pleases him, can keep his mind in a labyrinth. The heart of man, to man, is inscrutable. Again, one man shews himself to me ; to another, he is shut up. No man can either like all or be liked of all. God himself doth not please all. Nay, *as men are*, I think it may stand with Divinity, to say, he cannot. Man is infinitely more impotent. I will speak of every man as I find him ; if I hear he has acted ill to others, I will beware of him, but not condemn him, till I hear his own apology.

*Qui statuit aliquid, parte inauditâ alterâ,
Æquum licèt statuerit, haud æquus est.*

Sen. Med. A. 2.

Who judgment gives, and will but one side hear,
Though he judge right, is no good justicer.

The nature of many men is abstruse ; and not to be found out, at once. I will not be too ready to believe the reports of others ; nor will I censure any man whom I know not internally, but with sparingness and caution.

THAT MAN OUGHT TO BE EXTENSIVELY GOOD.

THE good man's goodness, lies not hid in himself alone;—he endeavours to strengthen his weaker brother. Good works and good instructions are the productive acts of the soul; out of which, spring new posterity to the Church and Gospel;—and I am persuaded, that to be a means of bringing more to heaven, is a desire inseparable from a mind which is rightly disposed. Good men wish all whom they converse with, to be like themselves. How ungratefully he slinks away out of life, who has done nothing to reflect a glory to heaven! What a barren tree he is, that lives and spreads and cumpers the ground, and leaves not one seed, not one good work, to generate another after him! I know, all cannot leave alike; yet, all may leave something answering to their means. They are dead and withered grains of corn, out of which there does not one ear spring. The physician who hath a sovereign receipt, and dies without revealing it, robs the world of many blessings which might multiply after his death; and leaves this as a truth to all survivors, that he did good to others, but to himself, a greater. But how contrary is this to Christianity, and the nature of expanded love! I appeal to those minds, where grace hath sown more charity. Virtue is distributive; and had rather benefit many, with injury to itself, than bury benefits that may do good to a multitude. I doubt whether he will ever find the way to heaven, who desires to go thither alone. They are envious favourites, that wish their

kings to have no loyal subjects, but themselves. All heavenly hearts are charitable. Enlightened souls disperse their rays. I will, if I can, do something for others and heaven; not to deserve by it, but to express myself and my thanks. Though I cannot do what, I would; I will labour to do, what I can.

REMORSE OF SIN.

VICIOUS actions are perpetual perturbations. The punishment that follows, is far more grievous, than the performance is gratifying; and the guilt is worse, than the punishment. *Estque pati pœnam, quàm meruisse, minus*:—The greatest smart is, to think we have deserved it. I'll give you a story: A Pythagorean bought a pair of shoes upon trust; the shoemaker died: the philosopher was glad, and thought them his without paying for them; but his conscience afterwards twitched him, and became a perpetual chider. He repaired to the house of the deceased, and cast in his money, with these words: *There, take thy due; thou livest to me, though dead to all beside.* Certainly, ill gotten gains are far worse than losses, with preserved honesty. These, grieve but once; the other, are continually grating upon our quiet. He diminishes his own contentment, that would add to it by injustice and wrong; looking only on the beginning, he has not a view to the end.

*O Demea, istuc est, sapere, non quod ante pedes modò est
Videre, sed etiam illa quæ futura sunt prospicere.*

Ter. Adelp. 3. 3.

I tell thee, Demea, wisdom looks as well
To things to come, as those that present are.

There is this difference; between a wise man and a fool; the first, begins in the end; the other, ends in the beginning. I will fix one eye, on the act, another, on the consequences of it: so if I spy the Devil shrowded in the train, I will shut the door against the pleasure itself, though it comes like a lord, under a pretence of doing me honour.

OF MAN'S IMPERFECTION.

OF myself, what can I do without the hazard of erring? Nay, what I can think? Nay, what can I not do or not think? Even my best business and my best vacation, are works of error and offence. Uncomfortable constitution of man, who cannot but be bad, both in action and forbearance! Corruption mixes with our purest devotions; and yet, not to perform them is neglect. When we think not of God at all, we are impious and ungrateful: when we do, we are not able to think rightly. To what can we apply ourselves, wherein there is not an evil spirit to entrap us? If we pray, how it casts in wandering thoughts, or steals away our hearts to some other object than God! If we hear, it has the

same policy; and prejudices us against the man or part of his doctrine. If we read, it persuades us to let reason judge, as well as faith: so measuring by a false rule, it would make us believe that Divinity is much short of what it is. If we perform good works, the same evil spirit would poison them with Pharisaism, and make us by overvaluing them, to lose them. If we do ill, it encourages us to a continuance; and at last accuses us for it. If we do nothing, we neglect the good we should do. If we sleep, he comes in dreams and renders wanton the ill-inclining soul. If we wake, we mis-spend our mind, or at best do good, not well; even actions of necessity, we perform not without faults: sometimes we think we do things well; but when they are passed, we are sensible of transgression: we drink to excess and the drowning of the brain: we eat not to satisfy nature, but to over-charge her and to inflame our unbridled passions. We progrediate in the ways of vice; and are constant in nothing but offending. How divine are the thoughts of the whipping satirist!—

*Mobilis et varia est ferme natura malorum :
 Cum scelus admittunt, superest constantia : quid fas,
 Atque nefas tandem incipiunt sentire, peractis
 Criminibus : tamen ad mores natura recurrit
 Damnatos fixa, et mutari nescia : nam quis
 Peccandi finem posuit sibi ? quando recepit
 Ejectum semel attritâ de fronte ruborem ?
 Quisnam hominum est, quem tu contentum videris uno
 Flagitio ?—*

With what a rapid change of fancy roll
 The varying passions of the sinner's soul!
 Bold to offend, they scarce commit th' offence,
 Ere their minds labour with an innate sense
 Of right and wrong :—not long ; for nature still
 Incapable of change, and fixed in ill,
 Returns to her old habits ; never yet
 Could sinner to his sin a period set.

It is not for any man, absolutely to be absolute. I will not be too forward in censuring the works of others ; nor will I ever do any myself, which I shall not be ready to submit to judgment and correction, nor without being able to give a reason why I have ordered them, as the world sees.

OF CURIOSITY IN KNOWLEDGE.

NOTHING wraps a man in such a mist of errors, as his own curiosity, in searching into things which are beyond him. How happily do they live who know nothing but what is necessary ! Our knowledge, does but shew our ignorance. Our most studious researches are but a discovery of what, we cannot know. We see, the effect ; but cannot guess, at the cause. Learning is like a river whose head being far in the land, is at its first rise, small and easily viewed : but still as you proceed, it gapes with a wider bank ; not without pleasure and delightful windings, while it is, on both sides, set with trees,

and the beauties of various flowers; but still, the farther you follow it, the deeper and the broader it is; till at last, it empties itself into the unfathomable ocean;—there you see more water, but no shore; no end of that fluid expanse. In many things, we may sound nature, in the shallows of her revelations; we may trace her to her second causes: but when we come to metaphysics, to long-buried antiquity, and to unrevealed divinity, we are in a sea, which is deeper than the short line of man can reach. Much may be gained by studious inquiry; but much more will ever remain than man can discover. I wonder at those who will assume a knowledge of all things; they are unwisely ashamed of an ignorance which is not disgraceful, for it is no shame for a man not to know that, which is not in his power. We fill the world with cruel brawls, in the obstinate defence of things of which we might, with more honour confess ourselves ignorant. One will pretend to tell us our Saviour's disputations among the doctors; another, what became of Moses' body; a third, in what place Paradise stood; and where is local hell. Some would appear to know heaven as perfectly, as if they had been hurried about in every sphere. Every age, both confutes old errors, and begets new ones;—yet still are we the more entangled; the farther we go, the nearer we approach a sun which blinds us. He who went farthest in these things, we find ending with a censure of their vanity and their vexation. It is matter of doubt whether the progress of learning has done more hurt or good; whether the schools have not made more questions than they have decided.

Surely, those fruitless and enigmatical questions which have agitated the world, are bones the devil has cast among us, that while we strive for a vain conquest in these toys, we forge the prize we should run for. Where have we such peaceable and flourishing commonwealths, as among those, who have not so much as the knowledge of letters? The husbandman who looks not beyond the plough and the scythe, is in much more quiet, than the puzzled brain of the statist or the scholar. Who will not approve the judgment of our modern epigrammatist?

Judice me, soli semperque perinde beati

Sunt, quicunque sciunt omnia, quique nihil.

If I may judge, they only happy show
Which do or nothing, or else all things know.

In things of which I may be certain, I will labour to be instructed: but when I come where reason loses herself, I will be content with retiring admiration. Why should I rack my brains for unprofitable impossibilities? Though I cannot know, how much is hidden; I may soon judge, what may be discovered.

OF BEING OVER-VALUED.

LET me have but so much wisdom as that I may orderly manage myself and my means, and I shall never care to be pointed at, with a *that is he*. I wish not to be esteemed wiser than usual. They that are so, do better in concealing it, than in telling the world of it. I hold it a greater injury to be

overvalued, than under; for when brought to the touch, the one shall rise with praise, while the other shall decline with shame. The former, has more present honour, but less safety: the latter, is humbly secure, and what is wanting in renown, is made up in a better blessing, quiet. There is no detraction worse than to over-praise a man; for if his worth prove short of what report doth speak him, his own actions are ever giving the lie to his honour.

THAT SELF-DELUSION HAS RUINED MAN.

IT is our own follies that make our lives uncomfortable. Our errors of opinion, our cowardly fear of the world's worthless censure, and our eagerness after unnecessary gold, have hampered the way of virtue, and made it far more difficult than, in itself, it is. Virtue has suffered most, from those who should uphold her: we dare not do those things that are right and lawful, lest the erring world should misconstrue them: as if we were to look more to what we should *be thought*, than to what we *ought to be*;—as if the poet wrote untruth, when he tells his friend, that

*Virtus, repulsæ nescia sordidæ,
Intaminatis fulget honoribus:
Nec sumit aut ponit secures
Arbitrio popularis auræ.*

Hor. l. iii. Ode 2.

With stainless lustre Virtue shines ;
 A base repulse, nor knows, nor fears ;
 Asserts her honours, nor declines
 As the light air of crouds, uncertain veers.

Nor is it necessary that she should live in penury, as some have falsely imagined. Virtue consists with a competent fruition of a lawful pleasure ; which we may well use so far as that it brings not any evil, in the result. Shall we think goodness to be the height of pleasure in the other world ; and shall we be so mad as to think it here, the sufferance of misery ? Surely it was none of God's intention, to square man out for sorrows. In our salutes, in our prayers, we wish and invoke heaven, for the happiness of our friends : and shall we be so unjust and so uncharitable, as to withhold it from ourselves ? as if we would be kind abroad, and discourteous at home. I do think nothing more lawful, than moderately to satisfy the desires of nature ; so as they infringe not religion, and do not hurt ourselves or society. Laughing is a faculty, peculiar to man ; yet, as if it were given us to be perverted, no creature lives so miserable, so disconsolate. Why should we not use that lawfully, which nature has made for enjoyment ? Virtue has neither so crabbed a face nor so austere a look, as we frequently give her. Man is a daily multiplier of his own calamities ; and what at first undid him is constantly increasing his woes ; search and self-presumption. He has left virtue, which the stoics have defined to be honest nature ; and

has launched into the by-devices of his own giddy brain. Nor do I see but that this definition may hold with true religion; for this does not abolish nature, but limits and rectifies it. And though man, at first fell desperately; yet we read not of any law he had to live by, till the time of Moses, more than the instinct of nature and the remnant of God's image in him. But when man once fallen, by degrees grew to a height of error and corruption; then God commanded Moses to give him rules to check his wandering mind. God made man righteous; but man sought out vain inventions; among all which, none has more befooled him than the setting up of gold. Some things I must do, which I would not, as being one among the rest, who are involved in the general necessity. But in those things wherein I may be free from impugning the laws of humanity, I will never deny myself an honest solace, for fear of an airy censure. Why should another man's injustice breed my unkindness to myself? As for gold, surely the world would be much happier, if there were no such thing in it. But since it is now the fountain from whence all things flow, I will care for it, as I would for a pass to travel the world by, without begging; if I have none, I shall fare so much the worse, because custom has played the fool, in making it material, when it needed not to have been so.

OF WOMEN.

SOME are so uncharitable as to think all women bad: and others are so credulous, as they believe they all are good. At first, woman was created man's equal; the difference was in the sex: otherwise, they both were Man. If we argue from the text, that male and female made man: and so the man being put first, was worthier; I answer, so the evening and the morning were the first day: yet few will think, the night the better. That man is made her governor, and so above her, I believe rather the punishment of her sin, than the prerogative of his worth. Had they both stood, it may be thought, she had never been in that subjection: for then it had been no curse, but a continuance of her former estate, which had nothing but blessedness in it. Peter Martyr indeed is of opinion, that man before the fall, had priority; but Chrysostom, he says, does doubt it. All will grant her corporeal frame more wonderful and more beautiful than man's. And can we think God would put a worse soul, into a better body? When man was created, it is said, God made man: but when woman, it is said, God builded her; as if he had then been about a frame of rarer quality and more exact composition. Women are naturally the more modest: and modesty is the seat and dwelling place of virtue. When a woman grows bold and daring, we dislike her, and

say she is too like a man. Every man is so much the better, by how much he comes the nearer to God. Man in nothing is more like him, than in being merciful. Yet woman is far more merciful than man, she being a sex wherein pity and compassion have dispersed far brighter rays. God is said to be love; and I am sure, every where woman is spoken of for transcending in that quality. I know, when women prove bad, they are a sort of vile creatures: *optima corrupta pessima*: the best things corrupted, become the worst. They are of a more ductile temper, than the harder metal of man: and so may be made, both better and worse; the representations of Sophocles and Euripides may be both true: and for that tongue-vice, talkativeness, I see not, but that men when they meet together, may very well vie words with them. It is true, women are not so fit for great actions. Their easy natures make them somewhat more irresolute; whereby men have argued, that this proceeds from fear and inconstancy. But men have always held the Parliament, and have enacted their own wills, without ever hearing them speak: and then how easy is it to conclude them guilty? Besides education makes more difference between men and them, than nature: Diogenes snarled bitterly, when walking with another, he spied two women talking, and said, see the viper and asp are changing poison. The poet was conceited who said, after they were made ill, God made them fearful, that man might rule them; otherwise they had been past

dealing with. I am resolved to honour virtue, in what sex soever I find it; and I think that in general, I shall find it more in women than men, though weaker and more infirmly guarded. I believe they are better and may be brought to be worse. Neither shall the faults of many, make me uncharitable to all: nor the goodness of some, make me credulous of the rest. Though hitherto, I confess, I have not found more sweet and constant goodness in man, than I have found in woman.

OF THE LOSS OF THINGS LOVED.

TO some things we so dedicate ourselves, that when they leave us, they seem to take away even our soul along with them. We seldom find any who do not take a particular delight, in some particular thing. David had his Absalom: Hannah's wish was children: Haman's thirst was honour: Archithophel gloried in his counsel. Who would have thought that on account of these things, they should have expressed such excessive passions? Who would have believed that the neglect of his advice, would have induced Archithophel to have recourse to a halter? We begin to be miserable, when we are totally bent on some one temporal object. What one sublunary centre is there, which is able to receive the circles of the spreading soul? All the things which we find here, are too narrow and insufficient for the affections of

the mind. If the possession of them could afford us happiness, it would not then be such fondness to engage ourselves to them with devoted attachment: but since they cannot make us truly happy in their enjoyment, and we may be made miserable by the loss of them; it will be best not to fix our whole heart upon them. Into what ridiculous passes do they bring themselves who dote upon a rosy face? Who looks not upon Dido with a kind of smiling pity, if Virgil's poetry does not injure her wild love to Æreas, rather than tell the truth of her hate to Iärbas!

*Uritur infelix Dido, totâque vagatur
Urbe furens : qualis conjecta cerva sagittâ ;
Quam procul incautum nemora inter Cressia fixit
Pastor agens telis : liquitque volatile ferrum
Nescius : illa fugâ sylvas saltusque peragrat
Dictæos : hæret lateri lethalis arundo.*

Virg. Æn. iv.

Scorch'd in fierce flames, through cities several ways,
Lost Dido wanders : like some deer that strays,
And unawares, by some rude shepherd's dart,
In her own Crete pierc'd to her fearful heart,
Flies tripping through all Dictè's groves and plains ;
The deadly arrow sticks and pains.

Certainly they can never live in quiet, who so entirely give themselves up to particular objects. When in one object, we place all our hopes and cares, what do we do, but, like foolish merchants, venture all upon one bottom? It is not good to bring ourselves to that extreme necessity, that the failure of one aim should

leave us destitute. Who that cannot swim well, would with one small thread, hazard himself on the faithless and unsounded sea? How does the wise man smile at that, which makes the lady weep,—the death of her little dog? I like him who can play and win and laugh, and lose, without a care or sigh. Our love is not always constant: its objects are yet much more uncertain: and events are still more so, than they. Something I must like and love; but nothing so violently, as to be undone by the deprivation of it:—to prevent which effect, I will bend my love towards that which can neither be lost, nor can admit of excess; nor yet will I ever love a friend so little, as that he shall not command the all of an honest man.

OF THE UNCERTAINTY OF LIFE.

MISERABLE brevity! more miserable uncertainty of life! We are sure, that we cannot live long; and uncertain, that we shall live at all. Even while I am writing this, I am not sure my pen shall end this sentence. Our life is so short, that we cannot in it, contemplate what ourselves are; so uncertain, that we cannot say we will resolve to do it. Silence was a full answer from that philosopher, who, being asked what he thought of human life, said nothing, turned himself round, and vanished. Like leaves on trees, we are the sport of every puff that blows. We tra-

vel, we study, we think to dissect the world by continued searches; and, while we are contriving the nearest way to do it, age and consumed years overtake us; and death with a Pegasean speed flies upon unwary man; Juvenal tells us,

————— *Festinat enim decurrere velox
Flosculus, angustæ miseræque brevissima vitæ
Portio: dum bibimus, dum sertæ, unguentæ, puellas
Pocimus, obrepit, non intellecta, senectus.*

Sat. 9.

For youth, too transient flower, (of life's short day
The shortest past) but blossoms to decay.
Lo! while we give the unregarded hour
To wine and revelry, in pleasure's bower
The noiseless foot of time steals swiftly by,
And, ere we dream of manhood, age is nigh!

If nature had not made man an active creature and to take delight in employment, nothing would sooner convince him of his folly than some of those enterprises which he takes in hand. We build, as if we laid foundations for eternity: and the works which we engage in, are often the length of three or four lives. How many warriors have expired in their martial enterprises, leaving their breath in the places where they laid the siege! Certainly, he who reflects on the casualties of life, can neither be careless nor covetous. More die in the Spring and Summer of their years, than live till the Autumn or the Winter of them. If the man who has almost exhausted his very vitality in amassing filthy lucre, would but think how a hair or a fly may snatch him in a moment

from it, it would surely quell his ardent love of gain, and put his posting mind into a more safe and quiet pace. Unless he is sure to enjoy it, why should any man labour himself for more than is convenient? I will never care too much for that, which I am not sure to keep; yet, I know that were every man to look only to himself, an age or two would find the world in ruin;—so that for such actions, men may plead their charity, that though they live not to enjoy the benefit of the thing themselves, they shall yet be beneficial to posterity.

OF GOOD COUNSEL.

TO some, there is not a greater vexation than to be advised by an inferior. Nay, I have known those who being advised by such, have run into a worse contradiction, rather than seem to learn of one below them: or have delayed following the advice tendered to them, until they thought the giver of it had forgot that he had counselled them. They will sooner fly in a perilous height, than appear to give way to one beneath them. Pitiful! that we should rather injure ourselves, than be content to be unprided. Had we but so much humility, as to remember that we are but men; we might easily believe another might have brains, as well as ourselves. He is his own enemy who refuseth a cordial, because presented in a spoon of wood. That man's wisdom is false who would

stop the ear with the tongue, and speak all and decide without hearing the voice of another. Even the slave may sometimes light on a way to enlarge his master, when his own invention fails. Nay, there is some reason why we should be best directed by men below our state: for, while a superior is sudden and fearless, an inferior premeditates, lest, being found weak in his advice, he might displease. Job reckons it a part of his integrity, that he did not refuse the judgment of his servant. It is good to command such; and it is also good to hear them. Why should we be ashamed by any honest means, to avail ourselves of that which may benefit us? In things which are difficult and not of important secrecy, I think it not amiss to consult with inferiors. He who lies under the tree, sees more than those who sit on the top of it. As nature hath made the body's eyes to look upward with more ease than downward; so the eye of the soul sees better in ascensions and things meanly raised. We are all with a kind of delectation, carried to things above us: and we have also better means of observing them, while we are admitted to their view. As to things beneath us, not being so delighted with them, we pass them over with neglect and inattention. Servants are usually our best friends, or our worst enemies: Neuters, seldom. Attendants are like the locks that belong to a house: while they are strong and close, they preserve us in safety: but if weak or open, we are left a prey to thieves. If they be such as a stranger may pick or another open with a false key, it is very fit to

change them instantly ; but if they be well warded, they are then good guards of our fame and welfare. It is good, I confess, to consider how they stand affected ; and to weigh their counsels, before we embrace them : they may sometimes at once, both please and poison us. Advice is as well the wise man's fall, as the fool's advancement. A family is but a court in miniature, where most men respect more their own advancement than the honour of their king. The same thing which makes a lying chambermaid tell her ugly mistress that she looks lovely, will make a base lord flatter his prince in his greatest errors. It is good to know the disposition of the counsellor, that we may the better judge of his counsel ; which, if we find good, we shall do well to follow, whatever may be his motives. I will regard the good counsel, even of a bad man. We think not gold the worse, because it is brought us in a bag of leather : nor ought we to slight good counsel, because it is presented us by a bad man or an underling.

ON THE INFLUENCE OF WEALTH.

WE magnify the wealthy man, though his parts be never so poor. The poor man we despise, be he never so well otherwise qualified. Gold is the coverlet of imperfections. It is the fool's curtain, which hides all his defects from the world. It can make knees

bow, and tongues speak, against the native genius of the heart. The heathens made Jupiter their chief god; and we have crowned Plutus. He is master of the Muses, and can buy their voices. The Graces wait on him: Mercury is his messenger: Mars comes to him for his pay: Venus is his prostitute. He can make Vesta break her vow: he can have Bacchus be merry with him, and Ceres feast him when he pleases. He is the sick man's Æsculapius, and the Pallas of an empty brain. Money is a general man: and, without doubt, excellently endowed with capabilities. Petronius describes his qualities:

*Quisquis habet nummos, securâ naviget aurâ:
 Fortunamque suo temperit arbitrio.
 Uxorem ducat Danaën, ipsumque licebit
 Acrisium jubeat credere, quod Danaën:
 Carmina componat, declamet, concrepet omnes
 Et peragat causas, sitque Catone prior.
 Jurisconsultus, paret, non paret: habeto;
 Atque esto, quicquid Servius aut Labeo.
 Multa loquor: quid vis, nummis præsentibus, opta;
 Et veniet: clausum possidet arca Jovem.*

Satir. prope fin.

The money'd man can safely sail all seas;
 And make his fortune as himself shall please.
 He can wed Danaë, and command that now
 Acrisius self that fatal match allow.
 He can declaim, chide, censure, verses write;
 And do all things better than Cato might.
 He knows the law, and rules it; hath and is
 Whole Servius, and what Labeo could possess.
 In brief; let rich men wish, what's e'er they love,
 'Twill come; they in a lockt chest keep a Jove.

The time is come about whereof Diogenes prophesied, when he gave the reason why he would be buried, grovelling. Gold, which lay buried in the bowels of the earth, is now made the head and ruler of the people; and, we have undeservedly put worth below it. Worth without wealth, is like an able servant out of employment; he is fit for all businesses, but wants wherewith to put himself into any; he hath good materials for a foundation, but hath not the means to rear the walls of his fame; for though indeed riches cannot make a man worthy, they can shew him to the world, when he is so. But when we think him wise for his wealth alone, we suffer ourselves to be misled with the multitude. To the rich, I confess, we owe something; but to the wise man, most: to the wise man, for himself, and his innate worthiness; to the rich man, as being casually happy, in things which are blessings, when they are not so used as to make virtue mercenary, or a flatterer of vice. Worth without wealth, besides its own native nobleness, has this in it, that it may be a way of obtaining that wealth which is wanting: but as for wealth without worth, I count it nothing but a rich saddle, for the state to ride an ass with.

THAT SIN IS MORE CRAFTY THAN VIOLENT.

BEFORE we sin, the devil shews his policy ; when we have sinned, his baseness. He makes us first revile our father, and then stands up to witness how we have blasphemed. He begs the rod on us, for faults which had not been, but for his own enticement. He was never such a soldier, as he is a politician : he blows up more by one mine, than he can kill by ten assaults : he prevails most by treaty and seducing ways. Presents and parlies win him more than the cruel wound, or the hand of force. All sin is rather subtle, than bold. The devil is a coward, and will with thy resisting fly thee ; nor dare he shew himself in a noted good man's company : if he does, he comes in seeming virtue, and the garb of counterfeit truth. Vice stands abashed at the glorious majesty of a soul confirmed in goodness. Cato's presence stopped the practices of the Romans' brutish Floralia. Satan first began with hesitations and sly-couched oratory ; and ever since, he has continued, in wiles, in stratagems, and the *fetches* of a toiling brain ; rather decoying us into sin, than urging us to it :—and when we have committed it, he seldom lets us see our folly, till we are plunged into some deep extremity ; then, he writes it in capital letters, and carries it, as a pageant at a show, before us. What could have made David so heartless, when Absalom rose against him, but the guilt of his sins which were then presented to him ? when he fled, and wept, and fled again. It

appears a wonder that Shimei should rail a king to his face, and unpunished, brave him and his host of soldiers; accusing him and casting stones at him, while he stood encompassed by his nobles. David was full of the horror of his sins, and knew that Shimei declared the truth, though he acted the devil's part, ignobly to insult over a man in misery. It is a hellish disposition, which watches how to give a blow to the man already reeling. When we are in danger, the devil galls us with what we have done; and on our sick-beds, shews us all our sins in magnifying-glasses. He first draws us into odious treason, and when we are taken and brought to the bar, he is our accuser and convicting witness. His artful policy is now turned to open baseness. Nor is it a wonder, for evil is ever the end of deceit; yet sure, this cozenage is the more to be condemned, on account of its being so ruinous and so easy. Who is it but may deceive, if he minds to be a villain? How poor and inhuman was the craft of Cleomenes, who after concluding a truce for seven *days*, in the *night* assaulted the enemy; alleging, that the nights were not excluded from slaughter? I cannot tell which I most hate, the devil or a Machiavelian statesman. For though the devil be the more secret enemy, yet the base politician is the more familiar; and is indeed but a devil in hose and doublet, dressed up in an accustomed mode, that he may the better serve his treacherous purposes.

OF DISCONTENT.

DISCONTENT is like ink poured into water, which fills the whole fountain full of blackness. It casts a cloud over the mind, and renders it more occupied about the evil which disquiets it, than about the means of removing it. Nay, it is so busied in grieving, as to have neither room nor time for considering what should afford it relief. It disassociates man, who was by nature made a sociable being, and sends him with beasts, to the loneliness of unfrequented deserts. Nor is it the mind alone, that is thus affected by discontent; the body is likewise affected by it. It thickens the complexion, and gives it a saturnine cast; the eye is rendered dim; and the whole man becomes, as if stuated into stone and earth. Those discontents sting deepest, which cannot be communicated to another: for then the soul pines away, and starves for want of counsel, to comfort and cherish it. Concealed sorrows are like those vapours which being shut up, occasion earthquakes. That man is truly miserable who cannot get rid of his miseries; and yet will not unfold them. As in the body, whatsoever is taken inwardly which is distasteful and continues there unvoided, does daily suppurate and gather, till at last it kills or at least endangers life: so is it in the mind; sorrows entertained and smothered, do so collect, that the sweet dispositions of our nature give way to a harsh morosity and spleen. Why should we hug a poisoned arrow so closely in our wounded

bosoms? Neither griefs nor joys were ever ordained for secrecy.

*Strangulat inclusus dolor, atque cor æstuat intus;
Cogitur et vires multiplicare suas.*

Ov. Trist. 5. 1.

Griefs when untold, do choke and inwardly consume the heart; and, by restraint, their burning forces multiply.

I think there is no man but would willingly unfold his griefs, if either shame of the cause, or distrust of his friend, did not deter him from declaring them. He that keeps his distress a close prisoner, is like that papist who observes Good-Friday all the year; he is ever whipping and inflicting penance on himself, when he needs not. Seriousness, even as to worldly things, I know, is sometimes profitable; but, like a willow, if we set it deep or let it stand too long, it will grow up to a tree, and overspread. Sorrow is a dull passion, and deadens the activity of the mind. Methinks Crates shewed a braver spirit, when he danced and laughed in his thread-bare cloak, and his wallet at his back (which was all the wealth he had), than Alexander, when he wept, that he had no more worlds to conquer. If I must have sorrow, I will never be so in love with it, as to keep it to myself alone: nor will I ever so affect company, as to live where vexations shall daily salute me.

OF TRUTH, AND BITTERNESS IN JEST.

IT is not good for man to be too tart in his jests. Bitterness is for serious potions; not for health's merriment, or the jollities of a mirthful feast. An offensive man is the devil's bellows, wherewith he blows up contentions and jars. In wit, I find nothing more galling than an offensive truth; for thereby we run into two great errors; one is, we chide that, in a loose laughter, which should be grave and savour both of love and pity; the other is, we descend to personality, and by that means draw the whole company to witness the disgrace of him at whose expense the joke is. The soldier is not noble who makes sport with the wounds of his companion. Whosoever will jest, should be like him who flourishes at a show; he should not aim more at one, than at another. Things like truth, are in this case better than truth itself. Nor is it less improper than unsafe, to fling about at random this wormwood of the brain, our wit; for some noses are too tender to endure the smell of it. And though there may be many, who, like tiled houses, can admit a falling spark without injury: yet some, again, are covered with such light, dry straw, that with the least touch they will kindle and flame about your ears: and when the house is on fire, it is unavailing to wonder from how small a matter it arose. *Exitus iræ furor*: anger is but a step from rage; and rage is a wild fire which is not to be extinguished. It is true, anger sooner inflames a

fool, than a man composed in his resolutions. But we are not always sure to meet with discreet ones: nor can we very well hope it, while we ourselves are otherwise, in giving the occasion for folly to shew itself. Fools are the greater number: wise men are like timber-trees in a wood, here and there one. But when we grow bitter to a wise man, we are then worst: for, he sees farther into the offence, and is able to make us feel for it, more than the other. Laughter should dimple the cheek, not furrow the brow. A jest should be such, that all shall be able to join in the laugh which it occasions, but if it bears hard upon one of the company, like the crack of a string, it makes a stop in the music. Though all have not wit to reject the arrow which is aimed at them, yet most have memory to retain the offence. It is but an unhappy wit, which stirs up enemies against the owner of it. A man may spit out his friend from his tongue, or laugh him into an enemy. Gall and mirth is an ill and unnatural mixture, and sometimes truth is bitterness. I would wish every man to be pleasingly merry, but let us beware, we bring not truth on the stage, like a wanton with an edged weapon.

OF APPREHENSION OF WRONGS.

THINGS often pass for wrongs in our own thoughts, which were never meant to be so, by the heart of him who speaketh. The apprehension of a wrong hurts

more than the sharpest part of the wrong done. It is not good, in matters of conceived offences, to dive into a man's mind beyond his own comment; nor to stir upon an indignity, without first receiving an explanation, unless we have proofs which carry weight and strong conviction with them. Words sometimes fly from the tongue, which the heart did neither hatch nor harbour. While we think to revenge an injury, we oftentimes begin one; and after that, have to repent of our misconceptions. In things which will bear a double meaning, it is good to suppose the most favourable one was intended; so shall we still both keep our friends and peace. If it be a wrong that is apparent, still it is sometimes better to dissemble it, than to play the wasp, and strive to return a sting. It is a wise man's glory to pass by an offence; and this was Solomon's philosophy. A fool struck Cato in the bath, and when he was sorry for it, Cato had forgot it: for, says Seneca, *melius putavit non agnoscere, quàm ignoscere*. He would not come so near to revenge, as to take notice of it. Light injuries are made none, by not regarding them; but if followed up, they grow to a height and trouble. It is inconsistent with a generous spirit, to return a punishment for every abuse. Some affronts are such, that they require nothing but contempt to kill them. The cudgel is not necessary when the beast only barks. Though much sufferance is stupidity, yet a little is of good esteem. However, we may prize the revengeful man for his spirit; yet, without doubt, it is noble to disdain a wrong. Princes. when

ambassadors have offered them an insult, do not chide them, but deny them audience; as if silence were the way royal to reject a wrong. He enjoys a brave composedness, who seats himself above the flight of the injurious claw. Nor does he by this, shew his weakness, but his wisdom. For, *qui leviter sæviunt, sapiunt magis*: the wisest rage the least. I love the man who is modestly valiant; who stirs not till he needs must; and then to purpose. A continued patience I commend not; it is different from what is goodness. Though God bears much, yet he will not bear always.

WHEN VICE IS MOST DANGEROUS.

WHEN vice has made a progress to the middle way, it is hard to stop her, till she comes to the end. Give a hot horse his head at the first, and he will surely run away with you. What a stir it makes to get a man from the tavern, when he is but half intoxicated with liquor. In the beginning, he may forbear; but when he has got half way, he will go on to worse; nor will he, in that heat, admit of any thing that may teach him to desist. There is a time, when it is not safe to offer even the best advice. Be counselled by the Roman Ovid:—

*Dum furor in cursu est, currenti cede furori ;
 Difficiles aditus impetus omnis habet.
 Stultus, ab obliquo qui cum discedere possit,
 Pugnat in adversus ire natator aquas.*

When rage runs swiftly, step aside, and see
 How hard th' approaches of fierce fury be.
 When danger may be shunn'd, I reckon him
 Unwise that yet against the stream will swim.

That I may keep myself from the end, I will ever leave off in the beginning. Whatsoever precepts strict Stoicism would give us for the calming of untempered passions; it is certain, there is none like running away. Prevention is the best bridle. I commend the policy of Satyrus, of whom Aristotle has this story; that being a pleader, and knowing himself choleric and in that state of the mind, apt to rush upon foul transgression, he used to stop his ears with wax, lest the sense of ill-language should cause his fierce blood to boil. It is in man to avoid the occasion, but not the inconvenience, when he has once admitted it. Let a giant knock, while the door is shut, he may with ease still be kept out; but if it once be open, so that he gets in but a limb of himself, there is then no course left to keep out the entire bulk.

THAT ALL THINGS ARE RESTRAINED.

WE are all here, like birds that boys let fly in strings: when we mount too high, we have that which pulls us down again. What man is there who lives so happily that he does not fear something that would sadden his soul, if it came to pass; nor is there

any one whom calamity so much distresses, that he never sees the flashes of some warming joy. Beasts with beasts are terrified and delighted; man with man is awed and defended; states with states are bounded and upheld: and in all these, it makes greatly for the Maker's glory, that such an admirable harmony should be produced out of such an infinite discord. Heraclitus called discord and concord the universal parents. And to rail at discord (says the father of the poets) is to speak ill of nature. As in music, sometimes one string is louder, sometimes another, yet never one long, nor never all at once: so sometimes one state gets a monarchy, sometimes another; sometimes one element is violent, now another; yet never was the whole world under one long, nor did all the elements ever rage together. Every string has his use, and his tune, and his turn. When the Assyrians fell, the Persians rose; when the Persians fell, the Grecians rose. It is vicissitude that maintains the world. As, in infinite circles about one centre, there is the same method, though not the same measure; so in the smallest creature that exists there is an epitome of a monarchy, of a world, which has in itself, its changes, its convulsions, its elevations and enlargements, its declinations. Surely God hath put these lower things into the hands of nature, which yet he doth not relinquish, but dispose. The world is composed of four elements, and those are contraries. The year is quartered into four different seasons. The body both consists and is nourished, by contraries. How diverse, even in effect, are the birds,

and the beasts that feed us? and how diverse again are those things that feed them? How many several qualities have the plants on which they browse? The mind too is a mixture of disparities: joy, sorrow, hope, fear, hate, and the like. Neither are those things most gratifying, which flow to us in the smoothness of a free profusion. It is the imbecility of declining age that commits man prisoner to a sedentary settledness: that which is the vigour of his life is ranging; heat and cold, dryness and moisture, disagree and agree with him. Surely we deceive ourselves, to think that continued joys would please: this is against the order of nature. Nothing would be more tedious, than to be glutted with perpetual jollities. Were the body tied to one dish always (though of the most exquisite delicacy, that it could make choice of), yet, after a short time, it would complain of loathing and satiety;—and so would the soul, if it did ever epicure itself in joy. Crosses and ills are sometimes the better part of our life: I know not well which is the more useful. Joy I may chuse for pleasure; but adversities are the best for profit;—and sometimes these do so far help me, that without them, I should want much of the joy I have.

OF DISSIMULATION.

ALL vices fall into dissimulation, yet it is disputed, whether it be, in itself, a vice or not? Surely men would never practise vice so freely, if they did not

think they should escape the shame of it, by dissembling. Vice hath such a loathed look with her, that she ever desires to appear masked. Deceit is a dress which she continually wears. And howsoever the world's corrupted course may sometimes make us use it; even this, in general, will condemn it, that it is not of use, but when we do ill ourselves, or meet with ill from others. Men are divided about the question; some disclaim all, some admit too much, and some have hit the mean. And surely, as the world is, it is not to be altogether condemned. There is an honest policy. The heart is not so far from the tongue, but that there may be a reservation, though not a contradiction between them. All policy is but circumstantial dissembling; pretending one thing, intending another. Some will so far allow dissimulation, as to admit of an absolute departure from a word already passed, and affirm, that faith is only a merchant's or mechanic's virtue. These outdo Machiavel; or else he appears more honest than he is, when he confesses,—*Usus fraudis in cæteris actionibus detestabilis: in bello gerendo laudabilis*. That fraud which in war is commendable, is in other actions, detestable.—It is certain there is a prerogative in princes, which may legitimate something in their negotiations, that is not allowable in a private person. But even the grant of this liberty, hath encouraged them to too great a latitude. Lewis the Eleventh of France wished his son to learn no more Latin than what would teach him to be a dissembling ruler. The plain heart at

court, is grown to be only a better word for a fool. The occasions of statesmen, however, are sometimes so weighty and urgent, as to oblige them to resort to contrivances out of the ordinary course, lest being traced, they be countermined and defeated in their designs. The ancient Romans did, I think, miscall it industry. When it was against an enemy, or a bad man, they would have it commendable; and yet the prisoner who got from Hannibal, by eluding his oath, was by the senate, as Livy tells us, apprehended and sent back again. They practised more than some of them taught; though here there was a greater reason for performance, because there was voluntary trust reposed. This is however contrary to the opinion of Plato, who allowed a lie to be lawful, to save a citizen, or to deceive an enemy. There is a sort whom the poet bids us cozen :

*Fallite fallentes ; ex magnâ parte profanum
Sunt genus : in laqueos, quos posuere, cadent.*

Ov. Am. 1.

Cozen the cozeners ; commonly they be
Profane : let their own snare their ruin be.

But surely we go too far, when our deceit breeds their mischief. I do not know whether I may go along with Lipsius :—*Fraus triplex : Prima levis, ut dissimulatio, et diffidentia : hanc suadeo. Secunda media, ut conciliatio, et deceptio : illam tolero. Tertia magna, ut perfidia, et injustitia : istam damno.* I had rather take Peter Martyr's distinction of good and bad :—Good, as the nurse with the child, or the

physician with his patient, for his health's sake: Bad, when it is any way the author of harm. Certainly, the use of dissimulation, in any manner, is as great a fault, as it is an imperfection; and carries a kind of diffidence of God along with it. I believe if man had not fallen, he would never need have used it; and as he now is, I think, no man can live without it. The best way to avoid it, is to avoid much business and vice: for if we defend not in some sort, as others offend; while we maintain one breach, we leave another unmanned: for vice ever seeks to conceal her foulness, by deception. If I must use it, it shall be so, as I neither by it dishonour Religion, nor be a cause of hurt to my neighbour.

OF CENSURE.

NOTHING is so easy as to censure or to contradict a truth; for truth is but one, and seeming truths are many; and few works are performed without errors. No man can write six lines, but there may be something one may carp at, if he be disposed to cavil. Men think by censuring, to be accounted wise; but, in my conceit, there is nothing shews more of the fool. For this you may ever observe, that they who know the least, are most given to censure; and this I believe to be a reason, why men of secluded lives are often rash in this particular. Their retiredness keeps them ignorant of the world; if they weighed

the imperfections of humanity, they would be less prone to condemn others. Ignorance gives disparagement a louder tongue than knowledge. Wise men had rather know, than tell. Frequent dispraises, at best shew an uncharitable mind. Any clown may see when a furrow is crooked: but where is the man who can plough me a straight one? The best works are not without defects. The cleanest corn is not without some dirt among it; no, not after frequent winnowing. I would wish men, in the works of others, to examine two things before they judge: whether there be more of what is good than of what is ill, in what they examine? and whether they themselves could at first, have done better? If there be most of good, we do amiss, for some errors, to condemn the whole. As man is not judged good or bad for one action or for the fewest number, but as he is most, in general: so in works, we should weigh the generality, and our censure should be accordingly. If there be more of good than ill in him, I think he deserves some praise for raising nature above her ordinary flight. Nothing in this world can be framed so entirely perfect, but it will have in it some imperfections; if it were not so, it were not from human nature, but the immediate Deity. And next, whether we could do better than that which we condemn? To espy the inconveniences of a house when built, is easy; but to lay the plan well at first, is matter of more pate, and speaks the praise of a good contriver. Judgment is easier in things done, than in knowing what is best to be done. If we decry a copy, and

are not able to produce an original, we shew more criticism than ability. We ought rather to magnify him who has gone beyond us, than condemn him for a few faults. Self-examination will make our judgments charitable. It is from where there is no judgment, that the heaviest judgment comes. If we must needs censure, it is good to do it as Suetonius writes of the twelve Cæsars, to tell both their virtues and their vices impartially; and leave others to determine for themselves; so shall man learn, by hearing of the faults of others, to avoid them, and by knowing their virtues, endeavour to practise the like. We ought rather to commend a man for the best part of his character, than brand him for the worst part of it. We are full of faults by nature; we are good, not without our care and industry.

OF WISDOM AND SCIENCE.

LEARNING falls far short of wisdom. Nay, so far, that you shall scarcely find a greater fool than is, sometimes, a mere scholar; he will speak Greek to an ostler, and Latin familiarly to women who understand it not. Knowledge is the treasure of the mind, but discretion is the key to it; without which, it is useless. The practical part of wisdom is the best. A native genius is beyond industrious study. Wisdom is no inheritance; no, not to the greatest clerks. Men commonly write more formally than they practise,

and conversing only with books, they fall into affectation and pedantry. He who is made up of the press and the pen, shall be sure to be ridiculous. Company and conversation are the best instructors for a noble behaviour. What we learn in the study is most from imagination and fancy. And how airy must they needs be, who are composed wholly of the fumes, perhaps of distempered brains! for if they have not judgment enough to amend their conversation, they may well want judgment to choose the worthiest authors. I grant they may know much; and I think any man may, who hath but memory, and bestows some time in a library. There is a free nobleness of mind which some men are graced with, which far out-shines the notions of the formal student; and some men speak more excellently even from nature's self, than can the scholar by all the strains of art. How fond and untunable are a fresh-man's brawls, when we meet with him out of his college!—often-times, with a long recited sentence, quite out of the way; arguments about nothing, or at best niceties; as, one would be of Martin's religion, another of Luther's, and so quarrel about their faith. How little invention is required to put false matter into a true syllogism.—*O pueriles ineptias! in hoc supercilium subduximus? in hoc barbam dimisimus? Disputationes istæ, utinam, tantum non prodescent; nocent.* O most childish follies! is it for these we knit our brows and stroke our beards? Would to God these disputations only did not profit us; they are hurtful.—In discourse, give me a man who speaks reason, rather than authors; sense, rather than a

sylogism ; his own, rather than another's. He who is continually quoting from others, argues a barrenness in himself, which forcēs him to be ever a borrowing ; in the one, a man shews judgment ; in the other, reading : and in my opinion, it is a greater commendation to say that one is wise, than that one is well-read. So far I will honour knowledge, as to think, that when it meets with an able nature in the mind, it is of great advantage. Any man shall speak the better, when he knows what others have said ; and sometimes the consciousness of his inward knowledge, gives a confidence to his outward behaviour, which is of all other things the best to grace a man in his carriage.

THAT MISAPPLICATION MAKES PASSION ILL.

PASSIONS directed to their right end, may fail in their manner, but not in their measure. When the subject of our hatred is sin, it cannot be too deep ; when the object of our love is God, it cannot be too high. Moderation may become a fault. To be but warm when God commands us to be hot, is sinful. We belie virtue, by the constant dulness of a mediocrity. That valour is best tempered, in which a stern fortitude is united with a mild pity. It is written, to the honour of Tamerlane, that after conquering the Muscovites with a princely valour, he fell from the joy of victory, to a lamentation of the many casual miseries those endure who

are obliged to follow the leading of ambitious generals; and all this, from the sight of the field covered with the slain. It is reported of Cæsar, that he wept when he heard how Pompey died. Though pity be a downy virtue, yet she never shines more brightly than when she is clad in steel. A martial man who is compassionate, shall conquer both in peace and war, and, by a two-fold way, get victory with honour. Temperate men have their passions so balanced within them, that they have none in their height and purity. Though they seldom fall into foul acts, they very rarely shed a lustre on their conduct, by the excelling deeds of nobleness. I observe, that in general, the most illustrious heroes have possessed both courage and compassion; and have often had wet eyes, as well as wounding hands. I would not rob temperance of her loyalty. Fabius may conquer by delaying, as well as Cæsar by expedition. As the world is, temperance is a virtue of singular worth; but, without doubt, high spirits directed right, will bear away the palm of more glorious actions. These, are best to raise commonwealths; but the other, are best to rule them afterwards;—they are both of excellent use. As I would not over-value the moderate, so I would not too much disesteem the violent. An arrow aimed right, is not the worse for being drawn home. That action is best done, which being good, is done with the vigour of the spirits. What makes zeal so commendable, but the fervency that it carries with it?

OF THE MUTABILITY OF HUMAN AFFAIRS, AND
OF HUMAN VANITIES.

I LOOK upon the lavish expenses of former ages with pity and admiration; that those things men built for the honour of their name (as they thought) should either be eaten up by the steely teeth of time, or else remain only as monuments of their pride and luxury. Great works undertaken for ostentation, fail of their end, and turn to the shame of their authors; if not, time, as it passes on, wears out their engraven names, and the works themselves last not much longer than Caligula's bridge over the Bajæ. What is become of the Mausoleum, or the wide-striding Colossus? Where are we now to look for Marcus Scaurus' theatre, or the bituminated walls of Babylon? How little rests of the Ægyptian pyramids! and of these, how diversely does report give in their builders! some ascribing them to one, some to another. Who would not pity the toils of virtue, when he shall find greater honour inscribed to loose Phrynè than to victorious Alexander? who when he had razed the walls of Thebes, she offered to rebuild them, on condition that this sentence might be engraved on them: *Alexander pulled them down, but Phrynè rebuilt them.* Doubtless, nothing human can hold against the cruel devastations of time. I could never yet find any state exempt from its ravages. Nay, those things which we should have thought had been holden up with

the strongest pillars of continuance, have yet suffered the extremest changes; even the houses of the dead have been rifled, and the urned bones which they contained, scattered by the rude hands of despoilers. Who would have thought, when Scanderbeg was laid in his tomb, that the Turks should afterwards break into it, and wear his bones for jewels? Change is the great lord of the world; time is his agent, which brings all things under his unstaid dominion;

—————*Ille tot regum parens,
Caret sepulchro Priamus, et flammâ indiget,
Ardense Trojâ.* —————

Senec. in Troad. Act 1.

Priam, who was the father of so many princes, now finds no grave; and, Troy in flames, he is in want of a funeral.

We are so far from being certain of leaving any thing to posterity, that we cannot be sure to enjoy what we have, while we live. We live sometimes to see more changes in ourselves, than we could expect could happen to our lasting offspring. As if none were ignorant of this, the poet asks:

*Divitis audita est cui non opulentia Cræsi?
Nempe tamen vitam, captus ab hoste, tulit.
Ille, Syracusâ modò formidatus in urbe,
Vix humili duram reppulit arte famem.*

Ov. de Pont. l. 4. ep. 3.

Who has not heard of Cræsus' heaps of gold?
Yet knows his foe did him a prisoner hold.
He that once aw'd Sicilia's proud extent,
By a poor art, could famine scarce prevent.

We all put into the world, as men put money into a lottery. Some lose all, and get nothing; some with nothing, get infinite prize; and perhaps venturing again, with hope of increase, they lose, with grief, that which they did not rest contented with. There is nothing that we can confidently call our own; or that we can surely say, we shall either do or avoid. We have not power over the present; much less over the future. And, indeed, if we consider the world aright, we shall find some reason for these continual mutations. If every one had power to transmit the certain possession of all his acquisitions to his successors, there would be nothing left for the noble deeds of new aspirers to purchase; which would soon destroy all incentive to generous industry, and leave the world in an insufferable dulness. As things now are, every man thinks something may fall to his share: and since it must crown some endeavours, why may it not, he imagines, be his? Thus by the various motions of men, every action comes to be done, which is requisite for the world's support. But, since nothing here below is certain, I will never purchase any thing with too great a hazard. It is ambition, not wisdom, which makes princes risk their whole estate for an honour merely titular. If I lose that which I thought to have kept, I will comfort myself with this, that I knew the world was changeable; and that as God can take away from me a lesser good; so he can, if he pleases, confer on me a greater.

OF DEATH.

THERE is no spectacle more profitable nor more awful, than the sight of a dying man, when he lies expiring his last. To see how the ancient union of the body and the soul is dissolved; and yet to see how they struggle at parting; being in some doubt what shall afterwards become of them: the spirits shrinking inward, and retiring to the anguished heart; as if, like a son pressed from an indulgent father, it came to take a sad farewell of that which was its life's maintainer: while that, in the mean time, pants with fearful pangs, and the hands and feet, being the most remote from it, are by degrees encoldened to clay: To see how the mind would fain utter itself, when the organs of the voice are so debilitated, that it cannot: To see how that eye is settled in a fixed dimness, which a little before was swift as the shoots of lightning, nimbler than thought, and bright as the polished diamond: To see all his friends, like conduits, dropping tears about him; while he neither knows his wants, nor they his cure;—nay, even the physician, whose whole life is nothing but a study and practice to preserve the lives of others, being now as one gazing at a comet, which he can reach with nothing but his eye: To see the countenance, (through which perhaps there shined a lovely majesty, which was wont to captivate admiring souls,) now altered to a frightful paleness, and a ghastly look: To think, how that which commanded a family, nay, perhaps

a kingdom; and kept all in awe, is now become a thing so full of horror, that children fear to look at it: and must now therefore be transmitted to the dark and hideous grave, where, instead of wielding the golden sceptre, and sitting in the chair of adored state, it must lie imprisoned in five feet of lead, and become a nest of worms, a lump of filth, a box of pallid putrefaction;—when thou shalt see all these things happen to one whose conversation had endeared him to thee; when thou shalt see the body put on death's sad and ashy countenance, in the dead age of night, when silent darkness does encompass the dim light of thy glimmering taper, and thou hearest a solemn bell tolled, to tell the world of it, which now, with this sound, is struck into a dumb attention: tell me if thou canst then find a thought of thine, devoting thee to pleasure, and the fugitive toys of life? O what a bubble, what a puff, what a mere wink of life is man! And with what a swallow does death gape upon the general world! When Hadrian asked Secundus what death was, he answered: *It is a sleep eternal; the body's dissolution: the rich man's fear; the poor man's wish; an event inevitable; an uncertain journey; a thief that steals away man; sleep's father; life's flight; the departure of the living; and the resolution of all.* Who may not from such sights and such thoughts as these, learn, if he will, both humility and elevation! The one, to vilify the body, which must once perish to putridity; the other, to raise the soul, which only lives here for a higher and more heavenly

ascension? As I would not care for too much indulging of the flesh, which I must one day yield to the worms; so I would ever be studious of such actions, as may appear the issues of a noble and diviner soul.

OF IDLENESS.

THE idle man is the most barren of all earthly subjects. There is no creature that hath life, but is busied in some action for the benefit of the world. Even the most venomous and most ravenous things that are, have their uses; and are ever engaged in some operation which profits the world, and continues them in nature's course. Even the vegetables, wherein calm nature dwells, have their turns and times of fructifying: they leaf, they flower, they seed. Nay, created objects quite inanimate are, some of them, the most active in their motions. With what a bright face the golden sun drives through the circumambient sky! How constant is the maiden moon in her just and horned mutations! The fire, how restless in its quick and catching flames! In the air, what changes! And how fluctuating are the ocean's waves! Nor is the teeming earth weary, after so many thousand years' production! These things may well raise a blush on the cheek of the indolent man, and teach him a striking lesson for his improvement. Idleness is the most corrupting fly

that can blow on the human mind. That ignorance is the most miserable, which knows not what to do. I do not wonder to see some of our gentry grown well-near the most degenerate men of our land, since they are most of them so sunk in idleness. It is action that keeps the soul both sweet and sound; while lying still does rot it. Augustin imputes Esau's loss of the blessing, partly to his slothfulness, in rather receiving meat, than seeking after it. Exercise is the fattening food of the soul, without which she grows lank and lean. That the followers of great men are so much debauched, I believe to be for want of employment: for the mind, impatient of an absolute vacuity, will, for lack of the wholesome food of business, prey upon vicious actions. Men learn to do ill, by doing what is next to it, nothing. I believe, Solomon meant the *field of the sluggard*, as well for an emblem of his mind, as a type of his outward state. As the one is overgrown with thorns and briars, so is the other with vices and enormities. If any should wonder how Egisthus grew adulterous, the conclusion of the verse will tell him—*Desidiosus erat*. When one boasted of the blessings of the Roman state, and that since Carthage was razed and Greece subdued, it might now be happy, as having nothing to fear: says the best Scipio, *We now are most in danger; for while we want business, and have no foe to awe us, we are ready to drown in the mud of vice and slothfulness*. How bright does the soul grow with use and negotiation! Believe it, industry is never wholly unfruitful. If it bring not

joy with the in-coming profit, it will, at all events, keep mischief away from thee. There is a kind of good angel which attends on diligence, and ever carries a laurel in his hand to crown her. Fortune, it was said of old, should not be prayed to but with the hands in motion. How unworthy was that man, who never did ought, but lived and died! Though Epaminondas was severe, yet he was exemplary, when he found a soldier sleeping on his watch, and ran him through with his sword; as if he would bring the two brothers, death and sleep, to a meeting;—and, when he was blamed for it as cruelty, said that he only left him as he found him,—dead. It is no mean happiness to have a mind which delights in virtuous occupation: it is daily rising to content and blessedness. They are idle divines, who have not more of heaven in their lives than the unthinking man. Every one smells of that which he is busied in. So it is, that those who study the pages of the worthy writer, cannot but carry about with him a smack of their author. They converse with virtue's soul, which the writer has spread upon his lasting paper. Every good line adds sinew to the virtuous mind; and prevents that vice which would be springing up in it. That I have liberty to do any thing, I ascribe to the favour of Heaven. That I have a mind sometimes inclining me to use that liberty well, I think I may, without ostentation, be thankful for it, as a bounty of the Deity. Surely I should be miserable, if I did not love this business in my vacancy. I am glad of that leisure, which

gives me leisure to employ myself. If I should not grow the better for it, yet this benefit, I am sure will accrue to me: I shall keep myself from worse, and not have time to entertain the devil within me.

THAT ALL THINGS HAVE A LIKE PROGRESSION
AND FALL.

ALL things come to their height, by degrees; there they stay, as at a point of time; then, they decline as they rose; unless accident, being more importunate, should ruin at once what nature hath been long a rearing. Thus sang the poet:—

*Omnia sunt hominum tenui pendentia filo ;
Et subito casu, quæ valuère, ruunt.*

Ovid de Pont. 4. 8.

All that man holds, hangs but by slender twine;
By sudden chance the strongest things decline.

Man may be killed, in an instant; he cannot be made to live, but by a gradual formation. We are curdled to the fashion of a life, through a course of time; when all again is lost, and, in the moment of a minute, gone. Plants, fishes, beasts, birds, men, all grow up by leisurely progressions: so it is, with families, provinces, states, kingdoms, empires. When they have attained their height, they soon descend; and, for the most part, with rapidity. And that

which is true in particulars, will also be found to be true in a more enlarged sense. There were first men, then families, then tribes, then commonwealths, then kingdoms, monarchies, and empires; which latter are the height of all worldly dignities: and as we find those governments rose by degrees; so we find they have slid again into decay. Witness the Assyrian, the Persian, the Grecian, and the Roman. The height of the world's glory appears to have been in the days of the Roman empire; and the height of that empire, in the days of Augustus. Peace then gently breathed through the universe. Learning was then, in her most flourishing state: no age, either before or since, could present us with so many examples of towering genius. This, I take it, was the fulness of time, wherein God, the Saviour of the world, vouchsafed, by taking human nature upon him, to descend upon earth. And surely, the consideration of such things is not unworthy of our thoughts: for though our faith be not bred, yet it is much confirmed by observing such circumstances as these. But to return; how small a time did this empire continue to flourish! It began to degenerate, even under Tiberius, Augustus' successor. It went on declining still more, under Caligula; and, under Nero, still more rapidly than under Caligula: till at last, it became embroiled and quite dismembered. Since then, how has the Turk seized on the East! and as to the West, how much is it subdivided, by the deduction of France, of Britain, and of Spain! When the world was somewhat more than four thousand

years old, I take it to have reached its middle age ; though, considering there are promises that the latter days shall be shortened, we cannot expect that it should endure for a like extent of time, from that period. Decay, which hastens the ruin of all lesser things, will, it is probable, be likewise more speedy in this. If all things in the world decline faster by far than they ascend ; why should we not believe the world to do so, too ? I know not what certain grounds they have, who pretend to foretel the particular time of the world's conflagration. But surely, in reason and nature, the end cannot be very far distant. We have seen its infancy, its youth, its virility, all past : nay, we have seen it well advanced in declining years, the most infallible forerunner of a dissolution. Some believe that this event will take place in less than nine and twenty years ; because, as the flood destroyed the former world, one thousand six hundred fifty-six years after the first destroying Adam ; so the latter world shall be consumed by fire, one thousand six hundred fifty and six years after the second saving Adam ; that is, Christ. But I dare not fix a certainty, where God hath left the world in ignorance. The exact knowledge of all things is, in God only. But surely, by deductions from nature and reason, man may much help himself, as to probabilities. I will often muse on such subjects : for, besides the pleasure I shall experience in the contemplation of them ; I shall find my soul, by admiration of these wonders, disposed to love both reason and the Deity the better.

OF DETRACTION.

IN some dispositions, there is such an envious kind of pride, that they cannot endure that any but themselves should be set forth as excellent: so that when they hear one justly praised, they will either openly detract from his virtues; or, if those virtues be, like a clear and shining light, eminent and distinguished, so that he cannot be safely traduced by the tongue, they will then raise a suspicion against him by a mysterious silence, as if there were something remaining to be told, which overclouded even his brightest glory. Surely, if we considered detraction to proceed, as it does, from envy, and to belong only to deficient minds; we should find, that to applaud virtue, would procure us far more honour, than underhandedly seeking to disparage her. The former, would shew that we loved what we commended; while the latter tells the world, we grudge that in others, which we want in ourselves. It is one of the basest offices of man, to make his tongue the lash of the worthy. Even if we do know of faults in others, I think we can scarcely shew ourselves more nobly virtuous, than in having the charity to conceal them; so that we do not flatter or encourage them in their failings. But to relate any thing we may know against our neighbour, in his absence, is most unbecoming conduct. And who will not condemn him as a traitor to reputation and

society, who tells the private fault of his friend, to the public and ill-natured world? When two friends part, they should lock up one another's secrets, and exchange their keys. The honest man will rather be a grave to his neighbour's errors, than in any way, expose them. The counsel in the satire, I much approve :

————— *Absentem qui rodit amicum ;*
Qui non defendit, alio culpante ; solutos
Qui captat risus hominum, famamque dicacis ;
Fingere qui non visa potest ; commissa tacere
Qui nequit ; hic niger est ; hunc tu, Romane, caveto.

Hor. Sat. i. 4.

He who malignant tears an absent friend,
 Or when attack'd by others don't defend ;
 When trivial bursts of laughter strives to raise,
 And courts of prating petulance the praise ;
 Of things he never saw, who tells his tale ;
 And friendship's secrets knows not to conceal ;
 This man is vile ; here fix your mark ;
 His soil is black, as his complexion's dark.

And, for the most part, he is as dangerous in another vice, as in this. He that can detract unworthily, when thou canst not answer him, can flatter thee as unworthily, when thou must hear him. It is usual with him to smooth it, in the chamber, who keeps a railing tongue for the hall. Besides, it implies a kind of cowardice to speak against another, when he is not present to defend himself. The valiant man's tongue, though it never boasteth vainly, yet is ever the greatest coward, in absence ; but the coward is never valiant, but then. There

is nothing argues nature more degenerate than her secretly repining at another's merits. Indeed it is difficult to speak of a man truly, *as he is*: but, at any rate, I would not detract from the fame of the absent: it is then a time for praise, rather than for reprehension. Let praise be sounded to the spreading air; but chidings whispered in the kissed ear: which teaches us, even while we chide, to love.

AGAINST COMPULSION.

TOO much importunity does but teach men how to deny. The more we desire to gain, the more do others desire that they may not lose. Nature is ever jealous of her own supremacy; and when she sees that others would under-tread it, she calls in all her powers for resistance. They work by a wrong engine, who seek to gain their ends by constraint. You may stroke the lion into a bondage; but you shall sooner hue him to pieces than beat him into a chain. The noblest weapon wherewith man can conquer, is love and gentle courtesy. No doubt nature meant Cæsar for a conqueror, when she gave him such courage and such courtesy; both which, put Marius into a muse;—they who durst speak to him, he said, were ignorant of his greatness; and they who durst not, were so of his goodness. Those men are the best composed, who can be resolute and remiss. For, as fearful natures are wrought upon, by

the sternness of a rough comportment ; so the valiant are not to be gained on, but by gentle affability and a shew of pleasing liberty. Little fishes are twitched up, by the eagerness of a sudden pull ; but the like action, cracks the line whereon a great one hangs. I have known denials that had never been given, but for the earnestness of the requester ;—they teach the petitioned to be suspicious ; and suspicion teaches him to hold and fortify himself. Urge a grant to some men, and they are inexorable ; seem careless, and they will force the thing upon you. Augustus got a friend of Cinna, by giving him a second life ; whereas his death could at best but have removed an enemy. Hear but his exiled poet.

Flectitur obsequio curvatus ab arbore ramus :

Franges, si vires experiere tuas.

Obsequio tranantur aquæ, nec vincere possis

Flumina, si contra, quàm rapit unda, nates.

Obsequium tigresque domat, tumidosque leones :

Rustica paulatim taurus aratra subit.

De Art. Am. l. 2.

The tree's crook'd branches, gently bent, grow right ;

When as the hand's full vigor breaks them quite.

He safely swims, that waves along the flood ;

While crossing streams is neither safe nor good.

Tigers and lions, mildness keeps in awe :

And, gently us'd, bulls yolk'd in ploughs, will draw.

The fair way is the best, though it be something further about. It is less ill for a journey to be long than dangerous. To vex other men, I will think, is but to teach them how they should again vex me. I will never wish to purchase ought unequally. What

is got against reason, is, for the most part, won by the meeting of a fool and a knave. Constraint is for extremities, when all ways have failed; but, in general, fairness has preferment.

OF BOUNTY.

IT is for none but him who has all, to give to all abundantly. Where the carrying stream is greater than the bringing one, the bottom will be quickly waterless; and then what commendation is it to say, there is a great deal spent! He enjoys the best reputation, who keeps his estate unniggardly. He overvalues the drunken and reeling love of the vulgar, who buys it with the ruin of himself and family. They are fools who think it necessary to have allowance from the popular stamp. The wise man is both his own world, and his own judge; he gives what he knows is fit for his estate and himself, without ever caring how the waving multitude take it. To weak minds the people are the greatest parasites; they worship and kneel others into the spending of a fair inheritance, and then they crush them with the heavy load of pity. The inconsiderate spendthrift never thinks how the heap will lessen, because it diminishes by grains and parcels only. They are ill stewards that so shower away a large estate. He does bounty an injury, who shews her so much as to cause her to be laughed at. And he who gives or spends too much, must fall, or else desist with shame.

To live well with a little, is much more meritorious than to spend a great deal vainly. To know both when, and what to give, is a knowledge that befits a prince. The best objects of bounty are those of necessity and desert. The best motive, thy own goodness: and the limit, is the proportion of thy means. It is not good to make our kindness to others, a cruelty to ourselves and our's.

OF LOGIC.

NOTHING hath spoiled truth more, than the invention of logic. It has found out so many distinctions, that reason is often inwrapt by it, in a mist of doubts. Logic is reason drawn into too fine a thread; tying up truth in a twist of words, which, being hard to unloosen, carry her away as a prisoner. It is a net to entangle her, or an art to instruct you how to tell a reasonable lie. When Diogenes heard Zeno with subtil arguments, attempting to prove that there was no such thing as motion; he suddenly started up and walked. Zeno asked the cause? to which he replied—*I have only been confuting your arguments.* Logic, like an over-curious workman, hath sought to make truth so excellent, that it hath marred it. Vives saith, that he doubted not but the Devil invented it; it teaches us to oppose the truth, and to take delight in artfully making the worse appear the better reason; it makes error look so like truth, that the one cannot be told from the other. There might be a double

reason why the Areopagitæ banished Stilpo, for proving, by his sophistry, that Minerva was no goddess; one, to shew their dislike to the art; the other, because it was not fit to suffer one to wanton with the gods. Surely, howsoever men might first invent it for the help of truth, it hath proved but a help to wrangle, and a thing to set the mind at jar with itself; and doing nothing but confound the understanding, it grows a toy to laugh at. Aristarchus' remark will apply to our times: *heretofore* (says he) *there were but seven wise men; and now it is hard to find that number of fools.* For every man will be a sophister, and then he thinks he is wise; though I doubt, some will never be so, even with the help of logic. Nature herself makes every man a logician; they that brought it in as an art, have over-acted her, and something strained her beyond her genuine simplicity. But I speak this of logic at large; for the pure art is an excellency. Since all is in use, it is good to retain it, that we may make it defend us, against itself. Mine must be met by counter-mine. Nevertheless, like the art of memory, I think it spoils the natural faculty. How can it be otherwise, when the invention of man shall strive to make profound searches into the operations of supreme nature! In matters of religion, I will make faith my means to ascertain, though not to comprehend them: as for other matters, I think simple nature the best reason, and naked reason the best logic. It may help me to strip off doubts; but I would not have it help to make them.

OF TOO MUCH THOUGHTFULNESS IN MISERY.

A DEEP insight into calamity, unless we be able to conquer it, as well as to discern it, only serves to shew us the blacker face of mourning. It can bring under our view mischief which a fool sees not, and so help us to vexation, which we cannot tell how to cure. In temporal things, it is one great happiness to be free from miseries: and next to that, is not to be too keenly sensible of them. There is a comfort in seeing but the shell of sorrow;—and in my opinion, he does wisely, who when grief presents herself to him, lets her wear a vizor, fairer than her own countenance. I believe we should be for ever weeping, if we suffered our eyes to flow on every just occasion of sorrow. There is something which I like in the mode which Solon took to comfort his friend, when he led him to the top of a turret which overlooked all the piled buildings around, and bid him think how many discontents there had been in those habitations since they were first erected, how many there then were, and how many there would be; and then entreated him, if he could, to leave the world's calamities, and mourn for his own. Yet, to mourn for none else, were want of feeling; and to mourn for all, were endless. The best way is to uncontract the brow, and let the world's mad spleen fret itself, while we laugh at care. Sorrows are like putrid graves; the deeper you dig, the fuller they are both of stench and horror. They are not to be entertained with

hugs and lengthened compliments; but by the cast of the eye, and the put-by of the turning hand. Search not a wound too deep, lest you make a new one. I would look so far into crosses, as to cure the present, and prevent the future: but will never care for searching further, or endearing cares by brooding over them. They are like Charon's cave in Italy, where you may enter a little way without danger, and further perhaps with benefit; but go to the end, and it will stifle you. No ship but may be cast away, by putting too far into tempestuous seas.

OF ILL COMPANY.

CERTAINLY, if their be any Dalilah under heaven, it is to be found in bad society. This will bind us, betray us, blind us, undo us. Many a man had been good, who is not, if he had but kept good company. When the Achates of thy life shall be ill, will not thy life be so too? Even waters change their qualities, by running through a different vein of earth. No man but hath good and bad in his nature, either of which gain strength, as they meet with their like or decline, as they find their opposite. When vice runs in a single stream, it is then a passable shallow; but when many streams shall fall into one, they swell into a deeper channel, and we are drowned in them. Good and wise associates are like princes in defensive leagues; one defends the other against the devices of

the common foe. Vicious ones, are like the treacherous lanthorn in 88, which, under pretence of guiding us, will draw us into danger, and betray us into the hands of our enemies. The fiction of the syrens may, in its moral, be considered as meant to shew the blandishing arts by which sinful men entice others to destruction. I know, physicians may converse with sick persons, and themselves remain uninfected: but then, they must have stronger antidotes than their own nature gives them. One rotten apple will infect the store: the putrid grape corrupts the whole sound cluster. * Though I am no hermit, and desire not to sit away my days, in a dull cell; yet I would rather choose to have no companion, than a bad one. If I have found any good ones, I will cherish them as the choicest of men, or as angels which are sent as guardians to me: if I have any bad ones, I will study to lose them; lest by keeping them, I lose myself in the end.

THAT NO MAN ALWAYS SINS UNPUNISHED IN
THIS WORLD.

IT is true, vice braves it with a boldened face, and the outward shew of things would make one think, it was only she, that the dotting world had chosen to make a favourite of. But, if we give ourselves time for observation, we shall see her halting with a crutch, and shame. I am persuaded that there are few vices which, even in this world, have not their punishment.

although we cannot trace its operation. God, for the most part, doth neither punish, nor bless at once; but by degrees and warnings. The world is so frequently changing its inhabitants, that it is rare for one man, to see the completed race of another. We live not long enough to observe, how the judgments of the just God do proceed in their execution. Neither should we always be able, even if our lives were longer. Some of God's corrections are in the night, and when we are closeted. Every offence meets not with a lash in the market-place. Private punishments sometimes torment a man within; while men who can see no farther than the outside, know not how they smart in secret. And sometimes, those are deep wounds to one man, which would be balm and physic to another. There are no temporal blessings, but are sometimes had, in the nature of perverted curses. Though men, by sinful ways, may enjoy a short advantage from them; yet surely there is a secret chain in nature, which draws the universal Being to revenge a vice. Examples are without end. I confess, they have a courage beyond mine, who dare forage in the wilds of vice. Though my conscience might sleep for a while, yet I cannot think that the Creator of all things could, consistently with his plan of government, allow me to go unpunished. And, what is more than this, I find a soul within my soul, which tells me, that I act unworthily, while I love sin more for the pleasure of it, than I do virtue for the amiable sweetness which she yields.

OF OPINION.

OPINION is the genius, and, as it were, the foundation of all temporal happiness. How often do we see men pleased with contraries? One delights in mirth and the friskings of an airy soul: another finds something amiable in the saddest look of melancholy. This man loves the free and open-handed; that, the grasped fist, and frugal sparing. I go to the market, and see one buying, another selling; both are exercised in things different, yet both pleased with his own occupation, when I, standing by, think it my happiness that I follow neither. Opinion guides all our passions and affections, or at least, begets them. It makes us love and hate, and hope and fear, and vary: for, every thing we light upon is as we apprehend it. And though we know it be nothing, but an uncertain prejudgement of the mind, misinformed by the outward senses; yet we see it can work wonders. It has untongued some on the sudden; and from some hath snatched away their natural abilities. It can create diseases, and can as soon cure them. I have known some, who only imagining they have taken a potion, have found it to have the same effect, as if they had taken it indeed. Opinion makes women fair, and men lovely, wise, valiant, rich, nay any thing. And whatsoever it can do on the one side, to please and flatter us; it can do the same on the other, to molest and grieve us; as if every man had a several

seeming truth in his soul, which if he follows, can for a time render him, either happy or miserable. In this lies all the difference; if we light on things but seeming, our felicity fades; if on things certain and eternal, it continues. We should bring all opinions to reason, and true judgment, there to receive their doom of admittance or rejection: but even that, by the former is often seduced, and the grounds that we follow, are erroneous and false. I will never therefore wonder much at any man, who is swayed by particular affections, to things sublunary. There are not more objects of the mind, than dispositions. Many things I may love, which I can yield no reason for: or, if I do, perhaps opinion makes me coin that, for a reason, which another will not assent unto. How vain then are those, who assuming a liberty to themselves, would yet tie all men to their tenets? conjuring all men to follow their steps; when, it may be, what is truth to them, is error to another, as wise. I like not men that will be gods, and have their judgments absolute. If I have liberty to hold things as my mind informs me, let me never desire to take away the like from another. If fair arguments may persuade, I shall with quiet, shew what grounds do lead me. The best guide that I would choose, is the reason of an honest man: which I take to be a right-informed conscience;—and as for books, which many rely on, they shall be to me but as discourses of private men, that must be judged by religion, and reason; so not to tie me, unless these, and my conscience agree.

THAT WE ARE GOVERNED BY A POWER ABOVE US.

THAT which we either desire or fear, I observe, doth seldom happen ; but something that we think not of, doth for the most part intervene : or if it does fall out as we wish, it is not till we have given up the thought of finding it. Good fortune comes upon us unawares ; and mischiefs, when we think we have escaped them ;—as if God, by this, would teach us that we are not wise enough to choose for ourselves, and therefore would lead us to a dependence on him. One thing is certain, that though God satisfies not our desires, yet he never fails to order things as they are best for us. How infinitely should we perplex ourselves, if we could obtain whatever we might wish for ! Do we not often desire that, which we afterwards see would be our confusion ? And is not this, because we ignorantly follow the flesh, the body, and the blinded appetites of our nature, which look to nothing but the shell and outside of things ? Whereas God respecteth the soul, and distributeth his favour, for its good and his glory. God sees and knows our hearts and things to come, with certainty : we only by our weak understandings, which often fail us. Man could not be more miserable, than if left to choose for himself. Surely, God will work alone ; and man must not be of his counsel. Nothing brings destruction on him sooner, than when he presumes to part the empire with God. If we can be patient, God will be profitable : but the

time and means we must leave to him, not judge for ourselves. Neither must our own endeavours be wholly laid aside. The carter prayed in vain to Jupiter, because he did not put his shoulder to the wheel. Do thy part with industry, and leave the event to God. I have seen matters fall out so unexpectedly, that they have taught me, in all affairs, neither to despair, nor to presume: not to despair, for God can help me: not to presume, for God can cross me. It is said of Marius, that one day made him emperor, the next saw him rule, and on the third he was slain by his soldiers. I will never despair, because I have a God. I will never presume, because I am but a man.

OF THE TEMPER OF AFFECTIONS.

EVERY man is a vast and spacious sea. His passions are the winds, which make him swell and foam. Sometimes, the west of pleasure fans him with luxurious gales: sometimes, the moist south makes him sorrowful and full of tears; sometimes, the sharp east pierces him with a testy spleen: sometimes, the violent and blustering north swells his cheek with anger's boiling blood. Any of these, in extremes, make the waters become unnavigable, and full of danger to the vessel which shall sail upon them. When these winds are too loud, it is perilous: but when again they are all laid in the stillness of a quiet calm, it is useless: and though such a state of wea-

ther is, in itself, less dangerous than any other, yet it is far from availing to the profit of a voyage: and the passengers may sooner famish, by being becalmed, than coast it over, for the advantage of their mart. Surely, the man who is always still and reposed in his own thoughts, is, at best, but a piece of deadened charity. I care not for the insensible stoic; there is a sect between him and the epicure. An unmoved man is but a living statue, harmless and unprofitable. Fury, however, is a worse extreme than passiveness; for, besides the trouble it brings on others, it always leads the author into successive mischiefs:

——— *Caret eventu nimius furor :*

Claudian, Carm. 26.

——— Rage knows not when, nor how to end.

I neither like a devouring stork, nor a Jupiter's log. Man is not fit for conversation, when his passions hurry him into an odious violence; nor when they are all laid asleep, in a silent and unstirring calm. The sea is best, in a pleasant gale: and so is man, when his passions are alive without raging. God implanted passions in the soul, as he gave his talents in the Gospel; neither to be lavished impetuously, nor to be buried in a napkin. We may warm ourselves at these fires, though we burn not. Man without any, is no better than a speaking stone. Cato's best emperor was, *qui potuit imperare affectibus*; he does not say, *deponere*. Moderate passions are the most affable expressions of humanity, without which the soul finds nothing like itself to

love. A horse too hot and fiery, is the danger of his rider ; one too dull, is his trouble : and as the first, will not endure any man, so the last, will be endured by no man. The one, will suffer none to back him ; the other, admits every child to abuse him. A good temper is a sure expression of a well-composed soul. Our wild passions are like so many lawyers, wrangling and bawling at the bar. Discretion is the lord-keeper of man, who sits as judge, and moderates their contentions. Too great a spirit in a man born to poor means, is like a high-heeled shoe to one of mean stature ; it advances his height, but renders him more liable to falls. The flat sole walks more surely, though it takes from the gracefulness of the wearer : yet, being too low, it is apt to bemire the foot. A little elevation is the best mediocrity ; it is both raised from the earth, and sure. I will neither walk so lifted, as to occasion falling ; nor so dejected, as at every step to take soil. As I care not to be the cap of the company ; so I would not be earth, or the fool's football.

THAT RELIGION IS THE BEST GUIDE.

NO man can live conveniently, unless he propounds something to himself that may bound the whole course of his actions. There must be something for him to fly to, beyond the reach of his cavilling senses and corrupted reason ; otherwise, he will waver in his

ways, and ever be in a doubtful unsettledness. If he takes policy, that is both endless and uncertain; and oftentimes depends more upon circumstances, than upon the main act. What to-day is good, is to-morrow unsaving: what benefits one, may be the undoing of another. Besides, policy is not a flower which grows in every man's garden. All the world is not made up of wit and stratagem. If it were, policy would then be but a fight of wit, a brain-war: and in all wars, how doubtful and how unsure is victory! The cunning of *Œdipus* in resolving the *Sphinx's* riddle, only betrayed him into the fatal marriage of his mother. Though *Palamedes* discovered the feigned madness of *Ulysses*; yet *Ulysses* afterwards, by hidden gold and forged letters, found means to have him stoned, even while he pretended to defend him. No man has an exclusive monopoly of craft. Again, craft in private individuals is infinitely limited, both in respect of means and lawfulness. Even those who have allowed deceit to be lawful in princes, have yet condemned it as sinful in private persons. And if a man takes nature for his guide, she is obscure and insufficient; nor, if she were sufficient, could we have her pure. Custom hath so mingled her with art, that we can hardly separate the one from the other. Nature and policy are but sinking floors, which will fail us when our weight is on them. Reason is contradicting, and so is nature; and so is religion, if we measure it by either of these: but faith, being the rule of it, places it above the cavils of imagination, and so subjects

both the others to it. This being above all, is that only which, setting limits to all our actions, can confine us to a settled rest. Policy governs the world; nature, policy; but religion, all. The two first I may use as counsellors, hear what they say, and weigh it; but the last, must be my sovereign. They are to religion, what the Apocrypha is to the Bible; they are good things, and may be bound up, and read with it; but must be rejected, when they cross the canonical text. God is the summit of man's happiness; and religion is the way to it. Till we arrive at him, we are but vapours, tossed about by inconstant winds.

OF THE SOUL.

CICERO is there divine, where he says, *Credo Deum immortalem sparsisse animos in humana corpora*; and where he farther says, *Mihi quidem nunquam persuaderi potuit, animos, dum in corporibus essent mortalibus, vivere; cum exissent ex iis, emori*: I could never think souls live in mortal bodies, to die when they depart from them. Seneca raises the idea still higher, and asks, *Quid aliud voces hunc, quàm Deum, in corpore humano hospitantem?* What other canst thou think it, but a God dwelling in the flesh of man? Conscience, the character of a God stamp'd in it, and the apprehension of eternity, all prove it to be a shoot of everlastingness. Those who say that the soul is not immortal; yet, that it is good for men to think it so, thereby to awe them from vice, and

incite them to virtue; even by that argument, reason against themselves. Let those who believe not in its immortality, be plunged in the horrors of a wounded conscience, and then let them tell me whether they believe in it or not. It is certain, man has a soul; and as certain, that it is immortal. But what, and how it is, in the perfect nature and substance of it, I confess my human reason could never inform me, so as fully to explain it to my own apprehension. O my God! what a clod of moving ignorance is man! when all his industry cannot instruct him, what himself is; when he knows not that, whereby he knows that he does not know it! Let him study, and think, and invent, and search the very inwards of obscured nature; he is yet to seek, how to define this inexplicable, immortal, incorporeal wonder; this ray of thee, this emanation of thy Deity! Let it then be sufficient for me that God has given me a soul, and that my eternal welfare depends upon it: though he be not accountable to make me understand either how I had it, or what it is. Why should I strive to know that, which I know I cannot know? Can a man dissect an atom? Can he grasp a flame, or lay hold of lightning? I am sure I have a soul, and am commanded to keep it from sin. O thou, the God of that little god within me, my soul! let me do that, and I know, thou art not such an enemy to ignorance in man, but that thou art better pleased with his admiration of thy secrets, than his search of them.

OF COURTESIES.

NOTHING enslaves a grateful nature, like a benefit freely conferred. He that confers it on me, steals me from myself: and by one and the same action, makes me his vassal, and he, my king. To a disposition that has worth in it, it is the most tyrannical war in the world: for, it takes the mind a prisoner; and, till the ransom be paid by a like return, it is kept in fetters, and constrained to love, to serve, and to be ready, as the conqueror may desire. I know not that I am ever sadder, than when I am forced to accept courtesies, that I cannot requite. If ever I should affect injustice, it should be in this, that I might do courtesies, and receive none. What a brave height do they fly in, that, like gods, can bind all to them, and they be tied to none! But indeed, this is for a God alone. I would not, if I could, receive favours of my friends, unless I could re-render them. If I must, I will ever have a ready mind, though my hand be shortened. As I think there be many, will not have all they may; so I think there are few, can requite all they have; and none, but sometimes must receive some favours: God has made no one absolute. The rich depends on the poor, as well as the poor on the rich. The world is but a more magnificent building: all the stones are gradually cemented together. There is no one that subsists by himself alone.

ON MAN'S SELF.

THERE was never a sounder truth, than *Nemo læditur nisi à seipso*. Had we the command of our own passions and affections, outward occasions might exercise our virtues, but could not injure them. There is a way to be wise and good, in spite of occasions. We cannot be drawn into evil courses, if we help not ourselves forward ;—it is our inside, that undoes us. When men strive to entrap and ensnare us, they do but second our own inclinations : and if they did not see a kind of encouragement from ourselves, they would never dare to attempt it. When men fall upon things which go against the genius of the mind, they then work in vain : but when the flatteries of others shall join with the great flatterer, a man's self, he is then in the way to be wrought upon. It is true, there is sometimes a self-constancy which is not to be tempted. In Athens there may be one Phocion to refuse the gold of Harpalus and Alexander ; but this indeed is rare, and worthy of being magnified. *Nil magnum in rebus humanis, nisi animus magna despiciens*. But generally we are the authors of our own ruin: if not totally, yet primarily. A man's own heart is as arch a traitor as any he can meet with : we trust it too much, and know it too little ; and while we think it sure-footed, it slides and does deceive us. The wise man should ever therefore maintain a double watch ; one, to keep his heart from extravagancies, the other, to keep the enemy from

approaching it. If they be kept asunder, the harm is prevented; or if they do meet, and the heart consent not, I am in some doubt, whether the offence be punishable, though the offence be committed. It is no fault to let the thief have our purse, when we cannot help it. In the old law, the ravished woman was to be freed; for, says the text, *There is in her, no cause of death.*—*Qui volens injustè agit, malus est: qui verò ex necessitate, non dico prorsus malum.* It is not the necessitated, but the willing ill that stains.—Even actual sins have so far a dependency on the heart's approbation, as that, alone can vitiate or excuse the act. While we keep the heart steady, our enemies can much less hurt us: the reason of which is, that it is not in man to compel it. The mind of man, from man, is not capable of violation. Whom then can I tax for my own yielding, but myself? No man has power over my mind, unless I myself give it him: so that this I think certain, that no man falls by free action, but is faulty in something; at least, in some circumstance, though excusable in the most important. I know calumny and conjecture may injure innocence itself. In matters of censure, nothing but a certain knowledge should make us give a certain judgment: for, fame and air are both too weak foundations for truth to build upon. All the precepts of wisdom we meet with, are given us to guard against ourselves: and, undoubtedly, he who can do it, is rising towards Deity. Listen to the harp of Horace:

*Latius regnes, avidum domando
 Spiritum, quàm si Lybiam remotis
 Gadibus jungas, & uterque Pænus
 Serviat uni.*

Lib. 2. Ode 2.

By virtue's precepts to control
 The thirsty cravings of the soul,
 Is over wider realms to reign
 Unenvied monarch, than if Spain
 You could to distant Lybia join,
 And both the Carthages were thine.

One eye I will sure have, for without; the other, I will cast within me; and lest I see not enough with that, it shall ever be my prayer, that I may ever be delivered from myself. *A me, me salva, Domine!* shall be one petition I will add to the litany of my beseechings.

ON INSULT.

IT is not safe to insult over any one: for as there is no creature so little, but may do us a mischief; so there is no man so low, but he may occasion our smart. The spider can poison, the ant can sting; even the fly can trouble our patience. Nature has put a kind of a vindictive justice into all sensitive creatures, by which, in some measure, they can return an injury. If they do not always, it is only because they are not able. Man has both a more able and more impatient soul; and though reason teaches him

not to be furious, yet it nevertheless teaches him not to be dull. Extremities of injury often awake extremities of revenge : especially, if we meet with contempt from others, or find despair in ourselves : for despair will make a coward bold and daring. Nor is it inconsistent with reason, that great patience urged beyond itself, should turn into the strongest rage. The bow which is hardest to bend, sends out an arrow with most force. Neglect an enemy ; but contemn him not. Contempt unbridles fear, and makes us both to will, to dare, and to execute. So Lipsius has it ; *Contemptus excutit timoris frænum, et efficit, ut non velis solum, sed audeas, et tentes.* It is not good too far to pursue a victory. Sigismund says truly, *he hath conquered well, who hath made his enemies fly* : we may beat them to a desperate resistance which may ruin us. He is, the wrong way, high, who scorns a man below him, for his lowness. Man cannot be so much above man, as that his superiority should legitimate his scorn. Thou knowest not what may shew itself, when thy contempt awakens the lion of a sleeping mind. Greatness, in any man, makes not his injury more lawful, but the greater. Man is, *animal generosissimum* : and though he be content to subject himself to another's commands, yet he will not endure his braves. A lash given to the soul, will provoke more than the body's cruel torture. Derision makes the peasant brave the prince. When Augustus saw one like himself, and asked him in a scoff, if his mother was never at Rome ? the boy answered, *no ; but my*

father was. When Julian mockingly asked the reverend, aged, blind Ignatius, why he went not into Galilee to recover his sight: his reply was, *I am contented to be blind, that I may not see such a tyrant as thou art.* We are all here fellow-servants; and we know not how our grand master will brook insolencies in his family. How darest thou, that art but a piece of earth, which heaven has blown into, arrogate to thyself the impudent usurpation of a Majesty unshaken? Thou canst not sit upon so high a cog, but it may, in turning, prove the lowest in the wheel; and therefore thou wouldest do well to think of the measure, that thou wouldest then have given thee. If we have enemies, it is better we deserve to have their friendship, than to despise or irritate them. No man's weakness shall occasion a greater weakness in me; that of proudly contemning him. The bodies and souls of both of us, have the same original nature. If I have any thing beyond another, it is not my merit, but God's goodness to me: and he, by time and means, may have as much, or more than I. Why should one man despise another man, because he is better furnished with that, which is none of his own?

OF ASSIMILATION.

EVERY thing labours to make the thing it meets with, like itself. Fire converts all to fire. Air exsiccates, and draws to itself. Water moistens, and resolves what it meets with. Earth changes what

we commit to her, to her own nature. This is not only true in materials and substances, but also in spirits and in corporeals;—nay, in these, there is more aptness of assimilation; they mix more subtly and readily. Thus we see, that infection is sooner taken by breath than contaction. There is also an assimilation, in disposition. The soldier, labours to make his companion valiant; the scholar, endeavours to have his friend learned; the bad man, would have his company like himself; and the good man strives to make others virtuous. Every man will naturally endeavour to communicate that quality to others, which may be predominant in himself. We can converse with nothing, but will work upon us; and by the unperceived stealth of time, liken us to itself. The choice, therefore, of the company we keep, is one of the most weighty actions of our lives. If we choose ill, every day renders us worse than we were; we have a perpetual weight hanging on us, which is ever sinking us down to vice; but if we choose well, we have a hand of virtue gently lifting us to a continual rising nobleness. Antisthenes used to wonder at those who, in buying an earthen dish, were so particular in seeing that it had no cracks or defects; and yet would be careless in the selecting of their friends, and so take them with the flaws of vice. Surely, a man's companion is a second genius, to sway him to good or bad. A good man is like the day, enlightening and warming all he shines on, and is always ascending upwards to a region of more constant purity. The bad man is like the night, dark,

and scattering fears and unwholesome vapours upon all which rest beneath. When two similar souls shall blend together, then is produced the height of friendship :

Oderunt hilarem tristes, tristemque jocosì :
Sedatum celeres, agilem gnarumque remissi :
Potores bibuli mediâ de nocte Falerni,
Oderunt porrecta negantem pocula.——

Hor. Ep. 1. 19.

Sad men hate mirth ; the pleasant, sadness shun :
 Swift men, the slow ; the slothful, those that run :
 Who drinks, at midnight, old Falernian wine,
 Scorns him that will not take his cups.——

It is likeness which makes the true-love-knot of friendship. When we find another of our own disposition, what is it, but the same soul in a divided body ? We are then intermutually transposed into each other : and nature, which makes us love ourselves, makes us for the same reason, love those who are like us ;— hence, a friend is a more sacred name than a brother. What avails it to have bodies of the same original, when the souls within them differ ? I believe, that the commendations which the ancients bestowed on equal friendship, was to be understood of the likeness of minds, rather than of estate, or years : for, we find no ages, nor any degree of man, but hath been happy with this sun of the world, friendship : whereas, in discordant dispositions, we never as yet found it so. Something I would look to, outwards ; but in a friend, I would especially choose him full of worth, that if I be not so myself, he yet may work me like him.

The same, as to company, books, or whatsoever else; I would, if I have freedom, choose the best: though at first I should not fancy them, continual use will alter me, and then I shall gain by their graces. If judgment direct me right in my choice, custom winning upon my will, will not fail in time, to draw that after it.

OF POETS AND POETRY.

WORDS are rather the drowsy part of poetry; imagination the life of it.—The name which the Grecians gave to poets, shews how much they honoured their art; they called them *makers*. And if some of them had had the power to give a reality to their conceits, how nearly would they have come to deity! Poets who treat of human virtues, by proposing things above us, kindle in their readers both wonder and imitation. And certainly such poets Plato never meant to banish. His own practice proves that he excluded not all. He was content to hear Antimachus recite his verses, when all the herd had left him; and he himself wrote tragedies and other pieces. There is another name of honour which poets had, and that was *Vates*. I know not how to distinguish between the prophets and the poets of Israel. What are Jeremiah's Lamentations, but a kind of Sapphic elegy? David's Psalms are not only poems, but songs, and raptures of a flaming spirit. One thing recommends poetry above oratory;—it is

acceptable to the sharpest wits. He is the best orator who pleases every body. But that poetry must be poor, which all should approve of. If the learned and ingenious like it, let the throng bray; they, when it is best, will admire it the least. Two things are commonly blamed in poetry, and these are, lies and flattery; but it is only to the shallow understanding that they appear thus. Truth may dwell more clearly in an allegory or a moral fable, than in a bare narration; and as to flattery, no man should take poetry in its literal sense. Its higher and imaginary descriptions rather shew what men should be, than what they are; hyperboles in poetry, not only carry a decency, but even a grace along with them. The greatest danger that I find in poetry is, that it sometimes corrupts the mind and inflames the passions. To prevent this, let the poet strive to be chaste in his lines, and never profane, immoral, or licentious. When this is attended to, I think a grave poem the deepest kind of writing. It wings the soul up higher than the slack pace of prose. Long poems some cannot admire; and, indeed, they pall upon the reading. The wittiest poets have been all short, and changing soon their subject; as Horace, Martial, Juvenal, Seneca, and the two Comœdians. Poetry should be rather like a coranto, short, and nimbly-lofty, than a dull lesson, of a day long. Nor can it but be flat, if distended; when it is good, it concentrates the powers of the mind, and seizes on the spirit of things. Foolish poetry is, of all writing, the most ridiculous. When a goose dances, and a fool versifies, there is

sport alike. He is twice an ass who is a rhyming one; and he is something the less unwise, who is unwise in prose. If the subject be history, or contexted fable, then I hold it better to put it in prose, or blank verse; for ordinary discourse never shews so well in metre, as in the strain it may seem to be spoken in: the merit consists, in doing it to the life. Though the world think not so, he is happy to himself, who can play the poet; he can give vent to his passions by his pen, and ease his heart of the weight of them; and in his raptures he often experiences a delight which no man can perceive but himself. Surely, Ovid found a pleasure in it, even when he wrote his *Tristia*. I would not follow poetry, as a profession; and I would not want it, as a recreation.

OF FEAR AND COWARDICE.

THOSE who are of fearful dispositions, of all others would seem the least beholden to nature. I know not any thing wherein they can be more unfortunate. They enjoy nothing without an affrighted mind; no, not so much as their sleep; they doubt what they have done, lest it may hurt them; they tremble at the present; and evils which are but merely possible, they anticipate and bring upon them. It were well, if they only *feared* more miseries than other people; but it is plain, that the coward *really meets* more. Every base nature will be ready to offer injuries where they think they will not be resented. He will

often beat a coward, who would not dare to strike him if he thought him to be possessed of spirit. When the passenger gallops by, as if his fear made him speedy, the cur will eagerly follow him with an open mouth : let him but walk by in a confident ease, and the dog will not stir at him. Fear greatly deceives us, as well in making us falsely believe we avoid dangers by flying, as in representing every thing to us in an unfavourable view. All diseases are belied by fear ; and we know there are some, who out of the fear of death, have died. In a battle, we often see the valiant man escape in safety, by steadily keeping his rank ; while the coward, by shifting to avoid danger, runs into many. *Multos in summa pericula misit venturi timor ipse mali.* I have studied in vain, to find out what a coward is good for. I never heard of any act becoming virtue, that ever came from him. All the noble deeds which have been achieved through successive ages, have proceeded from men of courage ; and I believe their confidence has oftentimes been their security. An unappalled look will, of itself, daunt a base attempter ; and, if a man has nothing but a courageous eye, it will frequently protect him. The brave soul knows no trembling. Cæsar spake like Cæsar, when he bade the mariners fear nothing, for that they carried him and his fortunes. And, indeed, valour casts a kind of honour upon God ; for it shews that we believe in his goodness, while we trust ourselves, in danger, to his care only : whereas the coward eclipses his sufficiency, by unworthily doubting whether God will bring him

off;—so, unjustly accusing either his power, or his will, he would make himself his own saviour, and becomes his own confounder; for when man mistrusts God, it is just with God to leave man. Themistocles compared a coward to the sword-fish, which has a weapon, but wants a heart; and then what use can the quaking hand put to it? Nay, when he would fly, cowardice hinders him from playing the coward; he would run away, but fear arrests him with a senseless amazement, and betrays him into the hands of the foe. No armour can defend a fearful heart. It may be observed of other passions, that they are grounded upon things, which are; as envy upon happiness, rage upon injury, love upon beauty, and so of the rest; but fear is founded upon things which are not. It coins mischiefs, which neither exist, nor can exist. Thus, having no object to bound it, it runs on *ad infinitum*, and cannot be checked by any condition of life. Let the coward have a guard, and he fears that; let him have none, and he will be fearful for want of it. I have known some who ought to have been as happy as the world could make them, and their own needless apprehensions have made their lives more bitter than his who was in want of almost every earthly advantage. How much are they to be pitied, who, through a weak, vexatious, and unprofitable passion, quite destroy the blessings of a fair estate! Some things I may doubt, and endeavour to shun; but I would never fear them, to servility. If I can keep but reason lord, fear will serve and benefit me: but when fear gets the rule, it will domineer

insultingly. Let me rather have a mind confident, and undaunted with some troubles, than a pulse still beating with fear in the flush of prosperity.

THAT MAN IS NEITHER HAPPY, NOR MISERABLE,
BUT BY COMPARISON.

THERE is not in this world, either perfect misery or perfect happiness. Comparison, more than reality, makes men happy or wretched. If we saw not some men vaulting in the gay trim of honour and greatness, we should never think a poor estate so lamentable. Were all the world ugly, deformity would be no monster. In those countries where all go naked, none complain of being exposed to the violence of the sun and winds. Envy and ambition make us far more miserable, than we need be. Many never know what it is to want, till they have discovered the abundance of some others. And many again, bear their wants with ease, when they find others below them, happy. It was an answer shewing the philosopher, which Thales gave to one, who asked him how adversity might best be borne? *By seeing our enemies in worse estate than ourselves.* We pick our own sorrows, out of the joys of other men; and from their sorrows likewise, we derive our joys. When I see the labourer, with all his sweat and toil, scarcely able to get enough to satisfy the cravings of hunger, I then look upon

myself with gladness ; but when I eye the lords of the earth in their royalty ; when I think of Nero in his journey, with his thousand chariots, and his mules, all shod with silver ; then, what a poor atom do I account myself !

*Tolle felices, removeto multo
Divites auro, removeto centum
Rura qui scindant opulenta bobus,
Pauperi surgent animi jacentes.
Est miser nemo, nisi comparatus.*

Senec. Troad. 4 Chor.

Take hence the happy, lay the rich aside,
Whose gold and fertile acres are their pride ;
The poor will raise their drooping heads. There's none
Miserable but by comparison.

It was comparison which first kindled that fire which reduced Troy to ashes. *Give it to the fairest*, was it, which jarred the goddesses. Paris might have given the apple with less offence, had it not been so inscribed. Juno was content with her beauty, till the Trojan youth gave the preference to Venus. While we spy no joys above our own, we in quiet count them blessings. A black complexion, a flat nose, thick lips, and goggle eyes, are beauties, where shapes and colours do not differ. He is unreasonable who refuseth the general lot. For myself, I will reckon that misery which I find hurts me, in myself ; not that which, coming from another, I may avoid, if I will. Let me examine whether that which I enjoy, be not enough to content me, if I stay at home ; if it be, I would not

have another's better fortune, put me out of conceit with my own. In outward things, I will look to those who are beneath me; so that if I must build myself out of others, I may rather raise satisfaction than complaint. But as for accomplishments of the mind, I will ever look to those which are superior to my own, that I may, out of an honest emulation, mend myself, by continually striving to imitate their excellence.

OF PRIDE AND CHOLER.

THE proud man and the choleric one, seldom arrive at any height of virtue. Pride is the choler of the mind, and choler is the pride of the body. It is the mild and suffering disposition, which oftenest attains to eminence. Coolness of temper and humility, are advantageous qualities for business, and for rising in the world by. Pride and choler make such a noise, that they awaken dangers, which the former, by the gentleness of its tread, steals by, without being discovered. Temper and humility are like the fox, who when he went into the pantry, crept in at a little hole, and arrived at plenty; but pride and choler are like the fox, which, on endeavouring to get out, when his belly was full, found it bigger than the passage at which he entered, and was obliged to remain where he was, and be taken with shame. They who would come to preferment by pride, are like those who ascend a pair of stairs on horseback;

it is ten to one but the animal will throw them, ere they get to their chamber. The minds of proud men have not that clearness of discerning, which can enable them to judge aright of themselves, or of others. One thing pride has, which no other vice that I know of has: it is an enemy to itself. The proud man cannot endure to see pride in another. The very thing too which a proud man and an angry one, stand most in need of to correct their failings, they are most in want of; and that is, the reprehension of a friend. Pride scorns a corrector, and thinks it a disparagement to learn: and choler admits of no counsel which crosses him; crossing angers him, and the choleric man's anger blinds him;—so that if ever such, hear of any fault, it must either be from an enemy, or from a friend who must make up his mind to lose them by it. M. Drusus, the tribune of the people, cast the consul, L. Philippus, into prison, merely for interrupting him in his discourse. Other dispositions may have the benefit of a friendly monitor; but these, seem to give a defiance to counsel. There is another thing which shews pride and choler to be both of base natures; they are most awed by the most abject passion of the mind, fear. We dare not be proud to one who can punish us; nor choleric to one who is much above us. When we have to deal with such, we put on the appearance of the very opposite qualities, as knowing them to be of more safety and of better liking. In my opinion, there are no vices which encroach so much on man, as these: they take away his reason, and turn him into a storm;

and then virtue herself cannot board him, without danger of defamation. I would not live like a beast, to be put upon by all the world; nor yet like a wasp, stinging upon every touch. This shall add to my dislike of pride and choler, that I hold them to be things accursed, for sowing of strife among brethren.

OF BENEFITS.

IT is not good to make men owe us more than they are able to pay, except it be for virtuous deserts, which may in some sort challenge it. They who have experienced transcending benefits, for services which are not sound; as in these actions they have stained themselves, so in their progress they will prove ungrateful. They will seldom see their benefactor without thralldom, and will strive to get rid of him as soon as they can. The malefactor which thou savest, will, if he can, condemn thee. Some have written, that Cicero was slain by one whom he had defended by his eloquence, when he was accused of his father's murder. I knew a French gentleman invited by a Dutchman to his house; and, according to the vice of that nation, he was welcomed so long with full cups, that in the end the drink distempered him: and going away, instead of giving him thanks, he quarrelled with his host, and struck him; his friend blaming him, he answered, it was his host's fault, for giving him liquor so strong. It passed for

a jest : but certainly there was something more in it. When kindnesses are such as hinder justice, they seldom yield a fruit that is commendable : as if vengeance followed the bestower, for an injury to equity, or for not suffering the Divine edicts to have their due fulfillings. Beware how thou robbest the law of a life, not worthy of being preserved ; the wrong thou doest to the law, is greater than the benefit that thou dost confer upon the offender. Such pity wounds the public, which is often revenged by him thou didst bestow it upon. Benefits which are good in themselves, are made ill by their being misplaced. Whatsoever favours thou impartest, let them be to those who deserve them. It will be much for thy honour, when by thy kindness men shall see that thou affectest virtue : and when thou layest it on one of worth, grudge not that thou hast placed it there ; for, believe it, he is much more noble who deserves a benefit, than he who bestows one. Riches, though they may reward virtues, yet they cannot cause them. If for a good office which I have rendered to another, I meet with neglect ; I shall yet think I did well, because I did well intend it. Ingratitude makes the author worse, but the benefactor rather the better. If I shall receive any kindness from others, I will consider myself bound to acknowledge them, and also to return them ; small ones, out of courtesy ; and great ones, out of duty. To neglect them, is inhumanity ; to requite them with ill, satanical.

OF VIRTUE AND WISDOM.

THERE are no such safeguards as virtue and wisdom. The one, secures the soul; the other, the estate and body. The one, defends us against the stroke of the law; the other, against the mutability of fortune. The law has not power to strike the virtuous: nor can fortune well subvert the wise. Surely, there is more divinity in these qualities, than men are aware of: for, if we consider rightly, we may observe virtue or goodness to be habitual, and wisdom the distributive or actual part of the Deity. Thus, all things flowing from these two, appeared to be *valdè bona*, as in the text. And the son of Sirach couples them more plainly together: for he says, *All the works of the Lord are exceeding good: and all his commandments are done in due season.* These only, perfect and defend a man. When unjust rulers desire to cut off those whom they dislike, they first lay trains to make them fall into vice, or, at least, give out that their actions are already criminal, and so rob them of their virtue, and then let the law seize on them;—for virtue's garment is so sacred, that even princes dare not strike the man who is thus robed. It is the livery of the King of Heaven; and who dares arrest one who wears his cloth? It is this, which protects us when we are unarmed, and is indeed a protection which we cannot lose, unless we be untrue to ourselves. Demetrius comforted himself with this, that though the Athenians demo-

lished his statues, they could not extinguish his more lasting virtues, which were the cause of raising them. Phocion called virtue the Divine law, which should be the square of all our actions: it is the tenure by which we hold of Heaven: without this, we are no more than outlaws, who cannot claim protection. Virtue is a tower of defence, and gives courage to the heart of man.

*Integer vitæ scelerisque purus,
Non eget Mauri jaculis nec arcu,
Nec venenatis gravidâ sagittis,
Fusce, pharetrâ.*

*Sive per Syrtes iter æstuosas,
Sive facturus per inhospitalem
Caucasum, vel quæ loca fabulosus
Lambit Hydaspes.*

*Namque me sylvâ lupus in Sabinâ,
Dum meam canto Lalagen, et ultra
Terminum curis vagor expeditus,
Fugit inermem.*

Hor. lib. i. Ode 32.

The man who knows not guilty fear,
Nor wants the bow nor pointed spear,
Nor needs, while innocent of heart,
The quivers teeming with the poison'd dart.

Whether through Lybia's burning sands
His journey leads, or Scythia's lands,
Inhospitable waste of snows,
Or where the fabulous Hydaspes flows;

For musing on my lovely maid,
While careless in the woods I stray'd,
A wolf—how dreadful!—cross'd my way,
Yet fled—he fled from his defenceless prey.

If sometimes virtue gives not freedom, yet she nevertheless gives such consolation, as rejoices the heart in the press of adversity. She beams herself forth, to the comforting of a bruised soul: and by her light, the dungeoned prisoner dances. But, especially is she brave, when her sister wisdom is with her. I see not but it may be true, that the wise man cannot fall. Fortune, which the ancients made to rule all, the wisest of the ancients have subjected to wisdom. At all events, it is rare to see a man decline in fortune, who has not first declined in wisdom. It is for the most part true, that,

Stultum facit Fortuna quem vult perdere :

Fortune first fools the man she means to foil.

She dares not, she cannot hurt us, while we continue wise. Discretion sways the stars, and fate: When all is done, the wise man only is the cunningest fencer. No man can either give a blow so soon, or ward himself so safely: In two lines has the witty Horace summed him up.

*Ad summum ; Sapiens uno minor est Jove : dives,
Liber, honoratus, pulcher ; rex denique regum.*

Hor. Ep. 1.

In short, the wise is only less than Jove,
Rich, free, and handsome; nay, a king above
All earthly kings.

Surely, God intended we should value virtue and wisdom above our lives. To live, is common; to be wise and good, particular, and granted but to a few.

I see many who wish for honour, for wealth, for friends, for fame, for pleasure; I desire but these two, virtue, wisdom. I find not a man that the world ever had, so plentiful in all things, as was Solomon. Yet we know, his request was but for one of these, though indeed it includes the other; for without virtue, there can be no wisdom, or if there be, it is nothing else but a cunning way of undoing ourselves, at the last.

AGAINST HAUGHTINESS IN PROSPERITY.

NOTHING makes greatness last, like the moderate use of authority. Haughty and violent minds never bless their owners with a settled peace. It is good that the man who is advanced, remember to retain the same humility, which he had before his rise; and that he look back to the good intentions which sojourned with him in his low estate. We then commonly form worthy resolutions which we would carry into effect, if we had but the means; but when we obtain those means, we forget what we before thought, and practise the contrary. Whoever arrives at honour from a mean condition, had need have so much more virtue, to make good his want of blood. Nobility will check at the leap of a low man. Sallust observed of Tully, when he was spoken of for consul: that—*pleraque nobilitas invidiâ æstuabat, et quasi pollui consulum credebat, si eum, quamvis egregius, homo*

novus adeptus foret. To avoid this, it is good to be just and gracious. A round heart will fasten friends; and link men to thee, in the chains of love. And believe it, thou wilt find those friends firmest (though not most) which thy virtues procure thee. These, will love thee, when thou art but man again: whereas, those which are won without desert, will also be lost without a cause. Courteousness blunteth envy. It is better to descend a little from state, than assume any thing which may seem above it. It is not safe to keep one's authority, on the stretch. Pride increases enemies, and puts our friends to flight. It was a just rebuke which a proud cardinal received from a friend, who upon his election went to Rome, on purpose to see him; and finding him all pride and consequence; after he had departed, made himself up a mourning suit, in which he revisited the cardinal: who asking the cause of his being so attired, received for answer, *It was for the death of humility, which died in him, when he was elected cardinal.* Authority displays the man. Whatsoever opinion thy former virtues have gained thee in the world, is now under a jury which will condemn it, if they find them to have slackened. The way to make honour last, is to do, by it, as men do by rich jewels, not render them common to the every-day eye, but case them up, and wear them on festivals only. And, be not too glorious, at first; it will raise too much expectation in men's minds, which when disappointed, will turn to neglect. Thou hadst better shew thyself, by a little at once, than, in a windy ostentation, pour out thyself alto-

gether. The respect thou wilt thus gain, will be more permanent, though it be not got in such haste. Some profit thou mayest derive from thinking from whence thou camest. He who bears this in his mind, will be more wary, how he trenches upon those who were once above him.

*Fama est, fictilibus cœnâsse Agathoclea Regem;
Atque abacum Samio sæpe onerâsse luto:
Fercula gemmatis cùm poneret horrida vasis,
Et misceret opes, pauperiemque simul:
Quærenti causam, respondit: Rex ego qui sum
Sicania figulo sum genitore satus.
Fortunam reverentèr habe, quicunque repente
Dives ab exili progredièrè loco.*

Aus. Ep. 8.

With earthen plate, Agathocles (they say)
Did use to meal: so serv'd with Samos' clay,
When jewel'd plate, and rugged earth was by,
He seem'd to mingle wealth and poverty.
One ask'd the cause; he answers: I that am
Sicilia's king, from a poor potter came.
Hence learn, thou that art rais'd from mean estate
To sudden riches, to be temperate.

It was the admonition of the dying Otho to Cocceius: *Neither too much to remember, nor altogether to forget, that Cæsar was his uncle.* When we look on ourselves in the shrine of prosperity, we are apt to be puffed up and scornful; when we think not of it at all, we are likely to lessen ourselves unworthily. An estate evened with these thoughts, endureth. Our advancement is frequently from fortune; our moderation in it, is that, which she can never give nor deprive us of. In what condition soever I live, I

would neither bite, nor fawn. He does well that subscribes to the rule of him who writes; *nolo minor me timeat, despiciatve major*, I desire not to be feared by my inferior, nor would I be despised by one above me.

OF MODESTY.

MODESTY sometimes brings a fool into bonds, to his utter undoing: when, out of a weak flexibility of nature, he has not courage enough to deny the request of a seeming friend. In friendship, it lets a man run on in absurdities, for fear of displeasing him, by telling him his fault. It is the fool only that puts virtue out of countenance: wise men ever take a freedom of reprovng, when vice is bold and daring. How plain was Zeno with Nearchus? how blunt Diogenes with Alexander? how serious Seneca with the savage Nero? A spirit modestly bold is like the wind, to purge the world's bad air. We often let vice spring, because we want the courage to set our faces openly against it: nay, we forbear from good actions, lest the world should deride us. How many men, when others have their store, will want themselves, because too shy to demand their own? But to blush at vice, is to let the world know that the heart within hath an inclination to virtue: this proceeds from a sense of shame, which is an excellent curb to keep us from straying and offence. I am persuaded numbers had been bad, that are not, if they had not been bridled by a bashful nature. Many have hearts for

vice, who have not the face for it. This modesty chides us from base company, restrains us from base enterprises, from beginning ill, or continuing in ill courses, when we discover them to be so; and with a silent kind of majesty (like a watch at the door of a thief's den), makes vice not dare peep out of the heart wherein it is lodged. It withholds a man from vain boasting; and makes a wise man not to scorn a fool. Certainly the heart of the blushing man is nearer heaven than the brazen forehead; for it is a branch of humility, and when that dies virtue is upon the wane. It was Livia's modesty that took Augustus: and she that won Cyrus, from a multitude, was a modest one. Even when but exterior, and face-deep only, it invites affection strongly. If that be good which is but counterfeit, how excellent is that which is real? Those things that carry a just infamy with them, I will justly be ashamed to be seen in. It is fear and cowardice that pulls us back from goodness. He is of base blood, that blushes at a virtuous action. I know things unseemly, though not dishonest, carry a kind of shame along with them, but sure, in resisting villainy, where courage is asked, bashfulness is, at best, but a weak and treacherous virtue.

OF SUSPICION.

SUSPICIONS are sometimes founded in judgment. He who knows the world bad, cannot but suspect it will be so still; but suspicion, for the most part,

proceeds from a self-defect; and then it gnaws the mind. He who knows he deserves not to be considered ill, why should he imagine that others should speak him so? We may observe how a man is disposed, by gathering what he doubts in others. St. Chrysostom has given the rule; *Sicut difficile aliquem suspicatur malum, qui bonus est: sic difficile aliquem suspicatur bonum, qui ipse malus est.* As the good man is not inclined to think evil of another; so, the bad man is not disposed to think well of him. Nero would not believe but all men were lascivious. By suspecting that to be, which we see not, we intimate to the world either what our own lives have been, or what our dispositions are. Jealousy is the worst kind of madness. We seek for that, which we would not find; or, if we do, what is it we get, but matter of vexation? which we come so basely by, that we are ashamed to own it. So, we are forced to keep it boiling in our breasts, like new wine to the hazard of the hogshead, for want of venting. Jealousy is a gin which we set to catch serpents, and which, as soon as we have caught them, sting us. Are we not mad, who being at peace, must needs go in search of discontentments? So far should we be from seeking them, that, generally speaking, we ought to be careless of those we find. Neglect kills an injury, sooner than revenge. When Socrates was told that one railed at him; *Let him, said he, beat me too; so I be absent, I care not.* He that will question every unpleasant word which he hears spoken of

him, shall have few friends, has but little wit, and will have much trouble. When Chrysippus was informed that his friend reproached him privately; he replied, *Aye, but chide him not, for then he will do as much in public.*—We are all sure to meet with vexation enough which we cannot avoid. I cannot think any man loves sorrow so well, as, in his discretion, to invite it to dwell in his heart. Did not Pompey do well to commit those letters to the fire, before he read them, in which he expected to find the cause of his grief? I will never unworthily try to come at a knowledge of that which can only occasion me trouble. Why should we not be ashamed to do that, which we are ashamed to be caught in doing? If I hear any thing by accident which may benefit me, I will, if I can, profit by it: but I will never lie in wait for my own abuse, or for the abuse of others, which concerns me not;—nor will I flame at every vain tongue's puff. He has a poor spirit who is not planted above petty wrongs. Small injuries I would either not hear, or not mind: nay, though I were told them, I would not know the author: for, by this, I may mend myself, without revenging myself upon the person.

OF FATE.

THERE is uncertainty in wisdom, as well as in folly. It often happens that, when man plotteth

to save himself, his plotting ends in his ruin, and that his own wit brings him into those snares, which above all things, he would shun. What we suspect and would avoid, we cannot: what we suspect not, we fall into. That which has now saved us, by-and-by, may kill us. We use means of preservation, and they prove destroying ones. We take courses to ruin us, and they prove in the sequel, our security. When Agrippina's death was plotted, her woman thought to save herself, by assuming the name of her mistress; and that, was the very cause of her death. Florus tells us of one, to whom, *Victoriam prælio error dedit*: an error in the fight, gave victory. How many, in flying from danger, have met with death! and, on the other hand, how many have found protection, even in the very jaws of destruction!

Et cum fata volunt, bina venena juvant.

And when fate lists, a double poison saves.

Some men, in their sleep, are cast into fortune's lap; while others, with all their industry, cannot even procure so much as one smile from her. There is no doubt but wisdom is better than folly, as light is better than darkness; yet I observe, Solomon says, *It happens to the wise and fool alike*. All human wisdom is defective: otherwise, it might help us against the lightning and the storm. As it is, it is but lesser folly, which sometimes succeeds, but as often fails. Grave counsels do not always prosper; nor does the fool's bolt always miss. Domitian's

reflective galleries could not guard him from the scarfed arm. Man is merely the ball of time; and is sometimes taken from the plough to the throne; and sometimes again, from the throne to a halter: as if we could neither avoid being wretched, or happy, or both.

*Non sollicitæ possunt curæ
Mutare rati stamina fusi.
Quicquid patimur mortale genus,
Quicquid facimus, venit ex alto.
Servatque suæ decreta colûs
Lachesis, durâ revoluta manu.
Omnia certo tramite vadunt;
Primusque dies dedit extremum.*

Senec. in *Œdip.* Act 5. Chor.

Our most thoughtful cares cannot
Change established fate's firm plot.
All we suffer, all we prove,
All we act, comes from above.
Fate's decrees still keep their course;
All things strictly by their force
Wheel in undisturbed ways;
Ends are set in our first days.

I know, there is a Providence ordering all things as it pleaseth, of which man is not able to render a reason. We may believe St. Jerome:—*Providentiâ Dei omnia gubernantur; et quæ putatur pœna, medicina est.* All things are governed by the providence of God; and those which we think are intended as a punishment, are meant for our good.—But the secret progressions of Providence, I confess, I know not. I see, there are arguments and objections on every side; I hold it to be a kind of mundane predestination, written in such characters, that it is not in the

wit of man to read them. In vain we murmur, at the things which must be; in vain we mourn over, what we cannot remedy. Why should we rave, when we meet with what we did not look for? It is our ignorance which makes us wonder. When we consider how little we know, we need not be disturbed, by any event.

*Regitur fatis mortale genus,
Nec sibi quispiam spondere potest
Firmum et stabile : perque casus
Volvitur varios semper nobis
Metuenda dies.*

Senec. Œd. Act 5. Chor.

All mankind is rul'd by fate,
No man can propose a state
Firm and stable : various chance,
Always rolling, doth advance
That something which we fear.

Surely, to these things we may well submit, and be contented, as knowing we are always in the hands of an Allwise Protector, who never gives ill, but to him that has deserved ill. Whatsoever befalls me, I would yield to it with a composed soul. It were a super-insanitated folly, to struggle with a power, which I know it is in vain to contend with. If a fair endeavour may free me, I will practise it; if that cannot, let me wait it with a calm mind. Whatsoever happens as a wonder, I will admire and magnify it, as the act of a power above my apprehension. But as it is an alteration to man, I will never think it marvellous. I every day see him suffer more changes, than he could have even imagined.

OF OSTENTATION.

VAIN-GLORY, at best, is only like a window cushion, specious without, and decorated with tasseled pendants; but within, nothing but hay or tow or some such trash, not worth looking on. Where I have found a flood in the tongue, I have found the heart empty. It is the hollow instrument that always sounds the loudest; and where the heart is full, the tongue is seldom liberal. Certainly, he that boasteth, if he be not ignorant, is at any rate, inconsiderate, in thinking so little of the slides and casualties to which man is ever liable. If thou be good, thou mayest be sure the world will know thee to be so; if thou be bad, thy bragging tongue will make thee worse, while the actions of thy life will confute thee; if thou wilt yet boast the good thou truly hast, thou obscurest much of thine own worth, in drawing it up by so unseemly a bucket as thine own tongue. The honest man takes more pleasure in knowing himself honest, than in knowing that all the world approves him so; virtue is built upon herself. Phocion called bragging Laosthenes, the cypress tree, which makes a fair shew, but seldom bears any fruit. He that does good for praise only, fails of that end which a good work ought to have in view. He only is virtuous, who is so for virtue's sake. To do well, is as much applause as a good man labours for. Whatsoever good work thy hand builds, is pulled down by the folly of a boasting tongue. St. Gregory wittily observes: *Sub hoste quem pros-*

ternit, moritur, qui de culpá quam superat elevatur.
He who thinks too much of his own virtues, teaches others to dwell on his vices.—All are enemies to an assuming man. When he would have more than his due, he seldom finds so much. Whether it be out of jealousy; or whether we consider another's exalting himself, to be our depression; or whether it proceed from our displeasure, that he should so undervalue goodness, as, despising her approbation, to prefer to it the uncertain warrant of men; or whether it be an instinct stamp'd in man, to dislike the vain-glorious; it is certain, no man can endure the puffs of a swelling mind. Nay, though the vaunts be true, they do but awaken scoffs; and, instead of a clapping hand, they find a look of scorn. When a soldier bragged too much of a great scar in his forehead, he was asked by Augustus, if he did not get it when he turned his back on the enemy? If I have done any thing well, I will never think it worth while to tell the world of it. There is nothing added to essential virtue, by the hoarse clamour of the blundering rabble. If I have done ill; to boast the contrary is, I think, like painting an old face, to make it so much the more ugly. If it be of any thing past, the world will talk of it, though I be silent. If not, it is more noble to neglect fame, than seem to beg it. If it be of ought to be done, I am foolish for speaking of that, which I am not sure to perform. We disgrace the work of virtue, when we, in any way, try to seduce voices for her approbation.

OF HOPE.

HUMAN life has not a surer friend, nor oftentimes a greater enemy than hope. It is the miserable man's god, which in the hardest gripe of calamity, never fails to yield him beams of comfort. It is the presumptuous man's devil, which leads him a while in a smooth way, and then suddenly breaks his neck. Hope is to man, as a bladder to a learning swimmer; it keeps him from sinking in the bosom of the waves; yet it oftentimes makes him venture beyond his depth, and then, if it breaks, or a storm rises, he is sure to be drowned. How many would die, did not hope sustain them! How many have died, by hoping too much! This wonder we may find in hope; that it is both a flatterer, and a true friend. Like a valiant captain, in a losing battle, it is ever encouraging man, and never leaves him till they both expire together. While breath pants in the dying body, there is hope fleeting in the waving soul. There is one thing which may add to our value of hope, that it is appropriate unto man alone: for other living creatures have it not at all; they are only capable of the present; whereas man, apprehending future things, has this given him, for the support of his drooping soul. Who would live when surrounded with calamities, did not smiling hope cheer him, with the expectation of deliverance?

*Finirent multi leto mala; sed credula vitam
 Spes fovet, et melius cras fore semper ait.
 Spes alit agricolas; spes sulcis credit aratis
 Semina, quæ magno fœnore reddat ager.*

*Hæc laqueo volucres, hæc captat arundine pisces,
 Cùm tenues hamos abdidit ante cibus.
 Spes etiam validâ solatur compede vinctum ;
 Crura sonant ferro, sed canit inter opus.*

Tibullus, El. 6. l. 2.

Thousands in death would seek an end of woe,
 But hope, deceitful hope ! prevents the blow !
 Hope plants the forest, and she sows the plain ;
 And feeds with future granaries the swain ;
 Hope snares the winged vagrants of the sky,
 Hope cheats in reedy brooks the scaly fry ;
 By hope, the fettered slave, the drudge of fate,
 Sings, shakes his irons, and forgets his state.

There is no estate so miserable, as to exclude her comfort. Imprison, vex, fright, torture, shew death with his most horrid brow ; yet hope will dart in her reviving rays, to illumine and exhilarate. But though she often befriends us with her gentle shine, she as often fools us with her sleek delusions. She dandles us into killing flames, sings us into lethargies ; and, like an over-hasty surgeon, skins over sores which are full and foul within. She cozens the thief of the coin he steals : and cheats the gamester more than even the falsest die. All men are subject to her deceptions ; from him that stoops to the loam wall upon the naked common, to the monarch in his purpled throne. It is hope that undoes the prodigal, that delivers the ambitious to the edged axe, and the rash soldier to destruction in the battle. Whatsoever good we see, it tells us we may obtain it ; and in a little time, tumbles us, in the down of our wishes : but it often performs like Domitian, promising all and performing nothing. We see a box, wherein we

believe there is a pardon; so we are merry on the brink of death; while we are dancing, the trap-door falls under us, and hope make us jocund, till the ladder turns; and then, it is too late to care. Certainly, it requires a great deal of judgment to balance our hopes evenly. He who hopes nothing, will never attain to any thing. This good comes of over-hoping, that it sweetens our passage through the world, and sometimes so sets us to work, as to produce great actions, though not always exactly suitable to our ends. But then again, he that hopes too much, shall deceive himself at last; especially, if his industry does not go along with his hopes; for hope, without action, is a barren undoer. The best is to hope for things possible, and probable. If we can take her comforts, without placing our entire confidence in her, we shall surely find her a sweet companion. I will allow my hope to travel beyond reason; but I would not have her build there. By this, I shall reap the benefit of her present service, and, at the same time, prevent the treason she might beguile me with.

THAT SUFFERANCE CAUSETH LOVE.

IN noble natures, I never found it fail, that those who suffered for them, they ever greatly loved. Nothing indeed attaches us more strongly to our friend, than his having smarted for our sake, or having freely borne the burden which was ours. He has, in a manner, made a purchase of thy life, by saving it:

and though he forbears to call for it, yet I believe, thou owest it him. There is a sympathy of souls, which makes men sensible of each other's sufferances. I know not by what hidden way it is, but I find that love increases by adversity. Ovid confesses it :

———— *Adverso tempore crevit Amor :*

———— Love heightens by depression.

To make two friends entire, we need but plot, to make one suffer for the other's sake. For this is always the case, with a worthy mind ; it grieves more at the misfortune of a friend, than it can do for its own. Men often know how to manage a trouble in themselves, how to entertain it : but in another, they are uncertain how it may work. In courtesies rendered us, it is most noble to prize them after the author's intention, if they be mean ; but after their effect, if they be great : and when we render them to others, to value them only, as the result may prove them to be beneficial to the receiver.

THAT POLICY AND FRIENDSHIP ARE SCARCELY
COMPATIBLE.

GIVE me for a friend, one who is virtuously wise, not cunningly hid. Policy in friendship, is like logic in truth : something too subtil for the plainness of an open heart. To love oneself over-much, is a quality which fights against the twist of friendship : for, what love joins, this puts asunder. Scipio would not believe it was ever the speech of a wise man, which

wills us, so to love, as if we were to hate immediately. The truth of affection projecteth perpetuity; and that love which can presently leave, was never well begun. He who will not in a time of need, halve it with a streightened friend, does but usurp the name of friend, and prostitute it. Nor is he more to be regarded, that will kick at every failing of his friend. There are some who will do, as Fabius said of Syphax; be true in small matters, that they may be trusted, and deceive in greater:—but these are to be banished the league of friendship. The politic heart is too full of cranks and angles, for the openess of a familiar. It is uncertain to find him, who frequently changes his habitation: and so it is, with a heart which has devices and inventions for itself alone. Things which differ in their end, will surely part, in their way; and such are policy and love. The end of policy, is to make a man's self great: the end of love, is to advance another. For a friend to converse with, let me rather meet with a sound affection, than a crafty brain. One may fail me by accident, but the other will do it out of fore-intent. And then, there is nothing more dangerous, than studied adulation; especially, where it knows it is trusted. The purest affection is likely to be between those, where there cannot be a motive for sinister ends.

OF DRUNKENNESS.

WHEN Musæus said, that the reward of virtue was perpetual drunkenness, he meant it, of celestial exhi-

laration: and surely, the good man is full of joyful enlivenings, to which the world are strangers. There is but one thing which distinguishes beast from man, reason; and this, drunkenness robs him of. The cup is the betrayer of the mind. He that would anatomize another's mind, can do it best, when wine has numbed the senses. For confession, there is no such rack as wine; nor could the devil ever find a cunninger bait wherewith to angle both for acts and meanings. Even the most inward cogitations of the soul, in this flood, will fall from the swollen tongue; yet madly we pursue this vice, as the kindler both of wit and mirth. Drunkenness besots a nation, and brutifies even the bravest spirits. There is nothing which a man who is soaked in liquor is fit for; no, not even for sleep. The Macedonian Philip would not make war against the Persians, when he heard they were such drinkers: for, he said, they would ruin themselves. Though the soul of a drunkard should be so drowned, as to become insensible; yet his body, methinks, should irk him to a penitence and discontinuance. When, like a poisoned bulk, all his powers mutiny in his skin, no question but he must be pained, till they come again to a settling. What a monster man is, in his inebriations! A swimming eye, a face both roast and sod, a rambling tongue, clammed to the roof and gums; a drumming ear, a fevered body; a boiling stomach; a mouth rendered nauseous with offensive fumes, till it sickens the brain with giddiness; a palsied hand, and legs tottering and reeling under their moistened burthen. It is

very probable, that it was drunkenness which killed the valiant Alexander. Proteas gave him a quaff of two gallons, which brought on the disease of which he died. You shall scarcely find a man much addicted to drinking, who is not ruined by it. Either it betrays him into the snares of his enemies, or overbears his nature, to a final sinking. There are some, whose delight it is to *tun it*, and who, like Bonosus, never strain their bladder by it. But surely, some fate attends them, for thus consuming of the country's fat. That it is practised most by the meanest people, proves it to be the baser vice. I knew a gentleman who followed a noble lady in this kingdom, who would often complain, that the greatest inconvenience he found in her service was, his being forced to drink. And the better he is, the more he shall find it. The eyes of many are upon the eminent; and servants, especially those of the lower rank, are of such low breeding, that they are ignorant of any other entertainment. We may observe, that drunkenness ever first takes its footing, in the most barbarous nations. The Scythians were such lovers of it, that it grew into their name: and if you except Anacharsis, how barren were they both of wit and manners! The Grecians, I confess, practised it; but when it became a habit with them, they mightily decayed in brain. The Italians and Spaniards, whom I take to be the most civilized people, I do not find tainted with this vice. I like a cup, to brisk the spirits; but continuance dulls them. It is less labour to plow, than to pot it: and forced healths do infinitely add to the irksomeness of it.

————— *Non ego te, candide Bassareû !
 Invitum quatiam : nec variis obsita frondibus
 Sub divum rapiam. Sæva tene cum Berecynthio
 Cornu tympana ; quæ subsequitur cæcus amor sui,
 Et tollens vacuum, plus nimio, gloria verticem,
 Arcanique fides prodiga, perlucidior vitro.*

Hor. l. 1. Ode 18.

Great god of the vine, who dost candour approve,
 I ne'er will thy statutes profanely remove ;
 I ne'er will thy rites, so mysterious, betray
 To the broad glaring eye of the tale-telling day.
 Oh ! stop the loud cymbal, the cornet's alarms,
 Whose sound, when the bacchanal's bosom it warms,
 Arouses self-love, by blindness misled,
 And vanity, lifting aloft the light head ;
 And honour, of prodigal spirits, that shews,
 Transparent as glass, all the secrets it knows.

Let me rather be disliked for not being a beast, than be good-fellowed with a sot, for being one. Some laugh at me, for being sober : and I laugh at them, for being drunk. Let their pleasures crown them, and their mirth abound ; the next day they will feel the inconvenience of it. *Bibite, et pergræcamini, ó Cimmerii ! Ebrietatem stupor, dolor, imbecillitas, morbus, et mors ipsa comitantur.*—Plaut. Most. Act 1. Sc. 1. Drink on and revel, O ye Cimmerians ! Your drunkenness is attended by stupefaction of the mind, by lowness of spirits, by imbecility, by disease, and even by death itself.

OF MARRIAGE AND SINGLE LIFE.

THE best chastity of all, I hold to be matrimonial chastity, when husband and wife are constant to

each other. Even nature and policy require that this constancy should be inviolably kept. First, in respect of the impureness of mixed posterity; and next, in respect of peace and concord among men. Some have complained of the Christian religion, as tying man so strictly in this respect, that when matches turn out ill, there is no means of remedy; but surely, if a liberty of change were permitted, all would grow into confusion; and a door would be opened to many evils, arising from humour only, which by this necessity, are, as it were, digested, and made straight again. Those I observe to agree best, who are of free natures, not subject to the fits of choler. Their freedom shuts out jealousy, which is the canker of wedlock; and divides both joy and sorrow. And when hearts alike disclose, they ever link in love. Self-conceited people never agree well together: they are wilful in their brawls, and reason cannot reconcile them. But the worst is, when self-conceit lights on the woman: she will think to rule, because she has the subtiller brain, and the man will look for it, as the privilege of his sex; and when wit is at war with prerogative, there is sure to be mad work. A woman with a wise soul, is undoubtedly the fittest companion for man: otherwise, God would have given him a friend rather than a wife. It is the crown of blessings, when in one woman a man findeth both a wife and a friend. Single life cannot have this happiness; though, in some minds, it has many which it prefers to it. This, has fewer cares, and more longings; but marriage has fewer longings, and more cares. And, as

I think, cares in marriage may be desirable; so I think, desire in single life, is not an evil of so great a size, as some men would have it to be. Single life I will like in some, whose minds can suffer continency; but should all men live thus, a hundred years would make the world a desert. And this alone may excuse me, if I prefer marriage.

OF CHARITY.

CHARITY is communicated goodness, and without it, man is no better than a beast, preying for himself alone. Certainly there are more men live upon charity, than there are who subsist of themselves. The world, which is chained together by intermingled love; would shatter and fall to pieces, if charity should chance to die. There are some things in this virtue, which seem to give it the precedence of all other virtues. With knowledge, with valour, with modesty, and so with other particular virtues, a man may be infected with some contrary vice; but with charity, we cannot be ill at all. Hence, I take it, is that saying in Timothy, *The end, or consummation of the Law, is love, out of a pure heart.* *Habere omnia sacramenta, et malus esse potest: habere autem charitatem, et malus esse non potest:* said Augustin of old. Other virtues are restrictive, and look to a man's self; but this takes all the world for its object, and there is nothing that hath sense but is the better for its exercise. Indeed, nothing makes us

more like unto God, than charity. As all things are filled with his goodness, so all are partakers of the good man's spreading love : nay, it is that which gives life to all the race of other virtues ; it is that which makes them to appear in act. Wisdom and science are worth nothing, unless they be distributive, and declare themselves to the world. Wealth is useless when locked up in a miser's treasure. It is charity only that maketh riches worth the owning. We may observe, when charitable men have ruled, the world hath flourished, and enjoyed the blessings of peace and prosperity ; the times have been more pleasant and smooth ; nor have any princes sat more secure or firm on their thrones than those who have been clement and benign : as Titus, Trajan, Antonine, and others : and how hard and unhappy have those times been, in which cruel men have had the sway ! Cicero says of Sylla's time : *Nemo, illo invito, nec bona, nec patriam, nec vitam retinere potuerat.* And when the senate in council, was moved at the cry of seven thousand Romans whom he had sent to execution at one time, he bade them mind their business, for it was only a few seditionists whom he had commanded to be slain. There are some who delight to see a Rome in flames, and who can linger men to martyrdom, and make them die by piecemeal. Tiberius told one that petitioned to be quickly killed, that he was not yet his friend. And Vitellius would needs see the scrivener die in his presence, for, he said, he would feed his eyes with the sight. I wonder where such men have their minds ;—neither God nor man,

nor nature ever made them such ;—they must borrow it from the wilderness, from the rude savage, and from tormenting spirits. When the leg will not bear the body, nor the stomach digest what it receives, nor the hand be serviceable to the directing head, the whole must certainly languish and die :—so also, in the body of the world, when its members are uncharitable and hostile towards each other, its frame must fall to pieces.

*Quòd mundus, stabili fide,
Concordes variat vices :
Quòd pignantia semina
Fædus perpetuum tenent :
Quòd Phæbus roseum diem,
Curru provehit aureo :
Ut quas duxerit Hesperus,
Phæbe noctibus imperet :
Ut fluctus avidum mare
Certo fine coerceat,
Ne terris liceat vagis
Latos tendere terminos :—
Hanc rerum seriem ligat
(Terras ac Pelagus regens,
Et Cælo imperitans) AMOR:
Hic si frena remiserit,
Quidquid nunc amat invicem,
Bellum continuò geret ;
Et quam nunc sociâ fide
Pulchris motibus incitant,
Certent solvere machinam.*

Boët. de Consolatione, l. ii. m. 8.

What's that whereby the world sustains
The same unerring faithful round ;
Whereby each principle remains
In due connection firmly bound ?

What's that whereby Apollo cheers
 The world with day's progressive light ;
 So that when Hesperus appears,
 Diana regulates the night ;
 So that the refluent tide may break
 The force of the devouring sea,
 Lest it should bury in th' attack,
 The earth with its profundity ?
 The pow'r which earth and sea obey,
 The pow'r which rules in heaven above,
 That pow'r which bears such mighty sway,
 Extending over all,—is LOVE.
 If love should once let go the rein,
 All those that make it now their care
 To love, and to be lov'd again,
 Would carry on continual war :
 All things which now to others lend,
 That all in one may life enjoy,
 Would then but severally tend,
 The common fabric to destroy.

The world contains nothing which has not some quality, which is of use to other works of creation ;—the air, yields fowls; the water, fish; the earth, fruit; and all these, yield something from themselves, for the use not only of man, but of each other. Surely, he who is rightly minded must not think his charity to one in need, a courtesy ; but a debt which nature, at his first being, bound him to pay. I would not water a strange ground, to leave my own in drought ; yet I think, to every thing which has sense, there is a kind of pity owing. Solomon's *good man is merciful, even to his beast*. Let my mind be charitable, that God may accept me. Let my actions express it, that man may be benefited.

OF TRAVEL.

IT was a frequent saying of Alexander, *That he had discovered more by his eyes than other kings could comprehend in their thoughts.* In this, he referred to travel. There is no map like the view of a country. Experience is the best informer; and one journey will shew us more than any description can. Some would not have a man move out of his own country; and Claudian mentions it as a happiness, for one's birth, life, and burial, to have been all in one parish. But surely, travel is of service to man. He has lived as if locked up in a larger chest, who has never seen any but his own land. One who is learned, honest, and who has travelled, is the best compound of man, and can correct the vices of one country with the virtues of another. Italy, England, France, and Spain, are as the court of the world; Germany, Denmark, and China, are as the city; and he who has not seen the best of these, is a little lame in knowledge. Yet I think it not fit, that every man should travel. It makes a wise man better; but a fool worse, for he attends to nothing but the public sights, the exotic manners, the aperies and the vices of the country he visits. A travelling fool is the shame of all nations: he shames his own, by his conduct abroad: he shames others, by bringing home nothing but their follies. A man, to improve himself by travel, ought to observe and comment on what he sees, noting as well the bad, to avoid it, as the good, to make use of it;—and without registering

these things by the pen, they will pass away without profiting him. One can hardly conceive how much the committing of a thought to paper, fixes it in the mind. He who does this, can, when he pleases, go over his journey again in his closet. It were an excellent thing in a state, to have always a select number of youth, of the nobility and gentry, to send abroad at years of some maturity, for education. Their parents could not better dispose of them, than in thus dedicating them to the commonwealth; nor could they themselves be in a fairer way of preferment; and there is no question but they might prove highly serviceable to the state, on their return home, well versed in the world and foreign languages, and well read in men; which, for policy and negociation, is much better than any book-learning, though never so deep and extensive. Being abroad, the best is to converse with the best, and not to choose by the eye, but by fame. For politics, instruction is to be had, at the court; for traffic, among merchants; for religious rites, among the clergy; for government, among the lawyers; and as for the country itself and rural knowledge, the boors and peasantry can best help you. Curiosities ought not to be neglected, especially antiquities; for these shew us the ingenuity of past ages, and include in them both example and precept. By comparing these with modern inventions, we may see how the world improves in knowledge. But above all, search out men of distinguished and superior merit. There is no monument like a living worthy man. We shall be sure to find something in him, to

kindle our faculties and enlarge our minds, and rouse us to a generous emulation of his virtues. Parts of extraordinary note cannot so lie hid, but they will shine forth through the tongue and behaviour, to the admiration and advantage of beholders; but, unless a man has judgment to direct him, he will, at his return, find all his labour lost. Some men, by travel, change in nothing: and some again, change too much. Indeed the moral outside, wheresoever we be, may seem best, when something fitted to the nation we are in: but wherever I should go or stay, I would ever keep to my God and friends, unchangeably. Howsoever he returns, he makes an ill voyage, who changes his faith with his tongue and garments.

OF MUSIC.

MUSIC is more for pleasure than for profit, and of all music, that is best which comes from an articulate voice; nature being always most lovely, in an unaffected and spontaneous flowing. A dextrous art shews cunning and industry, rather than judgment and genius. It is a kind of disparagement to be a cunning fidler; it argues a man's neglect of better employments, and shews that he has spent much time upon a thing unnecessary. Hence it has been counted ill, for great men to sing or play, like a professional musician. Philip asked Alexander, if he were not ashamed that he sang so skilfully. Many a mind has been seduced to evil by the ear. *Stratonicè*

took Mithridates by a song. Lively tunes cheer the mind; grave ones render it melancholy; lofty ones raise and elevate it. Whose dull blood will not caper in his veins, when the very air he breathes in, frisketh in a tickled motion? Who can but fix his eye and thoughts, when he hears sighs and dying groans, described by the mournful instrument? I think he has not a mind rightly formed, whose zeal is not inflamed by an heavenly anthem. Music is good or bad, according to the effect it produces. As the Spartans used it, it was an excitement to valour and honourable deeds; but then, they were so careful of the manner of it, as to fine Terpander, and nail his harp to a post, for being too inventive, by adding a string to it more than usual; though by his playing, and his poetry, he had appeased a sedition against the state. Sometimes, light notes are useful; as in times of general joy, and when the mind is depressed by sadness. But certainly those are best, which enflame zeal, excite courage, or induce gravity. One is for religion, as among the Jews; the other for war, as among the Grecians and Romans; and the last for peace and morality: thus Orpheus civilized the satyrs and barbarians. Those who altogether despise music, may well be suspected to be somewhat of a savage nature. We find that in heaven there are hallelujahs sung. I believe it to be a helper both to good and ill; and will therefore honour it, when it moves to virtue, and beware of it, when it leads to vice.

OF REPENTANCE.

HE that will not repent brings himself to ruin. Nor is he truly penitent, that is not progressive in the motion of aspiring goodness. A man should well be aware of the step which he has already stumbled on. An evil action suddenly fallen into, is loathed by him who committed it; and he is mightily careless, who does not grow more vigilant, on an enemy that hath once surprised him. But the danger is, when we glide in a smoothed way: for then, we shall never return of ourselves alone. Doubtless, repentance is so powerful, that it cannot but be the gift of Deity, said the Roman Theodosius. That living men die, is usual and natural; but that dead men live again by repentance, is a work of the Godhead only. How far, how secure should we run in vice, did not the power of goodness check us in our full-blown sail. That is the best life, which is a little sprinkled with the salt of crosses. The other, would be quickly rank and tainted. There are those whose paths are washed with butter, and the rosebud crowns them: but it is a misery to live in oiled vice, when her ways are made slippery with her own slime. Heaven is not had without repentance; and repentance seldom meets a man in jollity, in the career of lust, and the blood's loose riot. A father said of David; he sinned, as kings use to do; but he repented, sighed, and wept, as kings have used not to do. I would not be so happy, as to

want the means whereby I might be penitent. I am sure no man can live without sin : and I am sure no sinner can be saved, without it. Nor is this in a man's own choice, to take it up when he please. Surely, man, that would never leave sin, would never of himself, begin to repent. It were best, if possible, to live so, as we might not need it : but since I can neither, not need it, nor give it myself, I will pray Him to give it me, who after he hath given me this, will give me both release and glory.

OF WAR AND SOLDIERS.

As we see in bees, when the hive multiplies and fills, nature teaches it a way to ease itself by swarms : so the world and nations, when they grow over-populous, discharge themselves by troops and bands. The causes of all wars, may be reduced to five heads,—ambition, avarice, revenge, providence, and defence. The two first, were the most usual causes of war among the heathens. Yet what all the conquered called pride and covetousness, the Romans and Grecians would have to be honour and increase of empire. The first origin of war, Tibullus will needs have to be gold:—

Quis fuit, horrendos primus qui protulit enses ?

Quàm ferus, et verè ferreus ille fuit !

Tunc cædes hominum generi, tunc prælia nata ;

Tunc brevior diræ mortis aperta via est.

At nihil ille miser meruit ; nos ad mala nostra

Vertimus, in sævus quod dedit ille feras.

*Divitis hoc vitium est auri : nec bella fuerunt,
 Faginus adstabat dum scyphus ante dapes.
 Non arces, non vallus erat ; somnumque petebat
 Securus saturas dux gregis inter oves.*

L. 2. El. 10.

Who was the first that forg'd the deadly blade ?
 Of rugged steel his savage soul was made ;
 By him, his bloody flag ambition wav'd ;
 And grisly carnage through the battle raved.
 Yet wherefore blame him ? We 're ourselves to blame ;
 Arms first were forg'd to kill the savage game ;
 Death-dealing battles were unknown of old ;
 Death-dealing battles took their rise from gold ;
 When beechen bowls, on oaken tables stood,
 When temp'rate acorns were our fathers' food ;
 The swain slept peaceful with his flocks around ;
 No trench was open'd, and no fortress frown'd.

Wars which have arisen from the propagation of religion, have never been of such force, as since the Mohammedan law, and Catholic cause, have disturbed nations. Yet certainly, to lay the foundation of religion in blood, is to condemn it, before we teach it. The sword may force nature, and destroy the body, but cannot make the mind believe that lawful, which is begun in unlawfulness. As for those of revenge, I see not but it may be justifiable for a prince, even by war, to vindicate the honour of himself and people ; and the reason is, that in such cases of injury, the whole nation is interested, and the reparation is oftentimes more due to the subject, than to the sovereign. Wars of providence may well have a pass : as when princes make war, to avoid war. When they see a storm inevitably rising,

it is good to meet it, and break its force. Were they to sit still, until the blow be given, they might be undone by their forbearance. As for wars of defence, religion and all the rules of nature plead for them. There are three qualities which military commanders ought to possess; they should be wise, valiant, and experienced. Wisdom in a general, often ends the war, without war. Of all victories, the Romans thought that best, which was the least stained with blood. They were content to let Camillus triumph, when he had not fought. In these times, such conduct is especially requisite, since stratagems and advantages are now more in use than the open and daring mode of warfare. Yet valiant, a commander must be; else he grows contemptible, loses his command, and, by his own fear, infects his troops with cowardice. To the eternal honour of Cæsar, Cicero reports, that in all his military actions, there was not to be found one *ito* but always a *veni*: as if he scorned in all his onsets, to be any thing but a leader; always teaching by the strongest authority, his own forwardness, his own example. Wisdom and valour, however, notwithstanding their excellence, are lame, without experience. Let the commander be never so learned, his books cannot direct his designs, in particulars: and though he be perfect in a paper-plot, where his eye has all in view, he will fail in a siege, where he sees but a limb at once: besides, experience puts a credit on his actions, and makes him far more prompt in his undertakings. And, indeed, there is a great

deal of reason, why we should respect him, who, with an unsullied bravery, has grown old in arms. When every minute, death seems to pass by and shun him, he is as one whom the Supreme God has cared for, and, by a particular guard, has defended in the hail of death. It is true, a martial life is tempting to exorbitancy; yet this is more among the common sort, than among those who, by a noble breeding, are able to command. Want, idleness, and a familiarity with scenes of blood, have hardened them to outrages. It was with such, that Lucan was so out of charity:

*Nulla fides, pietasque viris, qui castra sequuntur,
Venalesque manus: ibi fas, ubi maxima merces.*

Lib. 10.

Nor faith, nor conscience, common soldiers carry:
Best pay is right: their hands are mercenary.

As to weapons of war, they differ much from those of ancient times: and I believe, the invention of ordnance hath mightily saved the lives of men. They command at such distance, and are so irresistible, that men come not to the shock of a battle, as formerly. We may observe, that the greatest numbers have fallen by those weapons, which have brought the contending parties nearest together. Formerly, the pitched field was the trial; and men were so engaged, that they could not come off, till blood had decided the victory. The same advantages are still, and rather greater now, than of old time: the wind, the sun, the better ground. In former wars, the air was ever clear: but now, the use of arms do mist and

thicken it; which, with other disadvantages, may soon endanger an army. Wars are of the same nature as offences, *Necesse est ut veniant*, they must be; yet, *Væ inducenti!* they are mightily in fault, who cause them. Even reason teaches us to cast the blood of the slain, upon the unjust authors of it. That which gives the mind security, is a just cause, and a just deputation. Let me have but these, and I shall think this, one of the noblest and most manly ways of dying.

OF PUBLIC SCANDAL.

IT is unhappiness enough for a man to be rotten within; but when by his conduct, he casts a stain on a whole society, his guilt will gnaw him with a sharper tooth. All men desire, that by distressing their foes, they may gladden their friend; but he who brings scandal on a church or nation, makes his friends mourn, and his enemies rejoice. One bad man may throw discredit on the warranted and maintained cause of a country. Blots appear more striking in a strict life, than in a loose one. No man wonders at the swine's wallowing in the dirt: but to see an ermine mired, is matter of surprise. Where do vices shew so foul, as in a minister, when he shall be heavenly in his pulpit only? They wound the Gospel, who, preaching it to the world, live as if they thought to go to Heaven some other way than that they teach the people. How unseemly is it, when a grave cassock shall be lined with a wanton reveller, and with

crimes, which make a loose one odious. Surely, God will be severest against those, that will wear his badge, and profess themselves his servants, and yet inwardly side with the devil, and lusts. They tarnish his honour, and cause the profane to jest at his holiness. We see that the prince suffers from the failings of his ambassador; and a servant's ill action somewhat touches the reputation of his master, who can only free himself by delivering him up to justice, or by discarding him; otherwise, he would be considered to patronize his misconduct. Other offences God may punish; but this, he assuredly will,—*lest the enemies of the truth triumph against him*. For this sin, David received his punishment;—*because he had given great occasion to the enemies of God to blaspheme*, the child must die. Surely, the vices of Alexander the Sixth did mightily hurt the cause of papacy: till then, princes were afraid of bulls and excommunications. What a stain it was to Christendom, for the Turk to be able to pull a Christian king's violated covenant from his bosom, in the war, and present it to the Almighty, as the act of those who professed themselves his servants! Beware how thy actions fight against thy tongue or pen. One bad action will pull thee down more, than many good reports can build thee up. As he who frames the strongest arguments against himself, and then fully answers them, does the best defend his cause: so he who lives strictest, and then foregoes his hold, does most disgrace his patron. Sins of this nature, are not faults, to ourselves alone; but by a kind of argu-

mentative way, do dishonour God in their consequences. And even all the church of sincerely good men, suffer in a seeming good man's fall. This is to be religiously wicked. If thou be unsound within, soil not the glorious robe of truth, by putting it upon thy unworthy form. When Diogenes saw a wanton vaunting in a lion's skin, he called unto him, *to forbear to make virtue's garment blush*. And indeed, virtue is ashamed, when she has a disgraceful servant. When those which should be suns, are eclipsed, the lesser stars will lose their light and splendour. The cruelty and blood-thirstiness of the Spaniards, in their conquests in the New World, have done more to keep others from their faith, than all their power and influence have won them proselytes. Some would not believe there was any happiness to be enjoyed in Heaven, because there were Spaniards there; so hateful can detected vice make that, which is even goodness itself. Second only to eternal goodness, is a wise man, uncorrupt in his life: his soul shines forth, and the lustre of it, attracts others who admire his worth, to imitate him. The best is, to let the same spirit guide both the hand and tongue. I will never profess, what I will not strive to practise; and will think it better to be a crooked timber, than a straight block for men to stumble on.

THAT DIVINITY DOES NOT CROSS NATURE, SO
MUCH AS EXCEED IT.

DIVINITY and morality are not so different, but that they may well live together: for, if nature be

rectified by religion, religion again is strengthened by nature. And as some hold of fate, that there is nothing which happens below, which is not written above in the stars, only that we have not skill to find it : so, I believe, there is nothing in religion, contrary to reason, if we knew it rightly. As to the conduct of man in society, and his own true happiness, philosophy hath very much agreed with Scripture. Nay, I think I may also add, for defining of God, excepting the Trinity, as nearly as man can conceive him. How exact hath it made justice? How rightly directed love? Exalting with great force, all those graces, which are in any way amiable. He who examines Plato, will find that he makes God the *solum summum bonum*, which is to be obtained by a pure and virtuous life. For defining God; my opinion is, that man, neither by divinity nor philosophy, can, as they say, *quidditative*, tell, what he is. It is fitter for man to adore and admire Him, than in vain to study to comprehend Him. The clogged and limited faculties of man can never sound Him, who is the unimaginable fountain of spirits; and from whom, all things, by a gradual derivation, have their light, life, and being. Philosophy and religion will be found to agree in this. But there are three things, wherein divinity soars above nature; the creation of the world, the redemption of man, and the way in which God will be worshipped.—As to the creation of the world: no philosophy could ever come up to that, which Moses taught us. All the conjectures of natural reason upon this subject, have rather proved man's invention and fancy, than his real knowledge. Some

would have all things to proceed, from fire; some, from air; some, from water; some, from earth; some, from numbers; some, from atoms; some, from simples; and some, from compounds. Aristotle came the nearest, in finding out the true *materia prima*: but because he could not believe it to be made out of nothing, he is content to err, and conclude it was eternal. Surely, this notion was as far from reason, as the other: his reason might have fled unto Omnipotency, as well as to eternity;—and so it is, when philosophy has gone as far as she is able, she arrives at Almightyness, and in that labyrinth is lost: where, not knowing the way, she goes on by guess, and cannot tell whether she is right or wrong. It is however to be remarked, that reason is rather subordinate to Divine knowledge than contradictory to it. She runs into Omnipotency; and, like a petty river, is swallowed in that boundless main.—As to the redemption of man, even the Scriptures call it a mystery: and all that humanity could ever reach to, is only a recourse to the general name of mercy, by the urgings of conscience. Every man knew that he had failed, and fallen. His own bosom would tell him this; but the way how he might be restored, never fell into the heathen's thoughts. This was a work which God alone has declared, by the immediate revelation of his word and will.—As to the manner how God would be worshipped, no depth of human knowledge could ever find it out, till he himself gave his directions in the Holy Scriptures. In the first chapter to the Romans, St. Paul grants that man might know

God, through *the visible things of him from the creation of the world*: but he also says that for their ignorance in this, *the wrath of God is revealed against them: because when they knew God, they glorified him not as God, but changed the glory of the incorruptible God, into an image made like to corruptible man, and of birds, and four-footed beasts, and creeping things.*—Thus, we see there are three things which the Scriptures teach us, which without them, we could never have learned from all the books in the world. We have also seen, that as to morality, nature is vigorous and intelligent: but in the things of God, that she is short-sighted, and cannot of herself see them. Can a fly comprehend man, upon the top of monarchy? No more can man comprehend God, in the height of Omnipotency. There are mysteries of faith, as well as causes of reason. Reason may guide me, when I have to deal with man; but in divine affairs, she shall wait on faith, and submit to her prerogative. The conscience is great, but God is far greater than it.

OF LOQUACITY AND TEDIOUSNESS IN DISCOURSE.

A PRATING barber came to trim king Archelaüs, and said to him, *How will you please to have me cut your hair?*—Said the king, *Silently.* Though a man has nothing to do, but to hear and answer, yet a boundless tongue is a strange unbridled beast to be worried with; and the misery is, that those who speak much, seldom speak well. It is a sign of ignorance

not to know that long speeches, though they may please the speaker, are the torture of the hearer. Horace, I think, was to be pitied when he was put into a sweat, and was almost slain in the *via sacra*, by the accidental detention of a prating tongue. There is nothing tires one more than words, when they clatter, like a loose window shaken by the wind. A talkative fellow may be compared to an unbraced drum, which beats a wise man out of his wits. Surely, nature did not guard the tongue with the double fence of teeth and lips, without meaning that it should not move too nimbly. When a scholar full of words, applied to Isocrates for instruction, the latter demanded of him a double fee: one, to learn him to speak well; another, to teach him to hold his peace. Those who talk too much to others, I fear, seldom speak enough with themselves; and then, for want of acquaintance with their own bosoms, they may well be mistaken, and exhibit foolishness when they think they are displaying wisdom. Loquacity is the fistula of the mind; ever running, and almost incurable. Some are blabbers of secrets; and these are traitors to society; they are vessels unfit for use, for they are bored in their bottoms.

There are others, again, who will cloy you with their own inventions; and this is a fault of poets. He who in his epigram invited his friend to supper, made him promise, that he

—— no verses would repeat.

Some will preamble a tale impertinently: and cannot

be delivered of a jest, till they have travelled an hour in trivials;—as if they had taken the whole particulars in short-hand, and were reading from their notes;—thus, they often spoil a good dish with improper sauce and unsavory farcements. Some are addicted to counselling, and will pour it in, even till they stop the ear. Tedious admonitions stupify the advised, and make the giver contemptible. It is the short reproof which stays like a stab in the memory, that tells; and oftentimes three words do more good, than an idle discourse of three hours. Some have varieties of stories, even to the wearing out of an auditor; and this is frequently the grave folly of old persons, whose unwatched tongues stray into the waste of words, and give us cause to blame their memories, for retaining so much of their youth. There are others also who have a leaping tongue, to jig into the tumult of discourse; and unless you have an Aristius to take you off, you are in great danger of a deep vexation. A rook-yard in a spring morning, is not a greater nuisance than one of these. Doubtless, the best is to be short, plain, and material. Let me hear one wise man sentence it, rather than twenty fools; garrulous in their lengthened tattle.—*Est tempus quando nihil, est tempus quando aliquid: nullum autem est tempus, in quo dicenda sunt omnia.* (Hug. Vict.) There is a time when we ought to be silent, and there is a time when we may speak; but there is no time, in which all things should be spoken.

OF THE CAUSES THAT MAKE MEN DIFFERENT.

CERTAINLY, those men that we see mounting to a nobleness of mind in honourable actions, are pieces of nature's truest work ; especially in their inward faculties. External defects there may be, and yet they do not always hinder the internal powers. These, are commonly affected by the temperature of the air, by education, by diet, and by age and passion. From the air, we see the southern people are lightsome, ingenious, and subtil. The northern are slower, and more dull.

Temperie cæli corpusque, animusque juvatur.

Both soul and body, change by change of air.

The influence of education is seen in every place. If you travel but from court to the country ; or but from a village to an academy ; or see but a horse well managed, and another resty in his own fierceness, you witness its effects. Diet, no question, alters much ; even the giddy airiness of the French, I rather impute to their diet of wine and wild fowl, than to the difference of their clime, it being so near an adjoinder to ours. And in England, I believe our great use of strong beer and gross flesh, is a great occasion of dregging our spirits, and corrupting them, till they shorten life. Age, is also a changer. Man has his zenith, as well in understanding, as in vigour of body ; he grows from sense to reason ; and then again declines to dotage and to imbecility. Youth is too young in brain ; and age again drains away the spirits. Passion blunts the edge of conceit ; and

where there is much sorrow, the mind is dull, and unperceiving; the soul is oppressed, and lies languishing in an unsociable loneliness, till it becomes stupid and inhuman. Nor do these more alter the mind, than the body. The lamenting Poet puts them both together;

Jam mihi deterior canis aspergitur ætas;

Jamque meos vultus ruga senilis arat.

Jam vigor, et quasso languent in corpore vires:

Nec juveni, lusus, qui placere, juvant.

Nec me, si subito videas, cognoscere possis;

Ætatis facta est tanta ruina meæ.

Confiteor, facere hoc annos: sed et altera causa est;

Anxietas animi, continuusque labor.

De Pont. l. 1. Ep. 4.

Now, colder years, with snow my hairs enchain:

And now the aged wrinkle plows my face.

Now through my trembling joints, my vigour fails,

Mirth too, that cheer'd my youth, now nought avails.

So ruin'd and so alter'd am I grown,

That at first sight, I am not to be known.

Age one cause is: but that which more I find,

Is pain perpetual, and a troubled mind.

Certainly, the best is, to weigh every man, as his means have been. A man may look in vain for courtly behaviour in a ploughman; or learning in a mechanic. Who can expect a lame man should be swift in running; or, that a sick man should deliver an oration with grace and animation. If I find any one failing in his manners, I will first consider his means, before I censure the man. And he who, from negligence, falls short of what he might be, I will think as justly blameable, as he that from care has adorned his behaviour above his means, is commendable.

THAT IT IS BEST INCREASING BY A LITTLE AT
ONCE.

THERE is nothing more operative than sedulity and diligence. A man would wonder at the mighty things which have been done, by degrees and gentle augmentations. Diligence and moderation are the best steps, whereby to climb to any excellency; nay, it is rare that there is any other way. The heaven sends not down its rain in floods, but by drops and dewy distillations. A man is neither good, nor wise, nor rich, at once; but, by softly creeping up the hill, he every day betters his prospect; till at last he gains the top. Here he learns a virtue, and there he overcomes a vice. An hour in a day, may profit a man much in his study, if he but regularly continues so to employ it. Something laid up every year, will in time, accumulate to a considerable stock. Nay, if a man does but save, he shall increase; and though when the grains are scattered, they be next to nothing: yet together, they will swell the heap. A poor man once found the tag of a point, and put into the lap of his skirt: being asked, what he could do with it? he answered, *What I find all the year, (though it be never so little) I lay it up at home, till the year's end: and with all together, I every new-year's day add a dish to my cupboard.* He that has the patience to attend to small profits, will be sure to thrive: and he that from every thing collects something, shall in time acquire a treasury of wisdom: and when all is considered, this is the best course

which man can pursue. It is for Omnipotence, to do mighty things, in a moment : but, by degrees to arrive at greatness, is the way that he hath left for man. And indeed, to gain any thing, is a double work : for we must first, remove the hindrances ; next, we must obtain the advantage. All good things which concern man, are in such a declining estate, that without perpetual vigilance they will recede and fall away. But then there is a recompence which always follows industry ; it ever brings an income which sweetens the toil. I have often found hurt from idleness, but never from a lawful business. Nay, that which is not profitable in itself, is yet made so, by being employment ; and when a man has once accustomed himself to business, he will think it pleasure, and feel himself unhappy in a state of inactivity. Besides, when we gain this way, practice grows into habit : and by pursuing it for a while, we grow to do so for ever. We may observe, those creatures which are longest in attaining their height, are longest in declining. Man is twenty years increasing, and his life is four-score : but the sparrow, that is fledged in a month, is dead in a year. He who acquires an estate, will preserve it better than he that finds one. I will never think to be perfect at once. If I find myself a gainer at the year's end, it shall somewhat comfort me, that I am proceeding. I will every day labour to do something which may improve me ; though it be not much, it will be the surer done. If I can keep vice under, and win upon that which is good (though it be but a little at once), I may come to be better in time.

OF CONTENTMENT.

THOSE who preach contentment to all, do but teach some how to dwell in misery ; unless you will grant content desire, and chide her but for murmuring. Let not man so sleep in content, as to neglect the means of making himself more happy and blessed : nor yet when the contrary of what he looked for comes, let him murmur at that providence, which disposed it to cross his expectation. I like the man who is never content with what he does enjoy ; but by a calm and fair course, has a mind still rising to a higher happiness : But I like not him who is so dissatisfied, as to repine at any thing that does befall him. Let him take the present patiently, joyfully, thankfully ; but let him still be soberly, in quest of better ;—and indeed it is impossible to find a life so happy here, as that we shall not find something we would add to it, something we would take away from it.—The world itself is not a garden, wherein all the flowers of joy are growing : nor can one man enjoy the whole of those that are there. There is no absolute contentment here below ; nor can we in reason, think there should be : since whatsoever is created, was created tending to some end, and till it arrives at that end, it cannot be fully at rest. Now we all know, God to be the end, to which the soul tends : and till it be dismanacled of the clogging flesh, it cannot approach the presence of such purity, such glory. When it meets with God, and is united to him, who is the spring and source of all true happiness ; then it may

be calm, and pleased, and quiet: but till then, as physicians hold of health, the best is but neutrality. So it is of happiness and content in the soul: nay, the most absolute content man can enjoy, in his corruptible rags of earth, is indeed, but lesser discontentment: that which we find here most perfect, being rather Utopian and imaginary, than real and substantial; and is sooner found falling from a poet's pen, than any way truly enjoyed by him, who swims in the deepest stream of pleasure; Martial is one of these poets.

*Vitam quæ faciunt beatiorem,
Jucundissime Martialis, hæc sunt:
Res non parta labore, sed relicta;
Non ingratus ager, focus perennis,
Lis nunquam, toga rara, mens quieta,
Vires ingenuæ, salubre corpus,
Prudens simplicitas, pares amici,
Convictus facilis, sine arte mensa;
Nox non ebria, sed soluta curis:
Non tristis torus, attamen pudicus:
Somnus, qui faciat breves tenebras.
Quod sis, esse velis, nihilque malis:
Summum nec metuas diem, nec optes.*

Ep. 47. lib. 10.

Things that can bless a life, and please,
Sweetest Martial, they are these;
A store well left, not gain'd with toil;
A house thine own, and pleasant soil,
No strife, small state, a mind at peace,
Free strength, and limbs free from disease,
Wise innocence, friends like and good,
Unarted meat, kind neighbourhood,
No drunken rest, from cares yet free;
No sadd'ning spouse, yet chaste to thee;

Sleeps, that long nights abbreviate,
 Because 'tis liking, thy wish'd state :
 Nor fear'd nor joy'd, at death or fate.

But where shall you find a man thus seasoned? if it be for a while, it lasts not: for by one, or other accident, he is tossed in the waving world. And this made Diogenes resolve; unto fortune, to oppose his confidence and resolution; to the law, nature; and to his affections, reason. This was good, but not well: we have grace, and Scripture, which is a better guide than nature. I would be so content with what I have, as I would ever think the present best: but then I would only think it best, for the present: because, whensoever I look forward, I see what is better; to arrive at which, my soul will long. The soul that with but half an eye sees God, will ever be on the wing, till she alights on him.

HOW HE MUST LIVE, THAT LIVES WELL.

HE who neglects his duty to himself, his neighbour, or his God, fails in something, that should make life commendable. For ourselves, we need order; for our neighbour, charity; and for our God, our reverence and humility: and these are so linked one to another, that he who lives orderly, cannot but be acceptable, both to God and his fellow-creatures. Nothing jars the world's harmony, like men who break their ranks. One turbulent spirit will disturb even the calmest kingdom. We may see the beauty of order, in nothing

more, than in some princely procession. And though indeed, the circumstances and ceremonies belonging to state, are not intrinsically necessary to government; yet by a secret working in the minds of men, they add a reverence to it, and awe the otherwise loose rabble. Did every man keep his own life as he ought, what a state of concord would a world, a kingdom, a city, a family, be? But being so infinitely disjointed, it is necessary that some should afford their help, and be charitable. If none were to repair the breaches, how soon would all lie levelled in demolishments? Love is so excellent, that though it be but to one's self alone, yet others partake and find the benefit. Without charity, a man cannot be sociable; and take away that, and there is little else, that a man has to do in the world. How pleasant can good company make his life beneath! Certainly, if there be any thing sweet in mere humanity, it is in the intercourses of beloved society; when every one shall be each other's counsellor, each other's friend, and mine, and solace: and such a life as this, I take to be the most pleasing to God, as well as to man. But yet this cannot be truly pleasing, unless a man be careful to give to God, the honour that he owes him. When a man shall do these things, and perform his duty to his Maker; he shall find a peace within, which shall fit him for whatsoever falls. He shall not fear himself: for he knows his course is order. He shall not fear the world, for he knows he has done nothing to injure it. He shall not be afraid of heaven, for he knows he there shall find the favour of a servant, of a son;

and be protected against the malice and the spleen of Satan. Let me live thus, and I care not, though the world should mock at my innocence. Let me but obey St. Bernard; then, I know I cannot but be happy both here and hereafter:—*Tu qui in congregatione es, benè vive, ordinabilèr, sociabilèr, et humilitèr: ordinabilèr tibi, sociabilèr proximo, humilitèr Deo.* Lead a good life; that is, live regularly, sociably, and humbly: regularly, as to yourself; sociably, as to your neighbour; humbly, as to your God.

Omnia Deo.

END OF THE FIRST PART.

RESOLVES:

DIVINE, MORAL, AND POLITICAL.

SECOND PART.

OF IDLE BOOKS.

IDLE books are the licensed follies of the age. Some are simple; and these, though they render the author ridiculous, seldom hurt the reader more than by loss of time; for, if he hath any sense, he will grow wiser by the folly that is presented to him, as drunkards are often cured by seeing the beastliness of others who are so. The least caution is necessary to be given of such books; for man will no more dwell in one of these, than a traveller of quality will lodge in an ale-house or a booth. It was Cicero, who said, *Lectionem sine ullâ delectatione negligo*, he hated reading where no pleasure dwelt. There is another kind of books which are wanton and licentious; and these like rank flesh unsalted, carry a taint which poisons. It is true, wit is in general readier at such productions than at any other: yet, the best are never obscene. Vicious, or vulgar is his character, who deals in licentious thoughts and expressions. Decency is the corrective of manners; and even although such works be refined in point of language,

yet are they but as unsavoury breaths, perfumed. There is only a more precious stink, which certainly shews either what the conversation hath been, or what the inclination is; for the pen is more the mind's interpreter than speech. Yet, as it regards society, writings which are scandalous, are worse. They are a kind of barbarousness, in death unto the dead; for printing gives perpetuity, and carries to future ages both the author's malice and the infamy of the party that is traduced. It is unworthy to traduce the absent, even though provoked by passion; but to display a man's malice in writing, is deliberate wickedness; to which (with his own disgrace) he sets his hand and seal, and does an injury for which he cannot make amends sufficient; for admit he does retract in public, he is not sure that all who saw his first book, shall come to read his last. A spiteful pen picks out only the vices and corruptions of men, and leaves their virtues buried and untouched, which if justly attended to, might be found to balance all their failings. But above all, to abuse the dead is most deadly. The dead is as the fatherless and widow, whose cause, because they want defenders, God himself will vindicate. How much below the gallantry of man is it, to tyrannize over the defenceless! The brave soul scorns advantages. Is it reasonable in arms, to fight against the naked? To meet my enemy without a weapon, is his protection, if I be provided. The dead are tamely passive; and, should the dishonour of them be tolerated, what fame could rest unblasted in the grave? When Agesilaüs was presented with Lysan-

der's treasonable letters, and was about to read them at the head of his army, he was told Lysander was dead; and this made him abandon his purpose. Next to scandalous books, are heretical. These fill the world with tares, which like ill plants in a good ground, if they be let grow to seed, they sow themselves, and perpetuate their corruptions to future generations. The heretic must needs be obstinate and arrogant; for by presuming on his own sense, he grows incorrigible. He is the highest papal man in the world; for he sets himself up above the church, and all her doctors. While he cries down others for infallible, he acts, as if he was so. His presumption must needs be vast, who builds more on his own tenet, than upon the mature judgment of all the successive fathers; as if God had revealed more to him, than to all the pillars and propagators of his church. St. Augustin tells us that he is an heretic, *qui pro alicujus temporalis commodi, et maximè gloriæ principatúsque sui gratiá, falsas ac novas opiniones gignit, aut sequitur*; who for some temporal profit, and for his own pre-eminence, either authors, or persists in some new and false opinions. Usually, it is for private ends and interest; and then how infinitely does he offend, who will bias God's truths, and accommodate them to his corrupted benefit? He raises himself above God, under the pretence of serving him, and sins more in his grave, and dead, than when he was alive; for he poisons from generation to generation:—and, which is worst of all, he offends till the world's end, in a book which cannot repent. But above all,

profane works are to be avoided. The very reading of them, is an unhappiness; but a second perusal, guilt and approbation. The heretic, misunderstands religion; but the profane one, scorns it. Such, the very heathen admitted not to sacrifice. The profane is he, *qui nihil habet sacri; qui sacra negligit, violat, conculcat*; who has nothing of religion in him, but neglects, destroys, and spurns all that is sacred. He is indeed the practical atheist, who, contemning heaven, hath more than the mere pagan, forgot himself to be man. If man, made up of infirmities, be so jealous of his honour, that with the hazard of his life, he dares duel him that stains it; how will God, who made man with this jealousy, be jealous of his own honour, by punishing such as wildly despise it? Shall the clay grow insolent against the potter, or the worm affect to hold up its head at the face of man? Beware of the profane and scorner. He who neglects God, will make no scruple of betraying man. If he sits loose to heaven, he will never hold firm to earth; but for himself, will forsake his friends, having done so already as to God, to whom he is indebted for all he has.

The vicious author cannot offend alone. A corrupt book is an *amphisbæna*; a serpent headed, at both ends; one of which bites him that reads, the other stings him that writes: for if I be corrupted by his pen, the guilt grows his, as well as mine. I will not write, so as to hurt myself and posterity. I will not read, so as to hurt myself and predecessors. A foolish sentence dropt upon paper sets folly on a hill, and is a monument to make infamy eternal.

OF HUMILITY.

HE that would build lastingly, must lay his foundation low. The proud man, like the early shoots of a new-felled coppice, thrusts out full of sap, green in leaves, and fresh in colour; but bruises and breaks with every wind, is nipt with every little cold, and being top-heavy, is wholly unfit for use. Whereas the humble man retains it in the root, can abide the winter's killing blast, the ruffling concussions of the wind, and can endure far more than that which appears so flourishing. Like the pyramid, he has a large foundation, whereby his height may be more eminent; and the higher he is, the less does he draw at the top; as if the nearer Heaven, the smaller he must appear. And indeed, the nigher man approaches to celestials, and the more he considers God, the more he sees to make himself vile in his own esteem. He who values himself least, shall by others be prized most. Nature swells when she meets a check; but submission in us to others, begets submission in others to us. Force can do no more than compel us; while gentleness and unassumingness calm and captivate even the rude and boisterous. The proud man is a fool. I am sure, let his parts be what they will, in being proud, he is so. One thing may assuredly persuade us of the excellence of humility; it is ever found to dwell most with men of the noblest natures. Give me the man that is humble out of judgment, and I shall find him full of parts. Charles the Fifth,

appears as great, in holding the candle to his departing visitors, as when he was surrounded by his victorious officers. Moses, who was the first and greatest divine, statesman, historian, philosopher, and poet; who as a valiant general, led Israel out of Egypt; who was renowned for his miracles, and could roll up the waves to pass his men, and tumble them down again upon his enemies; who was a type of Christ, and styled a friend of God, and, as Ecclesiasticus tells us, *beloved both of God and men*; was nevertheless meek above all that were upon the face of the earth:—and, lest our proud dust should think it a disparagement to be humble, we are assured by our Saviour himself, that to be so, will be rest to our souls. We are sent to the pismire for industry, to the lion for valour, to the dove for innocence, to the serpent for wisdom; but for humility unto God himself, as an attribute more peculiar to his excellence. No man ever lost the esteem of the wise, by stooping to an honest lowness when there was occasion for it. I have known a great duke to fetch in wood to his inferior's fire; and a general of nations, descend to a footman's office, in lifting up the boot of a coach;—yet, neither thought it a degradation to their dignity. The text gives it to the publican's humility, rather than to the pharisee's boasting. He may well be suspected to be defective within, that would draw respect to himself by unduly assuming it. What is that man the worse, who lets his inferior go before him? The folly is in him, who arrogates respect when it is not his due: but the prudence rests with

him, who in the sereneness of his own worth, does not seek for it. I am not troubled, if my dog outruns me. The sun chides not the morning star, though it presumes to usher in day before him. While the proud man bustles in the storm, and begets himself enemies, the humble peaceably passes in the shade unenvied. The full sail oversets the vessel, which drawn in, may make the voyage prosperous. Humility prevents disturbance: it rocks debate asleep, and keeps men in continued peace. When the two goats met on a narrow bridge over a deep stream, was not that the wiser, which lay down for the other to pass over him, than that one which would rather hazard both their lives by contending? The former preserved himself from danger, and made the latter indebted to him for his preservation. I will never think myself disparaged either by preserving peace or doing good. He is charitable, who for christian ends, can be content to part with his due: and he who would take my due from me, wrongs not me so much as himself. I have ever thought it indiscretion to vie it in continued strife. Prevailing is but victory in part. The pride of my opponent may still remain unconquered. If I be subdued, beside my shame, I purchase his contempt to boot, when yielding out of prudence, I triumph over all, and bring him in to be mine. I had rather be accounted too humble, than be esteemed a little proud. The former tends to virtue and wisdom; the latter to dishonour and vice.

OF RELIGION AND MORALITY.

TO render a man perfect, both religion and nature are requisite; that is, faith and morality. But some will tell me that there needs but one; that religion comprehends them both; and certainly the Christian Religion purely practised, will be sufficient; for it rectifies and confirms the law of nature, and purging man from corruption by faith, presents him justified, and a fulfiller of the law, which nature cannot do. Religion more properly respects the service of God; yet takes care of man too. Morality looks most to our conversation with men; yet leaves us not, when we come to God and religion. I confess, I understand not, why some of our divines have so much cried down morality. A moral man with some, is but another name for a reprobate: whereas truly, charity and probability would induce us to think, that whosoever is morally honest, is so out of conscience, in obedience to the commands of God, and from the instincts of nature, so framed and qualified by God himself, rather than out of sinister, lower, or less noble ends. And therefore, I hold it to be most true, that as true religion cannot be without morality, no more can true morality be without religion. I look upon it, as the primitive and everlasting law and religion of man, which enstamped in his soul at his creation, is a ray issuing from the image of God. Till the law was given, what religion had man but his own morality, for almost two thousand years? It was the world's religion. What was it else, that taught

man to pray, and humble himself to a Deity; when he had done amiss, to make offertories to appease an angry Godhead, and to think of ways of expiation? And when the law was promulgated in tables of stone (to shew the perpetuity of it), was it not the same reduced to literal precepts, which even in the world's infancy, was written in the hearts of men? The judicial and ceremonial law of the Jews was abolished at our Saviour's coming; but the Decalogue, because it is moral, holds. We find it also barely perceptive and imperial; *do this*, or, *do not this*, without a reason given (unless in some, by consequence), because being moral, there needed none. The reason was in each man's heart before; not only among the Jews, but the Gentiles also. It was the universal religion of the world, which God at first gave man; and so pregnant in the minds of all, that it was sufficient, in good measure, to curb the loose exorbitancies of depraved nature, and lead her up towards her duty. What barbarous heathen condemns not in his conscience, what the law prohibits, or applauds not what it commands? Of this, the great Apostle speaks, where he tells us: *That when the Gentiles, which have not the law, do yet naturally the things contained in the law, they are a law to themselves.* Even reason, which is nature, leads a man up to religion's palace; though it shews him not all the private rooms within it. It brings him into the presence, though not into the privy chamber. It ushers him to faith, which rightly understood, is little more than rarified and pure celestial reason: for of faith, there is reason to

be given: and though it be set in a height, beyond our human perception, it is rather super-elevated, than contradictory to our reason. When man comes to faith, he then runs *out* of himself, but not at all *against* himself. He but lifts up nature to a higher scale. Religion and virtue is but nature better bred, more immediately deducing its original from God, the author and fountain of all that is good. Agreeable to this, is that which the orator tells us, in his *De legibus*, where he makes virtue nothing else, but perfect nature raised to its full sublimity. And, besides the schoolmen, I have met with a divine, declaring, that *religio est omnium moralium virtutum nobilissima*, religion is the noblest of all moral virtues. Reason can tell us, that having offended, we are, without satisfaction, liable to punishment. It can set us to search for a Saviour; though it cannot find him for us, in his gracious contrivances and sublime immensities. Even the Gospel, in its larger part, is moral. The law is the compendium of morality, and the Gospel is the compendium of the law. Upon *loving God above all things and our neighbour as ourselves*, hangs all the law and the Gospel. And this, as the concreated rule of man, is that which the Apostle calls the royal law; which if we fulfil, we do well. I find in most religions, some tenets which are destructive to humanity; tenets which though not, in the first sanction and frame of religion, yet in time brought in by particular professors, who have left posterity their disciples. The very foundations of religion, have by such, been dispensed with, under the

pretence of public interest, but in fact to bring in particular designs. But the true Christian Religion and true morality dares not do a wrong, nor so much as plead necessity, where, by suffering, it may be avoided. Even in all religions it will be found, that when they are cut out into sects, they run to division, and destroy. Like little rills from large rivers, they suffer not the stones to rest, but rattle and make a noise with their shallowness; while the main stream, by reason of his deepness, is both smooth and silent. Men who are of depraved and harsh dispositions, are aptest to become sectaries; and when such come once to be dipt in religion (for to be well washed, cleanseth), they are usually more virulent than any other sort of men. If they had the grounds of morality, even the goodness of nature would make them un-oppressive, and teach them, that it were nobler to undergo a self-denial or some sufferance, than by singularity and the morosity of an eager spleen, to create a public disturbance, perhaps to the unhinging of the whole frame of government. Certainly, however the pretext be religion, and that misleading meteor, liberty; yet in the violators of a just authority, it is either an ill-nature, or a sinister end, which draws them to persist in maintaining their point. If there were charity (without which all religion is vain) no man would prefer a self-immunity, before a general peace. Therefore, let men be never so specious in the formal profession and verbalities of religion; when I see them act things against morality, and such as are destructive to human society, I shall be content to call it craft or

policy, but by no means religion. To circumvent men into snares of either life, estate, or liberty; to entrap the unwary, and well-meaning man; to grow great, and rise by my neighbour's fall, to which I have contributed; to undo a man, for acting honesty and conscience; to delude the world, by vows and promises; to falsify oaths and public manifestoes; to be prodigal of the blood and lives of others; to lift them out of the world for by-ends; to appropriate to myself that which is not mine; to pretend one thing, and act the contrary: these and the like, being against the rules of morality, let them carry what face they will, religion may be the paint, but can never be the complexion of such actions. He who is not morally honest, whatsoever gloss his religion bears, he wears it but in water-colours, which either a warm breath or a wet storm, will melt away or blemish. Methinks, I find the heathens putting the blush upon the practice of some Christians, who stain the sincere profession of it by the underhanded complications of fraud and collusion. The name of Great was not undeservedly given to Alexander, for telling one who persuaded him to take the advantage of a dark night, to attack his enemy Darius: *that he had rather repent his fortune than blush at his victory.* I shall much suspect that religion, which has not the mastery of pride, intemperance, and deceit. There is a genuine clearness which looks braver than all the nick-named strong abilities of over-reaching. And that is to be a man answerable to David's queries in his 15th Psalm, which all point at our conversation with men.

In the beginning, it makes him *dwell in God's tabernacle*; in the end, *it sets him immovable*. The Apostle seems to couple both together, when he tells us, that, *fearing God and working righteousness, makes a man acceptable, in what nation soever he be*. The immolation of beasts and the other costly oblations in the law, were the highest outward duties of religion that we read of; yet they were never prized like the integrity of an honest heart, endeavouring in all things to *bear a good conscience towards God and towards men*. If we believe Solomon, the Prophets, and the Apostles, they will tell us, that, *to do justice and judgment is more acceptable than sacrifice*. It is charity and unspottedness which is the pure and undefiled religion. And indeed God hath no need of our service, were it not for our own avail: but man, hath. And pursuant to this, there are six commandments relating to man, and but four to God: yet, indeed, as they cannot be divided, they all make up one law. The world consisted of two sorts of people, Jews and Gentiles. The true worship of the Deity was discovered, but to one: but the moral law, relating to man, was naturally imposed on both; and when both parties confirm it, why should any decry it? I take this to be good divinity, though I have it from the Roman Persius:

*Quin damus id Superis, de magnâ quod dare lance
Non possit magni Messalæ lippa propago:
Compositum jus, fasque animi, sanctosque recessus
Mentis, et incoctum generoso pectus honesto.*

Sat. 2.

Let me give that which from the golden pot
Messala's proud and blear-ey'd race could not:

To the just Gods let me present a mind,
 Which civil and religious duties bind;
 A guileless heart, which no dark secret knows,
 But with the gen'rous love of virtue glows.

OF TRUTH AND LYING.

TO him that a tale is told, belief only makes the difference, betwixt the truth and a lie. For a lie believed, is true; and truth uncredited, a lie. But certainly, there rests much in the hearer's judgment, as well as in the teller's falsehood. It must be a probable lie, which makes the judicious, credulous; and the relater too, must be of some reputation, otherwise, strange stories detect some deformity in the mind. There is a generation of men with whom it is a custom to clack out any thing their heedless fancy springs; who are so habituated to falsehood, that they can out-lie an almanack, or, what is more, a chancery bill; who will lie so often, that at last, they are not conscious that they lie at all; and who, besides creating whole scenes of their own, cannot relate any thing clearly and candidly, but must either augment or diminish. Falsehood, like dust cast in the eyes of justice, keeps her from seeing the truth. It often finds its way to the bar of tribunals; and there perverteth judgment. A severe penalty were well inflicted on the advocate who should dare to obtrude an untruth. Think not to live long in peace, if thou conversest with a lying man: nor canst thou live long, in reputation. You can neither

freely relate any thing after him, nor pass a right judgment upon any thing which he speaks. If you believe him, you are deceived: if you do not believe him, he takes it as an affront. The best is, either to pass him by without regard, or to check him a little obliquely, in his own way; as when one told Galba, he had bought lamprey in Sicily five feet long, Galba answered him by saying, *that was no wonder, for they were so long, that the fishermen used them for ropes.* I could sooner pardon some crimes which are capital, than this wildfire of the tongue, which whips and scorches wheresoever it lights. It shews so much sulphur in the mind of the relater, that you may easily conclude that it is the breath of hell. I wonder not that ingenuous blood should boil so high, at having the lie given: for surely, a liar is both a coward and a traitor. He is a coward; for he fears the face of man, and therefore sneaks behind the littleness of a lie to hide himself: and he is a traitor; for, God having sent him to defend his truth, he basely deserts his hold, and runs to his enemies' colours. Speech is the commerce of the world, and words are the cement of society. What have we to rest upon in this world, but the professions and declarations which men seriously and solemnly make? When any of these fail, a ligament of the world is broken, and whatever this upheld as a foundation, falls. Truth is the good man's mistress, whose beauty he dares justify against all the furious tiltings of her wandering enemies; it is the buckler under which he

lies securely protected from all the strokes of adversaries. It is indeed a Deity; for God himself is truth, and never meant to make the heart and tongue disjunctives. Yet because man is vanity and a lie, we ought to weigh what we hear. He has an easy faith who, without consideration, believes all that is told him. That fish will soon be caught, which will be for swallowing every bait.

*Nec citò credideris: quantum citò credere ladat,
Exemplum vobis, non leve, Procris erit.*

Ov. Am. 3.

Believe not rashly: harm from thence that flows
Dear Procris' fate in sad example shows.

As for a liar, I look upon him as the dregs of mankind; a Proteus in conversation, vizarded and in disguise; as one who hath bankrupted himself in humanity, and is to be contemned; as a counterfeit to be nailed upon a post, that it may deceive no more. If there be truth of tongue, I may hold a traffic with men in other respects, vicious; but take away that, and I tread upon a bog, and quicksands; and like the Prophet Isaiah's idolater, when I expect deliverance as from a God, *I carry a lie in my hand*. Though I speak not always all that is truth, yet would I never speak any thing false. A man may be over-born and killed: but truth is a thing immortal; and going out of the world with him, gives him courage even under the axe's stroke. I would not value life so dearly, as to purchase it with the poorness of a lie.

OF PREPARING AGAINST DEATH.

THE life of man is the incessant walk of time, wherein every moment is a step towards death. Even our growing to perfection, is a progress to decay. Every thought we have, is a sand running out of the glass of life. Every letter which I now write, is something cut off from the measure of my existence here.

But since no man can be happy in this life, who is afraid to die; it ought to be our principal care, either to put off death, or overcome the fear of it. Else, while we have life, we shall not enjoy it, but daily, with the fear of dying, die. To put off death, is not in the power of man to do. We may for some time, court it into a forbearance: but the whole world's wealth is a bribe too small, to win it to acquittance. But the fear of death is not invincible. It is a giant to the weak, but a pygmy to the well-resolved. We may master that, and then, though we cannot overcome death, we may disregard it; or, so brave it, as to make it smile, instead of frown upon us. It is therefore fit, we take heed of such things, as like multiplying glasses, shew fears either more numerous, or far bigger, than they are. And this is to be done by living in expectation of death, by rendering ourselves familiar with it, and by being prepared for it, when it visits us.

First then, lest death should seem more terrible to me, than indeed it is, I will live in daily expectation of it. It were madness, to think, I shall never arrive

at that, to which I am every minute going. If an enemy, which I cannot resist, shall threaten that within such a time, he will assault and plunder me, but will not tell me the precise period; ought I not every hour, to be on the look-out for him? It was Plato's opinion, *that the wise man's life, was the meditation of death*. To expect it, is to give the blow a meeting, and thus break the stroke: not to expect it, is stupidity. The philosopher will tell us, as well as the divine, that, *Omne humanum genus, quodcunque est, quodcunque erit, morti damnatum est*; all humanity that either is, or shall be, once shall die. And surely then, he is but dead already, who does not look for death. A glass, though it be brittle, (if safely kept) may last long: but man, however he may study to preserve himself, declines;—his childhood, youth, virility, and age, are but several stages on the road to death. He may flourish till about fifty, and may die any day before: but after that, he languishes like an October fly, till at last, he weakly withers to his grave.

Secondly, I will grow to be acquainted with death, by considering what it is. And certainly, well looked into, it is rather lovely, than frightful. It is fancy which gives it those hideous forms, in which it generally appears to men. It is a soft and easy nothing; the cessation of life's functions, action's absence, and nature's smooth repose. When Socrates was advised by his friends, if not for his own sake, yet for that of his children and acquaintance, to have care to preserve himself from death: he told them,

that as for his children, God who gave them, would take care of them : and as for his friends, he should in the other world find the like, or better : and those that here he left, would but a very little while stay from him. What is there that in death is terrible, more than our unwillingness to die? Why should I be angry, when my prince repeals my banishment, and admits me home to my country, Heaven? When the soul, like a swallow slipt down a chimney, beats up and down in restless want and danger, death is the opened casement that gives her rest and liberty from penury, fears, and snares. It is nature's holiday, which delivers man from the thralldom of the world's school, to the freedom of his father's family. The philosopher will tell us, that take it which way you will, whether the soul perish, or be translated, there is neither no ill, or much good, in death. But when we know the soul is immortal, and purchased to be a vessel of everlasting honour, what should affright us? unless we fear to be happy. Death frees us from the scorns of life, the malice and the blows of fate, and puts us in a condition to become invulnerable. It mounts us up beyond the wiles and reaches of this unworthy world. It lays us in the rank with kings, and lifts us up to Deity.

Lastly, I will endeavour to be prepared for death. Neither surprise nor strangeness can hurt me, if I be ready for both. The way to die undauntedly, is to do that before we die, which we ought to do, when dying. He that always waits upon God, is ready whensoever he calls. I will labour to set my accounts

even, and endeavour to find God such to me in my life, as I would he should appear to me at my death. If I cannot put off humanity wholly, let me put off as much as I can; and that which I must wear, let me but loosely carry. When the affections are glued to the world, death makes not a dissolution, but a fraction; and not only separates the soul, but tears it away:—so the pain and the hazard is the greater. He is a happy man who so lives, as that death, at all times, may find him at leisure to die. And if we consider, that we are always in God's hand; that our lease is only during pleasure, and that we are obliged once to die: as we must be infidels, not to trust the Deity, so we must be fools, to struggle where we can neither conquer, nor defend. What do we do while living, if we be afraid of travelling that highway which hath been passed through by all that have lived, and must be so, by all that shall live? We pray, undress, and prepare for sleep, which is not one night long; and shall we do less for death, in whose arms we must rest prisoners, till the angel with his trumpet summons him forth to resign us? This will not make life more troublesome, but more comfortable. He may play, who has done his task. No steward need fear a just lord, when his accounts are even, and always ready drawn up. Thus living, I may die at any time, and need be afraid at no time. He who dies death over every day, if he does not kill death outright; at least, he makes him tame with watching him.

AGAINST EXTREME LONGING.

THE too earnest pursuit of temporal things is a kind of mental idolatry, wherein we prize our desires beyond our duty; and, neglecting our submission to Providence, we over-value our own frail ends, and set them up as another kind of Deity. So we sometimes have our wishes, but with such success as Pyrrhus had in his wars: who in two battles against the Romans, gained his victories with so great a loss, that he told his applauding friends, one victory more would absolutely undo him. Agrippina's *occidat modò imperet*, proved a prophecy of her own destruction. Death had not flown in among the quails, if Israel had not been too impetuous after them. Let him that eats too greedily, beware he does not surfeit. When we are too eager upon what we desire, we become like children, froward, and crying, till we pull the rod upon us.

——— *Quisquis trepidus pavet, vel optat,
Quod non sit stabilis, sui que juris;
Abjecit clypeum, locoque motus,
Nectit, quâ valeat trahi, catenam.*

Boët. de Consolat. c. i. m. 4.

Who not himself, unsteady steers;
But passionately hopes, or fears;
Quits his defence. He loosely sits,
And his own chain, to draw him, knits.

When God commands sobriety and patience, shall man presume to shew himself intemperate? He that makes haste to be rich, shall not be so without sin.

St. Augustin tells us, that he who prays for the things of this life, is sometimes graciously heard, and often graciously refused. Thy physician better knows than the sick man, what befits his health. He who is not heard, to his sense, is often, to his safety. If the thing I desire be good, I cannot trust it into better hands than Providence and industry. What the wise man says of anger, may hold of all other passions; they rest in the bosom of fools. What! shall the faculties of the noble soul, made to contemplate heaven and the sacred Deity, stoop so low, as to be wholly taken up with temporal and terrestrial vanities? It is like an emperor catching flies. Surely he, who in a brave serenity can bear up himself, from being a slave to himself; who can be content sometimes to take the cloud for his guide, as well as the fire; who looks upon what he would have with a quietness of appetite; who can calmly wish, and calmly want: it is he who is worthy of the name of man. If I can, I will never extremely covet. When I dote upon any thing here below, like a soldier, I break my rank; and if I be not soon reduced again to order by my commander, reason, I am in the way of being either killed or taken prisoner.

OF PRAYER.

IT is not an easy matter for men of inferior rank, to get access to, or freedom of conference with, an earthly prince. To give admission to all, would

render him a slave; and had he an ear for all, he could not have wherewith to grant and satisfy all. He that to all should grant what is asked, would quickly leave himself nothing at all to grant; he might perhaps enrich others, but he would be sure to impoverish himself. How great then is the privilege of the devout Christian, who hath a reverence and an affection to the greatness and the goodness of his God! Though he often lives here in a slight esteem among men, yet by his prayers and the ardent effusion of his supplications and wishes, he can freely confer with the King of Heaven. Prayer penetrates through all the clouds and spheres. It makes a man a kind of intimate with God; and by a towering flame, mounts him to the bosom of the Great Creator, who not only hears his entreaties, but delights in his requests; invites him to come, and promises a pleasing or a happy return; which He shews, in fulfilling his desires, or else in doing what is better for him. What if I be not known to the Nimrods of the world, the Pharaohs and the Ptolemies of this Egypt? I can speak to Him, to whom they all as well as I, must bow. My admission is as easy as theirs, and by my humble prayers (unless my own offences hinder) I never am debarred from access. We find that those who are daily attendant upon great persons, do by their intercourse stand better with them, than those perhaps of greater parts, who live as strangers to them; —and so it is, that he who prays often, by that means becomes best acquainted with God. It must encourage one in prayer, to read what St. Augustin has

metaphorically enough delivered us: *Oratio Deum ungit, sed lacryma compungit; hæc lenit, illa cogit*: Prayer anoints God, but weeping pierces him: that, appeases, this, compels him. It is, at any rate, so essential a part of religion, that I think I do not err, if I say there can be none without it. We read not of any religion the thief had, besides his prayer on the cross: yet we see, through the mercy of our Saviour, it presently conveyed him from a bad life to Paradise. And surely man, of all other creatures, would be the most miserable without it. When he is shut up in prison; when he is in any accidental danger; when he has fallen into displeasure, by his offence and disobedience: where is his friend, where his support, where his reconciler, if this be wanting? I had rather be deprived of all the solaces of this life; yea, and the ordinances that tend to a better; than be debarred of recourse to my God by prayer. Next to Christ, it is man's mediator, to re-instate him in the favour of an offended Deity. It is the Moses that opens the rock, and brings Israel food in the wilderness. It is the sun that gives Jeremy light in the dungeon. It puts a muzzle on the lion's jaws, that else would tear a Daniel. It is the angel, who, walking with the children in the furnace, keeps them from so much as singeing in the midst of fiercest flames. It can arrest the sun in its swiftest course, and like a sentinel command it to stand. With reverence be it spoken, it is a kind of charm cast upon the Almighty, so powerful, that it prevails upon Omnipotency, and makes God to whom we sue, to

become a suitor unto us ; *Let me alone**, (as if he were holden,) was the reply to Moses when he was importuned by him. Certainly, it was because God saw it to be absolutely necessary for his children, that he would not leave it in the power of man to take it from them. Rome's empire, in all her ten persecutions, could not deprive Christians of this. This, they could make use of in the dark without a tongue, and in the midst of all their enemies, while their tormentors stood and watched them. Load a man with chains, let him lie upon the rack, and leave him but a live heart ; and prayer shall dwell there out of the tyrant's reach, and comfort him. And doubtless it speaks God's heaviest judgment, when men are seared up by a spirit which cannot pray. Who can conceive any thing more miserable than a Judas or a Spira, both shut out from prayer ? It deprives the soul of hope ; and then is despair let in, with that immortal worm, the terrors of eternal guilt. He gives himself up to perdition, who neglects to give himself to prayer. Man is never so independent, but every minute he must need his God. And if he makes himself a stranger, can he expect to be heard as a friend ? Other sacrifices of the law have sometimes met with a check ; but this from a sincere heart, is an offering which is ever pleasing : and importunity does not give offence. If it prevailed upon the unjust judge, will not the most righteous God be gained upon by it ? And indeed, what is it that can send us away empty, but our own sins ? For if it carry us not safely

* Deut. ix. 14 ; Exod. xxxii. 10.

through all the roads of danger, the fault is in ourselves, not it. Like a faithful companion, when friends, wealth, health, honour, and life, are leaving us, this holds us by the hand and leads us to overlook the shades of death. When speech is gone, it lifts up hands and eyes; and instead of language, groans.

THE VIRTUOUS MAN IS A WONDER.

THAT fire is of an unusual composition, which can burn in water: and so must his temper be, which can remain unsullied and retain its brightness while encompassed by corruption, and courted by those temptations which every where (like the ambient air) encircle him. When the handsome courtesan Theodata vaunted to Socrates, how much she was to be esteemed before him, because she could gain many proselytes from him, but he none at all, from her; he replied, *it was no wonder; for she led men down the easy and descending road of vice, while he compelled them to the thorny and ascending path of virtue.* Virtue dwells at the head of a river; to which we cannot get, but by rowing against the current. He that walks through a large field, has only a narrow path to guide him right in the way; and on both sides, what a wide room has he to wander in! What latitude can bound a profane wit, or a lascivious fancy? The loose tongue lets fly at all; while the sober David sets a watch on his lips, and examines all his language ere it passes. Every virtue has two vices, which close her up in curious limits; and if she swerve, though never so little, she suddenly steps

into error. Life may be compared to the passage between Scylla and Charybdis; if we miss the channel, our bark is soon wrecked. Religion, hath superstition and profaneness: fortitude, hath fear and rashness: liberality, avarice and prodigality: justice, rigour and partiality;—and so the like in others: which has made some to define virtue to be nothing else but, a medium between two extremes. The truth is, the track of virtue is a nice way; it is walking upon an edge. And were there not a star within, which guides and shoots its rays of comfort, nature would hardly take the pains to be virtuous. Virtue is a war wherein a man must be perpetual sentinel. It is an obelisk, which, though founded in the earth, hath a spire which reaches to Heaven. Like the palm-tree, though it has pleasant fruit, it is hard to come at; for the stem is not easy to climb. *Vir bonus, citò nec fieri, nec intelligi potest: nam ille, alter fortasse tanquam Phoenix, anno quingentesimo nascitur.* A good man is neither quickly made, nor easily understood: for, like the Phœnix, he is born but once in five hundred years. And this was Seneca's opinion. To which that of Ausonius is not unlike:

*Vir bonus et sapiens, qualem vix repperit illum
Millibus è multis hominum, consultus Apollo.*

Eid. 16.

Amongst many thousands, learn'd Apollo can,
Thus wise and good, scarce find one single man.

Virtue is exercised, in sufferings and difficulties. It is a Scæva's shield, thronged with the arrows of the enemy.

Non est ad astra mollis è terris via.

Imperia dura tolle, quid virtus erit ?

From earth to heaven, the way's nor soft, nor smooth,
In easy things, brave virtue hath no place.

To be a virtuous man, is like winning a city by inches; for we must not only make good our own ground, but we must repel our enemies, who will assault us at every opportunity. If in vice there be a constant progressive action, there must in virtue be a constant vigilance; and it is not enough that it be constant; it must be universal. In a battle, we fight in complete armour. Virtue is a cataphract: for in vain we arm one limb, if the other be without a defence. I have known a man slain in his eye, who, if but there armed, would have been a match for his enemy. The good man is the world's miracle. He is not only nature's mistress, but art's masterpiece, and heaven's mirror. To be soaked in vice, is to grow but after our breed; but the good man I will worthily magnify;—he is beyond the mausolæum or Ephesian temple. To be an honest man, is to be more than nature meant him. Like the only true philosopher's stone, he can unalchymy the allay of life, and by a certain celestial process, turn all the brass of this world into gold. He it is, who can guide his bark in every ruffling wind, and can make the thorny way pleasant. A wise and virtuous man when in adversity, may, like a dark lanthorn in the night, seem dull and dark to those who are about him; but within, he is full of light and brightness; and when he chooses to open the door, he can shew it.

OF MEMORY AND FORGETFULNESS IN
FRIENDSHIP.

FORGETFULNESS in friendship may sometimes be as necessary as memory: for it is hard to be so exactly vigilant, but that even the most perfect shall sometimes give and sometimes take offence. He who expects every thing to be complete, remembers not the frailty of man; and he who remembers too much, forgets himself and his friends. If love can cover a multitude of infirmities; friendship, which is the growth of love, surely ought to do it more. It was Christ our Saviour that laid down his life for his sheep, even while they were straggling from his fold. Nor ought my forgetfulness in friendship to be exercised only abroad; but oftentimes as to myself, and at home. If I do my friend a courtesy, I make it none, if I put him in mind of it;—expecting a return, I am kind to myself, not him; and then I make it traffic, not beneficence:

*Qua mihi præstiteris meminì, semperque tenebo ;
Cur igitur taceo, Posthume? tu loqueris.
Incipio quoties alicui tua dona referre,
Protinus exclamat, Dixerat ipse mihi.
Non bellè quædam faciunt duo : sufficit unus
Huic operi. Si vis ut loquar, ipse tace.
Credè mihi, quamvis ingentia, Posthume, dones ;
Auctoris pereunt garrulitate sui.*

Mart. l. 5. Ep. 53.

What, Posthume, thou hast done, I'll ne'er forget :
Why should I smother it, when thou trumpetst it ?
When I to any do thy gifts relate,
He presently replies, I heard him say't.

Some things become not two ; here one may serve.
 If I must tell, do thou thyself reserve.
 Believe me, Posthume, though thy gifts be vast ;
 They perish when the author's tongue runs wast.

If I be able to do a good office to another, I rebate it by remembering it ; I blot it out, when I go about to text it. If I receive one, I render myself unworthy of it, whensoever I forget it. That is but a barren earth where the seed dies, before it comes to ripeness. *Beneficii inter duos lex est. Alter statim oblivisci debet dati: alter accepti nunquam. Qui dedit beneficium, taceat: narret, qui accepit.* Between two friends it is the law of kindness, that he that does one, forget it presently ; but he that receives it, never.—Surely that man means it nobly, and it comes from his own genuine goodness, when he cares not to have any know it, but his friend alone ;—but he who blows his trumpet at his alms, is a Pharisee. In friendship, I would ever remember my friend's kindness ; but I would forget the favours that I do him. I would also forget his neglects ; and I would remember my own failings. Friendship thus preserved, ends not but with life.

WHEREIN A CHRISTIAN EXCELS OTHER MEN.

THERE are several things wherein a christian has much the advantage of all the professors of other religions. He excels them all, in his fortitude, in his hope, in his charity, in his fidelity. In a

just cause, how abundant is the Christian, in fortitude! Nothing, within the power of man, can appal his noble courage. We may truly affirm that all other religions put together, cannot come near the untold multitudes of martyrs for Christianity; nor hath ever any other, increased so much under sufferings. If there be any nectar in this life, it is in the pains that we endure for virtue. The cause gives courage, and being a just one, we are backed by a *melior Natura*, that will not let us fear. *The Lord is my light*, says David; *whom then shall I fear? The Lord is my strength; of whom then shall I be afraid?* When the aged Polycarpus was urged to reproach Christ, he told the proconsul Herod, that, *fourscore and six years he had served him, and never was harmed by him; with what conscience then could he blaspheme that King who was his Saviour?* And being threatened by Herod with fire, if he would not swear by Cæsar's fortune; he exclaimed, *It is your ignorance that made you to expect it. If you know not who I am, I tell you, that I am a Christian.* And when, at the fire, they would have fastened him to the stake, the undaunted bishop cried out to let him alone as he was; for God, who had enabled him to endure the fire, would enable him also, without any chains of theirs, to stand unmoved in the midst of flames;—and so, with his hands behind him he remained unstirred, until he received his crown of glory. Here is an instance of the noble and heroic nature of Christianity; of the strongest courage, in the weakest age; of a magnanimity, as far exceeding old Rome's

boasted Scævola's, as the whole body does the hand in magnitude. Victor Uticensis tells us, that when Dyonyssia, a noble matron, was stripped of her covering, and barbarously scourged, she with a courage beyond her sex, and in the midst of blood, told her tormentors, *that what they intended for her shame, should hereafter be her glory*. It is most true that, in matters unjust, the Christian religion makes a coward of man; but in matters which are right, it advances human courage above the standard of humanity. With heaven and the commands of a Deity before a Christian, all the temptations of this world become unedged and unprevailing. And certainly, one main cause of this, is his hope; wherein as well as in his fortitude, he excels all others; seeing further by the Gospel's light, than any in the world beside. The heathens, as they lived in darkness, so going to the bed of death without a candle, saw not where they were to lie; and, in general, they saw nothing beyond death, but dull oblivion or annihilation: or else died, in doubt; which more than any thing, distracts the mind.

Post mortem nihil est : ipsaque mors nihil ;

Velocis spatii meta novissima.

Spem ponant avidi, solliciti metum.

Quæris, quo jaceas post obitum loco ?

Quo non nata jacent.

Senec. Troad. Act 2. Chor.

Death, nothing is; and nothing in its place :

'Tis but the last point of a posting race.

The greedy, hope; the troubled, fear lay by :

Wouldst know where 'tis, that after death men lie ?

'Tis where those are, that never yet were born.

Mahometism indeed holds out something, after the body's dissolution; but it is a sensual happiness, such as the frailty of the body is capable of. What here they covet, they propose for themselves in Paradise;—so that, the change being small, the expectation cannot be great; and the life which they actually enjoy on earth, must be rather preferred by them, than running the hazard by death, as to experiencing a condition, only in some degree, better. The Jews, in part, allow of an immortality; though the Sadducees deny it, whose hope is buried in the same grave with themselves. But the Christian hath a hope which shines within him. The joys attending him, are spiritual and eternal;—the beatific vision of the face of God, to see and know the immense creator of all things; the union to the Godhead; the enjoyment of a Deity, beyond our conceptions here;—such things, as were not lawful for the great Apostle, hereto utter; the being freed from evil, and the fear of it; the being set in a state of purity and perfection, far beyond the thoughts that here in the weakness of the flesh we carry; as far exceeding our present apprehensions, as spirits do exceed the dross of vile corruption. The hope and faith of such must needs beget a fortitude, which can never be attained but by those who possess such hope and faith. Death, as a pirate, steals away others from their country here below, and with ten thousand fears distracts them, because they know not where they shall be carried. But the Christian goes as sent for by an ambassador, to the court of heaven, there to partake felicities

unutterable; and, indeed, is happier here, because he knows he shall be happier hereafter. He can be content to part with a life full of thorns and bitterness, that he may enter into one, which is glorious and incorruptible: and having this anchor above others, with far more ease, he weathers all the storms of life. In charity, the Christian also surmounts the followers of all other religions. He can part with his all, for that God who hath provided so much more for him. He can not only bear, but pardon all the injuries that befall him: not only pardon them, but requite them with good. What religion, but the Christian, will teach man to pray for him that persecutes him; to bless him that curseth him; and to heap coals of fire upon his head, that shall gently warm his charity, and inflame his love, instead of rendering him worse, by increasing his hate? We look not upon him as a Christian, who, when he dies, forgives not, and prays not for his enemies. Herein soaring above the dictates of depraved nature, which would prompt us to retaliate wrongs; this charity begets his fidelity: for, indeed, it is the glue of souls, which by the influence of Divinity, cements them together in love. *Nulla vis major pietate verâ est.* There is no friendship like the friendship of faith. Nature, education, benefits, all together, do not form a tie so strong as this. Christianity makes a knot which Alexander cannot cut; a league which hell cannot break: for as grace is, in herself, far above nature, so is she in her effects. The souls of believers are inseparable, as purest wools once mingled, never part;—the fire cannot

divide them ; they flourish and fade ; they live and die together. Whatsoever is joined together upon temporal considerations, may be, by the same, again dissolved ; but that league which deduces its original from heaven, by earth can never be severed. Tyrants shall sooner want invention for torments, than Christians by tortures be made treacherous. Who can separate the conjunctions of a Deity ? Nor is it in kindness only, but in reproof also, that the fidelity of the Christian shews itself. However he conceals his friend's faults from the eye of the world, yet, if he offends, his being a David and a king, shall not free him from this Nathan's reprehension. He scorns to be so base as to flatter, and hates to be so currish as to bite ;—so his reproof is kindness, and the wounds he makes are not without a balsam to heal to it. These qualifications make a Christian, of all other men, the best companion. An enemy he never is ; if, at any time, he seems so, it is but that he may be a friend ;—for he is averse to evil only. He would kill the disease, but would do it, to preserve the patient ; so that it would be my fault, not his, if he be not a friend to me : and when he is so, he is a sure one, without private interest, fear or malice ; and affords me a security, which I cannot well expect from any other.

OF LOSSES.

IF we scan things rightly, we have no reason to be grieved for those worldly goods that we lose : for

what is it we can lose that, properly, we can call ours? Job goes further; he blesses *Him that takes away, as well as Him that gives*;—and by a question, concludes his contentment with both these conditions:—*Shall we receive good at the hands of the Lord, and not evil?* If he did afterwards fly out, it was the provocations of his misguided friends, not his being stripped of all, which made him do so. If one lend me a jewel to wear, shall I, because I use it, say, it is my own; or, when my friend requires it again, shall I say, I have lost it? No, I will rather restore it. Though we are pleased that we are trusted with the borrowed things of this life, we ought not to be displeased when the Great Creator calls for what he had only lent us. He does us no injury, who takes no more than his own: and he pleads an unjust title against heaven, who repines at what the God of heaven resumes. It was doubtless this consideration which led Zeno, when shipwrecked, to applaud Fortune, and to say, she had acted in no other way than honestly, in reducing him to his coat. Shall God afford us, all our life long, not only food, but feasting, not for use but ornament, not for necessity alone, but for pleasure; and when, at last, he withdraws these things from us, shall we be angry and melancholy?

In all losses, I would have a double prospect. I would consider what I have lost, and I would have regard to what I have left. It may be, in my loss, I may find a benefit. I may be rid with it, of a trouble, a snare, or a danger. If it be wealth, perhaps there was

a time when I had it not. Let me think, if then I lived not well without it. And what then should hinder, that I should not do so, now? Have I lost my riches? It is a thousand to one but some other did lose them, before they were mine. I found them, when another lost them; and now, it is likely, some one else will find them;—and though, perhaps, I may have lost a benefit, yet, thereby I may also be eased of a load of care. In most things of this nature, it is the opinion of the loss, more than the loss itself, that vexes. If the only prop of my life were gone, my wonder ought to be, that in so many storms, I rode so long with that one single anchor, which has at last failed me. When war had deprived Stilpo of all his temporal goods, and Demetrius asked him, how he could brook so great a desolation? he replied, *that he had lost nothing. The goods he had, he still enjoyed; his virtue, prudence, justice, still were with him; these were matters permanent and immortal: as for the other, it was no wonder, that what was perishable, should perish.*

In the next place, let me look to what I have left. He who miscarries once, will the better husband what is left. If the die of fortune has thrown me an ill chance, let me strive to mend it by my good play. What I have, is made more precious, by my want of what I once possessed. If I have lost but little, let me be thankful that I have lost no more, seeing the remainder was as flitting as that which is gone. He who in a battle is but slightly wounded, rather rejoices that he has got off so well, than grieves that he

has been hurt. But, admit that all is gone; a man hath hope still left;—and he may as well hope to recover the things he hath lost, as that he did acquire them, when he had them not. This, will lead him to a new resource, where he cannot deny but he may be supplied with advantage;—God, will be left still. And who can be poor, who hath Him for his friend, that hath all? In penury, a Christian can be rich: and it is a kind of paradox to think he can be poor, who is destined to be a kingdom's heir.

OF LONG AND SHORT LIFE.

HE that lives long, does often outlive his happiness. Youth, like the sun, oft rises clear and dancing; while the afternoon of life is cloudy, thick, and turbulent. Had Priamus not lived so long, he would not have seen his fifty children slain, nor Troy destroyed, nor himself, after a reign of two-and-fifty years, made captive, and by Pyrrhus killed. Sylla got, the name of Happy; Pompey, the name of Great; yet by living long, they both of them lost those titles. The high fortune of Augustus was not sweetened, by his long extended life:—it could be no great pleasure to him to want an issue male; to see his adopted sons untimely lost; his daughter's looseness staining the honour of his house; and, at last, rather by necessity than choice, to fix upon a successor neither worthy of himself nor Rome. How much more blest had Nero been, if he had not out-lived his first five years

of empire ! What is past with us, we know : but who can pry into the womb of futurity ? Though Seneca had only tasted the disposition, not felt the anger of Nero ; yet he found enough to make him exclaim, *Heu quàm multa pœnitenda occurrunt, diu vivendo!* Age, like a tired horse, rides dull towards his journey's end ; while every new setter-out gallops away, and leaves the other to his melancholy trot. In youth, untamed blood goads us on to folly ; and, till experience reins us, we ride unbitted, wild ; and, in a wanton fling, disturb ourselves, and all that come but near us. In age, ourselves are with ourselves, displeased. We are looked upon by others as things to be endured, not courted, or applied to. Who is it will be fond of gathering fading flowers ?

On the other hand, what is it that we lose by dying ? If, as Job says, our life be a warfare, who will be angry that it ends betimes ? Life is but a play, upon this world's stage ;—and if a man were to choose his part, in discretion, he would not take it for the length, but for the ease and goodness of it. The short life has the shorter account to render. And if it be one of the greatest felicities man can enjoy, to lead such a life, as is not displeasing to God ; those who so live, cannot enter upon death too soon. It is true, I may by living, be instrumental to God's glory, the good of others, and my own benefit ; but if I weigh my own corruptions, the world's temptations, and the malice of my enemies, the odds are on the other side. Death to a righteous man, whether it cometh soon or late, is the beginning of a certain happiness ; and, the

end of a doubtful and alloyed pleasure. I will not much care, whether my life be long or short. If short, the fewer my days be, the less I shall have of trouble; the sooner shall I arrive at happiness;—if I escape from nothing else, I shall escape from the hazard, life will keep me in. If long, let me be sure to lay it out, in doing the more good; and then, though I stay for it a while, yet as abstinence sharpens appetite, so want and expectation will make my joy more welcome.

OF ESTABLISHING A TROUBLED GOVERNMENT.

HE that would establish a troubled government, must first vanquish all his foes. Who can be quiet, while his enemy is in arms against him? Factious heads should be higher by a pole, than their bodies. He that would rule over many, must first fight with many, and conquer; and be sure to cut off those that raise up tumults, or by a majestic awe, keep them in a strict subjection. In every able prince, Lipsius would have two things eminent, *vis et virtus*, power and virtue. He ought to have power, to break insurrection at home, and repel invasion from abroad. He ought to have virtue, to preserve his state and dignity, and, by the necessary art of policy, so order all the streams of government, as that they may run clear and obedient in their proper channels. Power is, certainly, the most essential part of sovereignty. Without it, a prince is but fortune's idol, which every Sejanus may revile and spurn at his pleasure. But

though he has power; yet, if he have not resolution, like a child he wears a sword, but knows not how to use it. Irresolution is a worse vice than rashness. He that shoots best, may sometimes miss the mark; but he that shoots not at all, can never hit it. Irresolution loosens all the joints of a state: like an ague, it shake not this or that limb, but all the body is at once, in a fit. The irresolute man is lifted from one place to another, and hath no place left to rest on. He flecks from one egg to another; so hatcheth nothing, but addles all his actions. An easy-natured man may be a good companion, for a private person: but for a prince to be so, is mischief to himself and others. Remissness and connivance are the ruin of unsettled kingdoms.

My passions and affections are the chief disturbers of my civil state. What peace can I expect within me, while these rebels are not under subjection? If I have not judgment to discern their devices, and fly suggestions; if I have not courage to withstand their force and batteries; if I have not authority to command them to obedience; if I have not strength to master all their complications: I leave myself a prize to vice, and at last shall not live to be man. Therefore, as a prince who would be safe among turbulent subjects, must ever be on his guard; so, he who knows the irregularities of his own depraved affections, must keep perpetual sentinel upon them. Security and confidence as often undo a prince, as force; but vigilance is seldom undermined. A state awake and upon its guard, it is difficult to surprise.

THAT VIRTUE AND VICE GENERATE AFTER THEIR
KIND.

VIRTUE begets virtue, vice begets vice. It is as natural for a man to expect a return of virtue out of virtue, and a return of vice out of vice; as it is for him to expect an elephant should beget an elephant, or a serpent beget a serpent. Nay, it not only holds of the genus; but also of the very species; and oftentimes, the proportion of that species too. High actions beget a return of actions, that are so; and poor low ones, beget a return of the like. The echo is according to the voice that speaks: the report of the piece is proportionable to its magnitude: if it be but by reflection only, the beams are reverberated bright, as is the sun that shines them; and clouds cast a shade, according to their blackness. The Romans bestowed on Attalus, the kingdom of Pergamus, on account of his friendship and munificence; and he, to express his gratitude, not having any children of his own, left the city of Rome the heir of his wealth. The virtues of Terentius, and his being one of the Roman senate, made so deep an impression on Scipio's manly heart, than when the Carthaginians came to sue to him for peace, he would not hear them, till they brought Terentius forth, discharged of his imprisonment; and then he placed him on the throne with himself. And this, again, so prevailed with Terentius, that when Scipio had his triumph, Terentius, though a senator, put himself into Scipio's livery, and as his freedman, waited on his pompous chariot. He teaches

me to be good, who does me good : he prompts me to enlarge my heart to him, (unless my virtue be totally dried up and withered,) who first enlarges his own to me. The same effect hath vice. With the froward, thou shalt learn frowardness. Passion enkindles passion ; and pride begets pride. How many are calm and quiet, till they meet with one who is choleric ! He who sows iniquity, must look to reap it. Did not David's murder and adultery, bring the sword and incest into his family ? How fatally and strikingly was the massacre at Paris, marked by the massacre of the chief actors and contrivers of it ! Charles the king, before the twenty-fifth year of his age, died, bathed in blood ; and Anjou, his successor, was assassinated and slain, in the same room that the massacre was plotted in ; Guise was murdered, by the king's order ; the queen, was consumed with grief ; and with succeeding civil war, both Paris and the nation torn. It is a remarkable instance of retaliation, which is afforded in the story of Valentinian and Maximus. Valentinian by fraud and force, seduced the wife of Maximus : for which, Maximus by fraud and force, murdered Valentinian, and married his wife ; who, from disdain at being forced into the marriage, and a desire to revenge her husband's death, plotted the destruction of Maximus and Rome. No proverb is more true than the saying of the satirist :

*Ad generum Cereris, sinè cæde et sanguine, pauci
Descendunt reges, et siccâ morte tyranni.*

Juv. Sat. 10.

Few tyrants find death natural, calm, or good ;
But, broach'd with slaughter, roll to hell in blood.

There is in vices, not only a natural production of evil in general ; but there is a proportion of parts and dimensions, as a seed bringing forth a plant, or the parent a son. Bagoas, a Persian nobleman, having poisoned Artaxerxes and Arsamnes, was detected by Darius, and forced to drink poison himself. Diomedes, who with human flesh fed beasts, was at last by Hercules, made their food himself. Pope Alexander the Sixth, having designed the poisoning of his friend Cardinal Adrian, by his cup-bearer's mistake of the bottle, took the draught himself:—and so died by the same engine, which he himself appointed to kill another. In vain do they expect good, who would have it arise out of evil. I may as well, when I plant a thistle, expect a fig ; or upon sowing cockle, look for wheat ; as to think by indirect courses, to beget my own benefit. The best policy, is to sow good and honest actions, and then we may expect a harvest that is answerable.

OF MEMORY.

IN all that belongs to man, you cannot find a greater wonder than memory. What a treasury of all things ? What a record, what a journal of all ? As if provident nature, because she would have man circumspect, had provided him an account-book to carry always with him : yet it neither burthens nor takes up room. To myself, it is insensible. I feel no weight it presses with. To others, it is invisible ; for when I carry all within me, they can see nothing that I have.

Is it not a miracle, that a man, from a grain of sand to the full and glorious sun, should lay up the world in his brain ; and may at his pleasure, bring out what part he lists, yet never empty the place that contained it, nor crowd it, though he should add more ? How is it, that in this little invisible place, the height of the stars, the bigness of that, the distance of this, the compass of the earth, and the nature of all, should lie and always be ready for producing, as a man shall think fit ? By imagination's help, we call whatever we have a mind to, to appear before us, and in those proper shapes we have heard them related in, or else in those in which we ourselves have seen them. What oceans of things exactly and orderly streaming forth, shall we find from the tongue of an orator ; that one who did not see him speaking, would believe he read them in some printed catalogue ; and he that does see him, wonders from what inexhaustible fountain such easy streams can flow ? Like a juggler playing his prize, he pulls words like ribbons out of his mouth, as fast as two hands can draw. Ask him of the sea, he can tell you what is there ; of the land, of the sky, of heaven, of hell, of past things and to come. A learned man by his memory alone, is the treasury of all the arts ; he walks with a library about him. As the psalmist says of the sun, it goes from one end of the heaven to the other, and nothing is hid from the heat thereof : so the memory with imagination, travels to and fro between the most remoted parts, and there is nothing that is not comprehended in it. And the miracle is ; neither after all this, nor before, can any

print hereof be discerned. What is outwardly seen more than a living image? And who can tell me, where this vastness lies? What is to be found there? but a white and spongy substance divided into three small cells, to the smallest of which the memory is ascribed; but not a line nor any one-idea of any thing that's absent, can be read there. If putrefactive man can, undiscerned and unburthened, bear so much about him; if so little a point as the least tertia of the brain, the cerebellum, can hold in itself, the notions of such an immeasurable extent of things: we may rationally allow omniscience, to the great Creator of this and all things else. For doubtless we know what we do remember; and indeed what we remember not, we do not know. Nor is the difference hereof in men, less wonder. In some men, how prodigious! in others, how dead and dull! Appius Claudius had so strong a memory, that he boasted he could salute all the citizens of Rome by their names. And Mithridates of Pontus could speak twenty-two languages, and muster his soldiers by his memory, calling them all by their names. And upon this ground, when the senate had condemned his books to be burned, Cassius Severus told them, if they would not have them remain, they should burn him too, for that he had them all in his memory. On the other side, some of the Thracians were usually so blockish, that they could not count beyond four or five. And Messala Corvinus lived to forget his own name: as I have known some, that have in health forgot their own children, whom they have daily seen and lived

with. Again, many old men, can remember things of their youth done three-score years ago, and yet not those they acted but the day before. One thing in the memory beyond all, is observable: we may easily remember what we are intent upon; but with all the art we can use, we cannot knowingly forget what we would. What would some give, to wipe their sorrows from their thought, which, in spite of all their industry, they cannot but remember. With good reason, therefore, would the wise Themistocles have learned the art of forgetfulness; as deeming it far more beneficial to man, than that so much cried-up faculty of memory. And for this cause, we had need be careful, that even in secret, we plunge not into evil actions. Though we have none to witness what we do, we shall be galled sufficiently, with our own remembrance of it; which haunting us perpetually with all our best endeavours, we cannot either cast away, or blot out. The worm would die, if memory did not feed it to eternity. It is that, which makes the penal part of hell: for whether it be the punishment of loss or the punishment of sense, it is memory that does inflame them both. Nor is there any *Ætna* in the soul of man, but what the memory makes. I will not therefore care to know, who it is that does me injury, that I may not by my memory, be prompted to take revenge. Remembering the wrong, I may be apt to malign the author; who not knowing, I shall free myself of vexation, without the bearing any grudge to the man. As good actions, and ignorance of ill, keep a perpetual calm in the mind; so, question-

less, a secret horror is begotten, by a secret vice. From whence we may undoubtedly conclude, that though the gale of success blow never so full and prosperously, yet no man can be truly happy, who is not truly innocent.

NO MAN IS HONEST, WHO IS NOT SO IN HIS
RELATIONS.

BESIDES the general and necessary dependence which every man must, and ought to have, upon God; there is no man whatsoever, but is, even in this world, particularly related to some person or persons, above the generality of other men. He can neither come into the world nor continue in it, and be an independent man: and by his demeanour, in his strictest relations, he may be guessed at, in his others. Of all the relations which attach to men, those are most binding, which nature has made the nearest, in their several conditions; in which, if a man be not honest, in vain can he be expected to be found so in others, which are more remote. The highest tie of all, (as most concerning the public good,) I take to be between a born subject, and a legitimate prince pursuing the welfare of the country. He is *pater patriæ*, and his subjects are, but a little more remoted sons. There is, if possible, a greater obligation upon a prince to be good, than there is upon other men: for, though he be human in his person, as others are; yet, for the public's

sake, his person is sacred, and the government he exercises is divine, and, therefore, ought to be administered with the greater care and virtue, that men may gaze on their sovereign with a loving admiration, and obey him with reverence.

On the other hand ; if a man be not honest in his relation towards his prince, that is, in his loyalty ; he cannot be expected to be honest in any thing, further than as it conduces to his own particular interest. The breach of this relationship, the laws have, as well from natural reason as political considerations, made more capital than other crimes ; not only punishing the person offending, but attainting all his posterity with the confiscation of all that they are capable of owning in this life. To be a traitor, delivers one to the lowest scorn of men, as well as to the heaviest punishments of the law. And no state I ever yet read of, but have held such unworthy of life, and so not fit for society, as having failed in that, which makes one man companionable to another. In like manner, the parent, who is morose, and unkind to his children, hardly will be affable to any. He who loves not his own, it is not probable will be drawn to love those who are nothing to him. So is it, with a child ; if he once despises his parents, he exposes himself to be contemned by others. And to shew how horrid sins of this nature are, the Levitical law made disobedience unto parents, the worst of its four capital punishments, stoning ; nor was he allowed to live, who had cursed either father or mother. Neither can I believe this law was abrogated, in the

days of Solomon; who tells us, that the *eye that mocketh his father, or disdains obedience to his mother, the crows of the valley shall pick it out, or else the young eagles eat it*: which, in effect, is to say, that he shall come to some untimely end, either be hanged on some tree, or cast out without burial, for the fowls of the air to feed on. To this inclines the opinion of St. Jerom, where he says, *Nec vultu lædenda est pietas parentum*: the sacred duty owing to parents, must not be infringed even by a look. He that hath forgotten to be a son, is an Agrippa to the world, and is born averse to nature. It was a good reason the philosopher gave to one, why he should not go to law with his father: *if you charge him unjustly, (says he,) all will condemn you: and if your charge be just, you will yet be condemned, for blazing it forth.* It was Cassianus who asked an undutiful son: *Quem alienum tibi fidum invenies, si tuis hostis fueris? Qui fallere audebit parentes; qualis erit in cæteros?* What stranger shall he ever find faithful to him, who to his parents has become an enemy? What will he be to others, who is false to parents?—It is the same, in other relations; between husband and wife; between master and servants. To be false in our relations, is to break our trust; which both religion and nature require us to keep truly. When Judas had betrayed his Master, neither his friends, nor his enemies, nor his own conscience, could endure him afterwards. Whereas, he who behaves himself well in his relations, gives us hope of his being sound in all other things, in which we have to do with him. If

we can believe the excellent Silius, we shall find that by being false in our relations, we not only lose ourselves as well as others, but we thus become plunged into all the calamities of life, in the several bearings in which we stand to others.

————— *Qui frangere rerum*

*Gaudebit pacta, ac tenues spes linquet amici ;
Non illi domus, aut conjux, aut vita, manebit
Unquam expers luctûs, lacrymæque : Aget æquore semper,
Ac tellure premens ; aget ægrum, nocte dieque
Dispecta, ac violata fides.*——

Ital. l. 13.

————— Who loves to break

Wise nature's bonds, and cheat his friend's poor hope,
Contracts turmoil, and tears that never stop.
Nor house, nor wife, nor life is safe : but he
O'erwhelm'd with earth, ploughs the unquiet sea :
A broken faith discern'd, is sickness ever.——

Certainly, there is no man but some way, stands connected with others, either by religion, policy, nature, alliance, or humanity ;—therefore, as a Christian, a friend, a kindred, a superior, or a man, to all, a man has an honest course of conduct to pursue. Though I comply not with all their ways, yet Christian piety and natural probity are never to be parted with. He who loses, or throws away these, descends into a beast, and has not reason for his guide, and is human in shape alone.

—————
WHENCE A MAN'S FAME ARISES.

THERE is not a greater cheat, than fame and reputation sometimes prove to be. Few converse enough with persons abroad, for them to shew their real

humours and inclinations. To their superiors, they put on obsequiousness and dress out their virtues, while they studiously conceal their vices; to their inferiors, they are all courtesy and profession; to all, there is a disguise. They are like ladies, who, careful of their beauty, admit none into their presence, till they are dressed and trimmed out to the best advantage. It is only, in a man's retirement, and among his domestics and friends, that he opens himself with freedom, and without care. He then walks among them, as nature framed him: among them, he may be seen, not as he *seems*; but as he *is*; without the deceptions of art, or the varnish of counterfeit virtue. Indeed, no one is able to pass a true judgment upon another, but he who familiarly and inwardly knows him and has viewed him, by the light of time. While Tiberius had a noble fame among strangers, he who read him rhetoric, hesitated not to pronounce him *luto et sanguine maceratum*.

It is much harder to read the actions, and rightly to understand the characters of great persons, than those of men of inferior condition: for, though they be extravagant, yet their greatness is some kind of awe to the loose and scattered reports that fly about from mean men's tongues: and their attendants not only palliate their vices, as improper for them to divulge, but, at the same time, magnify their good parts, and represent them to the world, as greater than they are; so that oftentimes, those pass with the world at large, for persons rarely qualified, who, being strictly viewed, are but shew and deceiving outside. And besides this, many a man, while he has a curb upon him, can be kept in

modest bounds; from which once freed, he lavishes into excess and gross enormities. And doubtless, a man's fame and estimation is, in some measure, according to those among whom he lives. Even a good man, among ill neighbours, may be ill spoken of; and a bad man, by some, may be beloved. Some vices are falsely looked upon as ornament and education: and a modest innocence, is mistaken for silliness and ignorance. To be good, is thought too near a way to contempt. That, which the ancients admired, we slight and ridicule. A good honest man, is but a better word for a fool; so that no man can promise himself to be free from the whip of a licentious tongue. Slanders and calumnies, like contagious airs, are epidemical in their infection: but, the soundest constitutions are less tainted by them. I like not those who disdain what the world says of them. I suspect that woman's modesty, who cares not to be accounted modest. While I am innocent, injurious rumours shall the less disturb me. But, as he that is careful of his health, will not only avoid infective places, but antidote himself by preventive physic, and will not only be abstemious at a feast, but in his private diet; so he who would be well-esteemed, must not only eschew evil company, but must fortify himself with precepts and resolutions to preserve himself, not only in the throng, and abroad, but in his retired dressing-room: for, since a man's good or bad fame takes its first rise from those who are about him, (and servants not being always in our interests, nor always discreet,) it behoves him who values his own reputa-

tion, to give them no cause of reporting what shall cross it. He who is careless of his fame, I doubt, is not fond of his integrity. The first ground to be laid, is a man's honest endeavours, and that, as well in the chamber as in the court: and then, it is likely a good fame will follow him. If I do my part, I shall be the less troubled, if the world shall not do its part, in allowing me what I labour for.

THAT IT IS DIFFICULT TO BE RICH AND GOOD.

IT is rare to see a rich man, religious: for religion preaches restraint, and riches prompt to unlicensed freedom. If our Saviour himself had not given an exposition of his own hard text, of the camel and the eye of a needle; certainly no rich man could be thought to be saved, but by a miracle. When wealth abounds, men are seldom by suffering brought to be, sober-minded. They buy out their penance, and pass over those considerations that should rightly dispose their minds. The education of rich men teaches them to command, and prevents their being acquainted with that which is better than sacrifice, obedience: and by the corruption of man's weak nature, they become so attached to the perishable and imperfect enjoyments of this life, that they seldom give themselves time to think of the concerns of another and a better. Agur prayed directly against plenty: and though Solomon was so wise as not to ask it, yet we see, when he had it, it had well nigh eaten out all his wisdom. Riches

are not evil, in themselves ; but there is, for the most part, a casual inconvenience which attends them : and if our blessed Saviour had not seen something in them more than we apprehend, he would never have declared it so difficult for a man at once to be both good and wealthy ; neither would he have advised the young man to sell what he had, or have commanded his disciples to leave all and follow him ; nor would he have exhibited to us, poverty in his own person, if he had not known human frailty to be too apt to be led away by abundance. It is also to be observed of riches, that they deaden and often extinguish our sense of charity ; for if we do not feel the wants of others, we cannot be sensible of their sufferings : so that, the charity of the wealthy is but too often, rather self-love than charity : which doubtless must always be, when God is not the scope, and others more their object, than themselves. And without the wings of charity, it will be very hard to mount to the region of happiness. Riches, besides, are often as thorns to choak the fruits of piety : though industry, and constant attention, may perhaps prevent some of these inconveniences. Wealth also is apt to seduce a man into a false opinion of his own wisdom. How easy it is for a man to think himself wise, when perhaps all about him endeavour, to humour him into the idea that he is so ! Again ; if a rich man be in a way of miscarriage, his wealth keeps him not only from being reclaimed, but from knowing wherein he fails. Men are wary how they hazard their interest by reprehension. A poor man, like clay, being softened by his low situation, may be

easily moulded into any form ; but the rich, shined upon by the sun of prosperity, set on an eminence, and, in the flaring light of greatness, are hardened into a brittleness which will scarcely admit of any shape, but that in which you chance to find them. Like Venice glasses, any hot liquor of admonition makes them crack and fly in pieces presently. And indeed, it is no small unhappiness to be set in such a station, as will not admit a friend to be free with one. Such an one is open to flattery, and fenced against admonition. He who, by the engine of a massy wealth, is craned up above the rebuke of friends, had need of a noble nature and a virtue strongly corded, to save him from quickly sliding into the lowest scale of vice. Certainly, there is none so wise, as that he never errs ; but he is well on, in the way to be wise, who can bear a reproof, and mend by it. I doubt not but there are some, who are wealthy and wise, who are rich and religious : and as they are extraordinarily happy in themselves, who can escape the snares which their affluence lays for them, and make use of those means which a great estate affords them to do good with ; so, they ought to be magnified by all, who witness so noble a conjunction. As a rich tyrant is the worst of all wild beasts, so a rich Christian is one of Christ's wonders. It is Seneca who says, *Nihil honestius magnificentiusque, quàm pecunias contemnere, si non habeas ; si habeas, ad beneficentiam libertatemque conferre.* If we have not wealth, it is honest and princely not to be fond of it ; but far more heroic, if we have it, to sow it in

charity and beneficence. A rich man who is virtuous, like fire in a chimney, is regular, bright, and refreshing to all who come within the influence of his rays. He lights the blindly dark, and gilds the room he shines in: and whosoever come into it, like it; it will draw their eyes upon him, as if there were some Divinity in him, which invited all to pay him a kind of adoration, for the bounty and benefits that Providence has made him steward of.

AGAINST BEING PROUD OF BEING COMMENDED.

THERE is such a grateful tickling in the mind of man in being commended, that, even when we know the praises which are bestowed on us are not our due, we are not angry at the author's insincerity. To generous minds, commendation is certainly an encouragement, if not a reward to virtue. He who cares not to be well thought of, is in want of that living fire in his soul which types out eternity; and he, on the other hand, who shews himself puffed up by it, proves that he is made but of light stuff, which as a bubble by a boy, can be blown from his shell, until the very air alone can blurt it again into spittle. Praise has different effects, according to the mind it meets with: it makes a wise man modest, but a fool more arrogant, by raising him to such a height as to turn his weak brain giddy. I like not praising, when it is too loud: a little is a shadowing to a well-limned piece; it sets it off the better; but when it is thrown in, without discrimination or degree, it destroys the

effect of the figure. For a man to grow proud by being commended, is, of all uses, the worst he can make of it. But every good thing a good man speaks of another, like the blast of a trumpet in war, should incite and encourage the person commended, to a closer, nobler, and more generous pursuit of virtue. To contemn a just commendation, is to kick at kindness; to be proud of it, is to use it to intoxication. The best is to labour at improvement. If any one speaks well of my conduct, I would be glad I could act better. I shall like it the more, if my deeds go beyond his tongue. I had rather, in this case, that men should see more than they expect, than look for more than they can find.

OF SECRECY.

THE hooting fowler seldom takes much game. When a man has a project in his mind, digested and fixed by consideration, it is good wisdom to keep it secret, till the time that his designs arrive at their dispatch and perfection. He is unwise who brags much either of what he will do, or of what he shall have: for if what he speaks of, falls not out accordingly, instead of applause, a mock and scorn will follow him. They seldom thrive in business, who are always proclaiming their intentions; they speak themselves to be way-laid, and if they have ought worth the taking, they are setters to their own robbery. Even water will forbear to rise where the pipe through which it is to pass, has a flaw in it. We see that

which carries on even evil actions to their prosperity, and is, indeed, a main cause of their success, and without which, they would certainly often come to nothing, is their secrecy and clandestineness. And if secrecy can so promote those designs which are wicked, why should it not as well be advantageous, in the pursuits of those which are good? Nature, for her own preservation, has taught wild beasts to dwell in holes and dens; the fishes bed in mud; and the birds build not in open fields, but in the shaded woods, and solitary thickets. How many have undone themselves, by their openness! That man who cannot keep his own determinations private, is not fit to be trusted either with his own or other's business. He lets in so much light, that it will not suffer his designs to sleep; so they come to be disturbed, while they gather strength, by repose. If the business be, of what is yet to come, it is vanity to boast of it; it is like depending on the almanack for the weather which is to happen. We boast of that which, not being in our power, is none of our own:—the bird that flies, I may as well call mine. He digs in sand, and lays his beams in water, who builds upon events, which no man can be master of. And if, after all our boasting, we come to be disappointed, the defeat is made more visible; and we are turned out to herd with those that must be laughed at. Secrecy is a most necessary part, not only of policy but prudence. Things untold, are as things undone. I would first be so wise, as to be my own counsellor; next, so secret, as to be my own counsel-keeper.

FOR ORDERING OF EXPENSES.

IT is very hard for an open and easy nature to keep within the compass of his fortune; either shame to be seen behind others, or a vain-glorious desire to out-do them, leaks away all, till the vessel be empty or low. Nothing involves a man in more unhappiness than the heedless and imprudent spending of his estate: it sometimes quite alters the frame and temper of the mind. He who has been profuse, when wants press upon him, easily grows rapacious. On the other side, a sordid parsimony lays a man open to contempt. Who will care for him, who cares for nobody but himself? Or, who will expect any favour or friendship from that man, who makes it his business to scrape from all who fall within his gripe or reach? Nor is the parsimonious man, less a scorn to others, than a punishment to himself. He pulls from others, as if he would make all his own; and when he has it, he keeps it, as if it were another man's. In expenses, I would be neither pinching nor prodigal: yet, if my means allow it not, I would rather be thought too sparing, than a little profuse. Saving inclines to judgment; but lavish expenditure, to levity and inconsiderateness. With the wise, it is no disgrace to make a man's ability his compass of sail and line, to walk by: and to exceed it, for those who are not wise, is, to be sure, to exceed them, as well in folly as expense. Both are equally absurd, he that will burn out his taper while the sun shines, and he that will go to bed in the dark to save the expense

of light. It is my part to know what I am able to do; others may only look at the stream, but not trouble themselves about the fountain that is to supply it. He who spends his proportion, is as brave as a prince; and a prince exceeding that is a prodigal. There is no gallantry beyond what is fit and decent. He who, when he should not, spends too much, shall, when he would not, have too little to spend. It was a witty reason which Diogenes gave for having asked but a half-penny from the thrifty man, and a pound of the prodigal;—the first, he said, might give him often; but, the other, ere long, would have nothing to give. To spare in weighty causes, is the worst and most unhappy part of thrift that can be: liberality, like a warm shower, mollifies the hardest earth, and prepares it for fertility. Who can expect to reap, who has never sowed his seed; or, who in a drought, will look for a plentiful harvest? And, on the other side, we shall find, that to spend vainly, even in a plentiful fortune, has not any warrant either from prudence or religion. It is a kind of scandal to see a riotous waste made of wealth, which might be employed to many precious purposes. If we have a superfluity, the poor have an interest, in it; but surely none is due to either waste or wantonness. Wealth foolishly consumed, is as wine upon the pavement dashed; which was by Providence destined to have cheered the heart. If God gave us the talents we have, not to lie idly by us, can we think he can be pleased, when either loosely we consume them, or viciously misapply them?

*Nullus argento color est, avaris
Abditæ terris inimice lamnæ,
Crispe Salustî, nisi temperato
Splendeat usu.*

Hor. l. ii. Ode 2.

Gold hath no lustre of its own,
It shines by temperate use alone ;
And when in earth it hoarded lies,
My Sallust can the mass despise.

OF A CHRISTIAN'S SETTLEDNESS IN HIS SAVIOUR.

THOUGH man circuit about with never so many ambiguous turnings, yet, like a disunited element, he is never at a quiet repose, till he makes up to the centre of his soul, his God ;—like the needle in a dial, disturbed and shaken from its point, it never leaves its quivering motion, until it fixes and sleeps upon its arctic pole. Things which put him out of his quest of Heaven, are but interposures, diversions, and disturbances. Though the pleasures, profits, and honours of this life, may sometimes shuffle him out of his usual course ; yet he wavers up and down in trouble, runs to and fro, like quick-silver, and is never at rest till he returns to his wonted joy and inward happiness. There it is, that his centre points, and there his circle is bounded ; which though unseen and unperceived by others, are such to him, as nothing can buy from him. Compared with these, the gaudiest glitterings of the fawning world are but as painted scenes upon a stage, which change with every act, and never remain longer with us, than while the play of this

swift life continues. In God, as in the root, are the causes of all felicity. All the oriental lustre of the richest gems; all the enchanting beauties of exterior shape; the exquisiteness of figures; the loveliness of colours, the harmony of sounds, the light and clarity of the enlivening sun; the ravishing form and order of all; all the heroic virtues of the bravest minds, with the purity and quickness of the highest intellects; all are emanations from the Supreme Deity. If we find any thing in the creature which is but faintly amiable, we may be sure, in God, to find it in immense perfection. Absalom's beauty, Jonathan's love, David's valour, Solomon's wisdom, Augustus' prudence, Cicero's eloquence; with whatsoever else we most admire, the purity of virgins, the fragrancy of nature, the intelligence of all. Near to this, comes the eloquent Boëtius, when speaking of God,

————— *Tu namque serenum,*

Tu requies tranquilla piis : te cernere, finis,

Principium, vector, dux, semita, terminus idem.

De Consolatione, l. 3. m. 9.

'Tis thine alone to calm the pious breast
 With silent confidence and holy rest;
 From thee, Great God, we spring; to thee we tend;
 Path, Motive, Guide, Original, and End.

Is it not wonderful that the brittle, weak, and short-lived pleasures of this world, should at all once captivate the soul, which, as fire flies upwards, is naturally formed to ascend to a beatitude in its great Creator? A full delight in earthly things, argues a neglect of heavenly. If I put my trust in temporal enjoyments, I may justly suspect myself of placing a confidence, where there is no stability.

OF READING AUTHORS.

IT was an apt observation of the excellent Plutarch, that we ought to regard books, as we do sweet-meats ; not wholly to aim at the pleasantest, but chiefly to respect the wholesomest ; not forbidding either, but approving the latter most. Though there may be much more profitableness in some authors than in others ; yet it is very rare, that the ingenious can be ill. He who has wit to make his pen pleasant, will have much ado to prevent it from being something profitable. A total levity will not take. A rich suit requires good stuff, as well as being tinselled out with lace and ribbands. And certainly, wit is very near akin to wisdom. Even the looser poets have some divine preceptions. Though I cannot but think Martial's wit was much clearer than his pen ; yet he is sometimes grave, as well as trifling. But deep and solid matter, where it is understood, takes better than the light flashes and skipping capers of fancy. Who is it will not be more delighted with the weighty and substantial lines of Seneca and Plutarch, the crisped Sallust, the politic Tacitus, and the well-breathed Cicero, than with the frisks and dancings of the jocund and airy poets? Works which aim at wit only, like the fountains and water-works in gardens, are of no other use than for recreation, after the labours and toils of more serious employments and studies. Those romances are the best, which, while they please the fancy, give us the best ideas of morality and Divine wisdom. Those which are light, and have

nothing but the gauderies of wit to recommend them, are only fit for youth and those of greener years to toy with. When we advance to riper age, we begin to leave such studies, as sports and pastimes which we have out-grown, by more maturity. Of this age was Horace, when he declared ;

*Nunc itaque et versus, et cætera ludicra pono :
Quod verum, atque decens, curo, et rogo, et omnis in hoc sum :
Condo, et compono, quæ mox depromere possum.*

I Ep. l. 1.

Now farewell all th' amusements of my youth ;
Farewell to verses ; for, the search of truth,
And moral decency, hath fill'd my breast,
Hath every thought and faculty possest ;
And now I form my philosophic lore,
For all my future life, a treasur'd store.

Humorous strains, are but spring-flowers, which, though they please the eye, yield but trifling nourishment. It is only the autumn fruits, on which we can thrive and live ; the sage sayings, the rare examples, the noble enterprises, the useful contrivances, the success of good and bad actions, the elevations of the Deity ; the motives and incitements to virtue, and the like ; it is these, which conduce to the improvement and perfection of man. But I do not see, but it well becomes an author to study to be agreeable and taking, in his manner, as well as instructive, in his matter ; the one without the other, is lame. Though flint may have fire, in it ; yet, we prize it but little, because we cannot get a spark without knocking. He that hath what is good in him, and cannot express it, is like a chest of wood, perhaps containing a jewel :

but, who shall be better for it, when the key is lost? A good style does sometimes take him, that good matter would drive away. It is the gilding, which assists us, in swallowing the wholesome pill. It is graceful to speak, and to write properly; nor is it easy to separate eloquence and knowledge; for the first leads to the other, and is, at least, the anti-court to the palace of wisdom. A good style, with good matter, consecrates a work to memory; and sometimes, while a man seeks but one of these, he is caught to be a servant to the other. The principal end of reading, is to enrich the mind; the next, to improve the pen and tongue. Doubtless, that is the best work, in which the Graces and the Muses meet.

OF THE VARIATION OF MEN IN THEMSELVES.

No man is to be accounted happy, until he has escaped all things that may possibly make him unhappy. Not a day, nor an hour, but give some examples of the mutability of all human affairs. And though the mutation of the mind be not so frequent: yet, the accidents of the world, the variation of condition, the difference of ages, the alternations from better to worse, and worse to better, outward hurts and inward diseases, have shewn us the same persons converted into different men. And truly it would be matter of amazement, for a man in the ups and downs of life, and under all the vicissitudes to which he is outwardly exposed, to retain a mind unaltered. The

same cordial that cures one person, may, by meeting a diverse humour, distract or kill another. Wealth is, as the wine of life : some it puts into a delightful mirth, that gratifies all the company ; while it makes others tyrannous and quarrelsome, that no man can keep himself in safety, but he that has the wit to be absent. Where it lights upon weak minds, it usually changes them into worse ; they have not wherewithal to bear the stress that a great estate will put them to. And when they cannot bear it out by wit and reason, they fly to authority and power, which, enacts submission ; but will not be accountable for any kind of personal merit that may induce it. And certainly, though it be true, as commonly believed, that for the most part, where God designs a Governor, he qualifies him with parts proportionable for his employment ; yet doubtless, the very condition of power and greatness, naturally enough draws a man into another temper, than what he was in, without it. It nevertheless holds good that a man shews himself in authority, according as he was inwardly principled, before he came to it. By preferment, good men are made better, but ill men worse. It therefore much concerns princes, on whom their bounty bestows preferment : and the more, because their subjects have an interest in them, as well as themselves. It is true, nothing can be certain, as to what the temper will prove. Good or bad, lodging in the heart, cannot by man be espied. Neither was the youth of the noble Scipio untainted with vice, or the beginnings of the monster Nero, without some signs of good. The

scum rises not, till the water boils; nor is the oil gathered, till the liquor be heated. Let no man therefore despair too much of the bad, nor presume too much of the good. The last, like a rich plant in a lean soil, it may degenerate into wildness; and the other, though single, like stocks in manured beds, may come up stript and double. If there be understanding, there is ground for hope, the soil is not desperate.

A CAVEAT IN CHOOSING FRIENDS.

NO man who is branded with a signal vice, is fit for a wise man to make a friend of. But there are two sorts of men, whom we ought especially to avoid; the angry man, and the drunkard. The prudent man is glad to enjoy himself in peace, without thrusting himself into the justling throng, where there is nothing to be got but dishonour, blows, and clamour. To be only a spectator, is not to be out of danger. If a granado be fired, all within the burst of it are in hazard. If either of these bears break loose, you shall be sure to be either frightened, or hurt, and, whether you will or no, be made a partaker either of some ridiculous quarrel, or intemperate riot, or by both together, be brought into some drunken fray; for the furies ever bear a part in Bacchus' orgies. Choler is as dust flurred up into the eyes of reason, which blinds or dazzles the sight of understanding; and burns in the heart, like fire under a pot. Whensoever it flames, it makes the tongue boil over; and where it falls, it

scalds. Words come not then digested, and determined on by judgment, sense, and reason; but are sent forth by chance, by rage, and brutish passion; not upon premeditated terms, but whatsoever the memory on the sudden catches, violent passion gives it immediate vent, though before, it lay never so deeply hidden and immured. Confession's seal is broken, by this picklock; men will say that, in the rage of passion, which when appeased, they tremble to remember. When the prophet David tells us of his enemies' anger, neither spears nor arrows nor a naked sword, will serve him to express it; but that sword must be sharpened too, that it may cut the keener. Seneca makes no difference between the furious and the mad; for the madman is always furious, and the furious ever mad. 'Then tell me who it is, would, in his sober senses, make choice of his friend out of bedlam? When Solomon speaks of the brawling woman, who is no other than a she-angry-man, he thus describes her: *It is better to dwell in a corner of the house-top, than with a contentious woman:—It is better to dwell in the land of the desert, than with her:—*and again, *She is a continual dropping rain.* All which, when summed up together, amounts to this; that you had better be exposed to all the tempests of the heavens, and the rage of the sky's whole armoury, or live banished from all human conversation, and in want of all things, be left a prey to the ferocity of ravenous beasts; or else, without the least intermission of rest, endure a perpetual dropping (which, were your heart of marble, yet will it

wear it out at last) than to live with a quarrelsome, contentious, dissatisfied, angry person. Those who live in houses which are haunted with such spirits, cannot dwell in safety in them. When you think yourself securely quiet, and in a calm serenity, on a sudden, ere you are aware of it, a hideous noise is heard, or else a brick-bat flies about your ears, and you must run for it, or be black and blued all over. If by chance you knock but against a nail, by that small spark it strikes; the gunpowder blows you up. It so ruffles through all the shrouds, that reason is never heard, till this rough wind abates. The proverb commands us *neither to make friendship with the angry, nor converse with the furious; lest we learn their ways, and beget a snare to our souls.* The roar so stops the ear, that a man cannot hear what it is, that counsel speaks.

As to the drunkard, he hath *læsa memoria*, while he is in his cups; and if he drinks on, he hath none. While Bacchus is his chief god, Apollo never keeps him company. Friends and foes, familiars and strangers, are then, all alike to him; and he forgetfully speaks of that, in his cups, which, if he were sober, the rack could not wrest from him. First, he speaks he knows not what; nor can he after, remember, what it was he spoke. He speaks that, which he should forget; and forgets that, which he did speak. Drunkenness is the death of rational man, which only time and abstinence can resuscitate. *Absentem lædit, qui cum ebrio litigat.* He who quarrels with one that is drunk, is like the fool who

fighters with him who is absent. He is not fit to keep another's secrets, who knows not how to closet up his own thoughts.

Both the passionate man and the drunkard, shall, as companions, be sure to give you trouble enough. One, vomits gall; the other, folly and surfeits. And it is not easy to say, which of them bespatters most. Together Horace couples them :

*Arcanum neque tu scrutaberis ullius unquam,
Commissumve tegens, et vino tortus et irâ.*

Ep. xviii. l. 1.

To learn man's secrets never vainly think,
Or to conceal them; torn with rage, or drink.

No man can expect to find a friend without faults; nor can he propose himself to be so, to another. Without reciprocal mildness and temperance, there can be no continuance of friendship. Every man will have something to do for his friend; and something to bear with, in him. The sober man only, can do the first; and for the latter, patience is requisite. It is better for a man to depend on himself, than to be annoyed with either a madman or a fool.

OF THE DANGER OF LIBERTY.

THAT liberty breeds licentiousness, is proved by daily experience. When the reins are held too slack, the affections run wildly on, without a guide. He that admits a fool to play with him at home, will find he will do the same, when he comes into the market.

Liberty, which seems to be so highly prized, and is the only cried-up thing in the world, when once enjoyed, is, of all the seeming goods of man, the most dangerous and seducing. Not being able to guide our own mad appetites, we quickly betray ourselves into the same sad slavery which, but a little before, we opposed and resisted. In governments, the loosest are of the shortest duration. What church ever lasted long, that kept not up its discipline? It was while men slept that the tares were sown. When there is none to watch, and men are left to the liberty of their own opinions, then is the time to sow heresies. Nothing makes us more unfortunately wretched, than our own uncurbed wills. A loose passion pursued, or given way to, hastens us to certain destruction. Hath not assumed liberty thrown those grand assemblies into hate and abhorrence, which, in their due limits, were the gaze and envy of the Christian world? What hath so wounded the honour of some of our gentry and nobility, as this; that by being permitted to do what they would, they have left doing what they ought, and have done what they ought not, even to have thought of? How great a difference may we observe between a family, run riot with licentiousness; and another, restrained and regulated by the decency of a graceful order! It is for God alone, whose blessed essence is wholly incapable of ill, to exercise a power of doing whatever he pleases, and yet never to do any thing below perfection's height. But when frail man is allowed that freedom, he runs into extravagant courses, and wanders about, till he loses himself:—

In pejora datur, suadetque licentia luxum.

To worse, and riot, licence ever leads.

The boundary of man is moderation. When once we pass that pale, our guardian angel quits his charge of us. He who would be preserved in safety, had need keep sentinel upon his liberty. She is a wanton child, that will be apt to run upon dangers, if there be not a keeper to lead and look to her. Upon a serious examination, I cannot find why men should bawl so loud for liberty. A wise and good man is always free: he wills nothing but what is just and right, and against his will, he acts not. The government of a state, if free from tyranny, is not the worse for being strict; and that of the church, while it keeps to what is orthodox, is the better for discipline. It shall never offend me to live under any government that may make me better, and restrain me from wandering. When I have most freedom, I shall most suspect myself. He that may do more than is fit, is on the way to do more than is lawful. If we once exceed the measure, we as easily grow to exceed the manner. Vice is a peripatetic, always in progression.

A CHRISTIAN'S THREEFOLD CONDITION.

WHO is it can be so sanguine, as to be always constant in a full-blown jollity? It is the glorious sun alone, that in herself, is ever full of light and brightness. But, as in the moon, we see a threefold condition, which gives her an alternate face; her wane, her

increase, her full; so, we see the same resembled in a Christian, three efficient causes working in him Sin, Repentance, and Faith. When after sin, a Christian once considers, he finds a shadow drawn upon his light. The steps of night stay printed in his soul: his shine grows lean within him, and makes him like the moon in her declining wane, obscuring and diminishing that clearness of the Spirit, which before shone with such brightness on him. Sin dims the beauty of the luminous soul: like the sensible plant which, when the hand of flesh touches it, shrinks in all her leaves; or else, like the humble one, falls flat, and lankly lies on the earth. Nay, sometimes (as the moon in our last sight of her) the Christian seems quite gone, and vanished: resting for a time, like a diseased man in a trance; as a winter-tree, or a fire that is buried in concealing embers; without sense, or shew, of either light or heat. But then comes Repentance, and casts water in his face, bedews him with tears, packs the spirits back again to the heart, till that be roused up by them; rubs up his benumbed soul;—so that there are to be seen some tokens both of life and recovery. Repentance is the key, that unlocks the gate wherein sin keeps man a prisoner. Who is it can be so black and dead a coal, that this lacrymal water, with the breath of the Holy Spirit, cannot blow up into a glowing light? This makes him spring, causes him to begin to bud again; unrolls his wrapped-up beauty, and by little and little, if not at once, re-collects his decayed strength of the apprehension of God's Spirit; and so sets him in the way to joy and renewed

courses. Repentance is Penelopè's night, which undoes what the day of sin did weave. It is indeed the only *aqua-vitæ*, to fetch again to itself the fainting soul: and it might justly therefore cause the emperor Theodosius to wonder at the effect. That living man should die, he saw, was ordinary and familiar; but it was from God alone, that man, being dead in sin, should live again by repentance.

But lastly, Faith appears; and perfects what repentance began and could not finish. She cheers up his drooping hopes, brings him again to his wonted solace, spreads out his leaves, invigorates his shrunken nerves, and to a bright flame, she blows his dying fire: that like the moon in her full glory, he becomes endued with a plenteous fruition of the presence of the Almighty. Thus, while he sins, he wanes himself to darkness and obscurity; when he repents, he begins to recover light; and when his faith shines clear, he then appears at full:—yet in all these, while he lives here, he is not only charged with some spots, but is subject to vicissitudes: sometimes, he is frolicked with a feast within him. Sometimes, he is shrinking in a starved condition; and sometimes, dull with darkness of desertion;—yet, in all, he lives; though in some weakly, and in some insensibly, yet, never without one sound consolation, in the worst of these sad variations. As the planet Mercury, which though erratic and unfixed, yet never wanders far from the sun: or, as the moon, when she is least visible, is as well a moon as when we see her in her full proportion, only the sun looks not on her with so large an aspect, and she

reflects no more than she receives from him: so a Christian in his lowest ebb of sorrow, is an heir of salvation, as well as when he is in the highest flow of comfort; only the Sun of Righteousness darts not the beams of love so plentifully, and he shews no more, than God by shining, gives him. When the Holy Spirit holds in its beams, frail man needs must languish. It is deprivation that creates a hell; for where God is not, there it is, that hell is. Whenever this tide runs out, there's nought but mud and weeds left behind. When God shall hide his face, in vain elsewhere we seek for a subsistence. He is the air, without which there is no life. His withdrawals are our miseries; his presence is joy and revivement. It is only sin that can eclipse this light. It is the interposure of this gross opaque body, that blackens the else-bright soul: this is, that great Alexander, which keeps the light from the poor Diogenes, in his tub of mortality: and this, sometimes, must be expected, while we are here below. Even time, consists of night and day; and the year, of various seasons. He who expects a constancy here, looks for that which this world cannot give. It is only above the sun, that there is no moon to change.

IN THE STRICTEST FRIENDSHIP, SOME SECRETS
MAY BE RESERVED.

THOUGH a friend be but the duplicate of a man's self: yet there may often happen secrets to one, that may not be convenient to divulge to the other. If

they be such, as that the disclosure of them to a friend, shall not only not benefit him, but shall bring a grief upon him, I cannot think it an act of friendship, to impart them. He that gives his friend uneasiness when he needs not, is his enemy, or at least is less his friend than he might be. Certainly, even as a case of conscience as well as in common morality, it had been better for Œdipus had he never known that he had slain his father and married his mother, than to have it told him, when it was too late to prevent it. As I will not care for a friend full of inquisitions (for, *percontator garrulus*, inquisitors are tattlers): so I will not be importunate to learn my friend's secrets. If my friend impart ought freely, I shall endeavour faithfully to serve him, as far as I may. But if in some things, he be reserved, I shall suppose, it is for his own safety, as well as my ease. I will be willing to know, as far as he would have me; but I would not draw any thing from him, which he may not be ready to communicate. If he be one whom I value, I ought not to wrong him so much, as to wrest that from him, that might cause him afterwards to repent or fear. If he be not to be valued, I will never engage myself so much, as to be made conscious of his concealments.

THAT IT IS NO DISHONOUR SOMETIMES TO
RETRACT A PURSUIT.

IT is better sometimes to sound a retreat and so draw off, than to stay in the field, and conquer; because, it may so fall out, that the prize we should

win, would not be equivalent to the loss we would sustain. What is it, to die like Sampson? Or, who can call that victory, where with my enemy's grave, I must also dig my own? He acts simply, who will continue the pursuit of what is unprofitable, merely because he has begun to pursue it. There is no disgrace in doing that, which is for the best. The further a man goes in any action, assuredly, he may see the more: and if a man has been a fool in the beginning, he is not bound to be so, to the end. It is far more pardonable to err through inconsideration, than wilfulness. The one, errs from accident; the other, from choice. Shall it be no shame to have begun ill, and shall it be a shame, prudently to desist? A desire to obtain, at all events, the mastery and to overcome, is an error to which most men are prone. We are oftener led by pride, obstinacy, or partiality, than by the right and solid rules of reason. He who holds out in a bad business, shews rather the ferocity of a brutish nature, than the conduct which becomes a man. It is better to manifest that we are overcome by reason, than that we can overcome against it. If my loss in the end, shall exceed my gain, I but run into the same folly, that Augustus used to say, those did, who for trivial matters, would resort to the extremity of war: and thus angle with a golden hook, to catch a fish of a farthing's value, which if they lost, sorrow and vexation followed: and if they did not, it was owing to good fortune, and not to themselves. And if this conduct be inexcusable in temporal matters, how much more so must it be, in spiritual concerns; when merely for the gratification

of a present sensual appetite, we run the hazard of losing a soul to eternity. If we judge impartially of ourselves, we must allow we act, as if we were fonder of punishment than of pleasure and in torments placed our felicity. Let us not laugh at the silly Indian, who lets us have his gold in exchange for beads and rattles; while we ourselves are infinitely simpler, who for toys and trifles sell Heaven and happiness.

TO HAVE REGARD TO MEANS, BUT NOT TO
DESPAIR WITHOUT THEM.

WE can never be so low, as to be at a loss, if we can but look up unto God. He that hopes, shews that he has a spark of divinity within him, and, to speak according to humanity, credits God: but he that despairs, degrades the Deity, and seems to intimate, that he is insufficient or not just to his word; and in vain hath read the Scriptures, the world, and man. To work without means, I know seems hard to man, and to the inapprehensiveness of human reason; but, that this is as easy to God, as to work with them, there is nothing we can look on, but evinces it. The whole creation was made, without even the assistance of matter; a naked fiat, did it; a word alone, the easiest of expressions. And, though lame philosophy will not allow any thing to be producible out of nothing: yet, certainly, whatsoever is not God, either was immediately framed out of nothing, or out of that, which first of all, was nothing;—for, to ascribe a

coëtaneous being of the world with God, is to make it God, by giving it eternity. And, as it is safer for man to believe it created out of nothing, by Divine Omnipotence, than to be framed of atoms, by chance or necessity; by holding of any of which, he must sink in absurdity;—so, it is more honour to God, to assign him a power, for so stupendous a machination. A miracle, when he pleases, is to God as easy as a natural cause: for, it was at first by miracle, that even that cause was natural: and all the miracles that we have heard of in the world, are less a miracle than the world itself. He who knows and orders all things that ever were or shall be, in whom their being radically is, can easily go a private way, which may seem contrary to our apprehensions. Nor need we wonder that we cannot trace his operations. It requires a miracle, to make us capable of understanding one. We cannot reach above our own means. And, when we daily see events passing before us, which transcend our utmost reach: what is it should make us doubt the omnipotency of the great Creator of all things? It is as easy for God to work without means, as with them. Nay, to his power and all-sufficiency, the former is a quicker way to accomplish his purposes, than by the circumflections of nature and second causes: though he has been pleased, except in particular cases, to leave nature to her ordinary operations. Doubtless, though in nature and reason, there be no ground left for despair (for without lessening God to the weakness of man, the mind cannot conceive it) yet we ought never so to

depend on his will and power which is hidden from us, as to neglect his declared pleasure. He who neglects what he finds commanded, has little reason to expect what he finds not promised. Upon means, it is fit we should depend. Without means, we may hope. Against means, we should not despair. But to disregard God's appointed means, is a supine contempt; and, on the other hand, to depend too much on things beyond us, is rather a mark of rash presuming, than any notable proof of our faith. I may look up, to God's ways; but I ought to look down, to my own.

THE MISERY OF AN IGNORANT OLD AGE.

As old age is not only a collection of diseases, but even a disease of itself, and by the decree which Providence hath passed upon man, incurable save by death: the best thing, next to a remedy, is a diversion or an abatement of the malady. The cold Corelian, cannot change his clime: but yet by furs and fires, he can preserve himself, in a boisterous and icy winter. The drum and fife sometimes can drown the battle's noise, when there is no way to escape it. The little pismire does instruct great man, that winter coming, store should be provided. And what thing is there within the fathom of his industry, that can so well support him under the decay and infirmities of age, as knowledge, study, and meditation? With this, a man can feast at home alone, and in his closet, put himself into whatever company shall best please him;

with youth's vigour, age's gravity, beauty's pleasantness, with peace or war, as he may like best. Virtuous study will relieve the tediousness of decrepit age; and the divine raptures of contemplation, will beguile the weariness of the pillow and the chair. It makes him not unpleasing to the young, revered by the aged, and beloved of all. A grey head with a wise mind, enriched by learning, is a treasury of grave precept, experience, and wisdom. It is an oracle, to which the lesser wise resort, to know their fate. He that can read and meditate, need not think the evening long, or life irksome; it is, at all times, a fit employment, and a particular solace to him who is bowed down with years. Without this, an old man is but the lame shadow of that, which once he was. They honour him too far that say, he is twice a child. There is something in children that carries a becoming prettiness with it, which is pleasing and of grateful relish. But ignorant old age is the worst picture, that time can draw of man. It is a barren vine, in autumn; a leaky vessel ready to drop in pieces, at every remove; a map of mental and corporeal weakness; not pleasing to others, and a burden to himself. His ignorance and imbecility condemn him to idleness; which to the active soul, is more irksome than any employment. What can such a one do, when strength of limbs shall fail, and the love of those pleasures which helped him to mispend his youth, shall, through time and languid age, become dull and blunted? Abroad he cannot stir, to amuse himself with what passes in the world; nor will others be fond of coming to him, when they

shall find nothing but a man, composed of diseases and complaints, who for want of knowledge hath not discourse to keep reason company. Like the cuckow he may be left to his own moultring, in some hollowed cell: but since the voice of his spring is gone (which yet was all the note he had to take us with) he is now no longer listened to, and in his melancholy hole, he lazeth his life away. If study were valuable for nothing else, yet it would be highly so, for this; that it makes a man his own companion, without either the charge or the cumber of company. He is neither obliged to humour, nor to flatter. He may hear his author speak as far as he likes, and leave him when he does not please him; nor will he be angry though he be not of his opinion. It is the guide of youth; to manhood a companion; and to old age, a cordial and an antidote. If I die to-morrow, my life to-day, will be somewhat the sweeter for knowledge. The answer was good which Antisthenes gave, when he was asked, what fruit he had reaped of all his studies? *By them* (said he) *I have learned, both to live and discourse with myself.*

OF SUPERSTITION.

THOUGH profaneness be in some respects, much worse than superstition; yet, superstition, in many persons, is a sad discomposure of that life, which without it, might be smooth and pleasant. He who is profane, sets up a god to abuse him: as Dionysius, who, when he took away Æsculapius' golden beard,

said, *It was a shame to see the son so grave, when the father was ever without one.* He seems to know there is a God, but disclaims to pay him homage, because he is one: or, what he hath impropriated to himself, and his worship, he contemptuously debases to secular and common uses: and sometimes mocks at that, which for its relation to the Deity, and his service, should never be looked upon but with reverence;—so that, though both be blameable, yet superstition is the least so of the two. A religion erroneous only in some circumstances, is better far, than none at all; and a man shall less offend, by fearing God too much, than wickedly to jest at, and despise him. An open slighting of so immense a goodness and a greatness as God is, is worse than mistaking him to be too severe and strict. To exceed this way, produces sometimes a good effect; it makes a man careful not to offend. And if we injure not God by making him severer than he is, or by placing more in accidents, and in the creature, than religion allows that we should; we cannot be too wary, in offending. There are two things which commonly produce superstition; fear and ignorance. Fear presents, as well what is not, as what is. Terror blackens the apprehension, and will give a hideous vizard to a handsome face. It creates evils that never were, and those that are, as in the magnifying glass, where a face is no bigger than an apple, it represents it as large as a bushel; but that which is good, it dwindles to nothing, and believes, or suggests, that God cannot help, at need; and so dishonours

him into imbecility, lessening his goodness and his power, and aspersing both with defect:—And this fear is for the most part, begotten out of guilt; for courage and innocence usually dwell together. Nor is ignorance behind-hand, in these things;—not seeing either the chain of Providence, or the arm of power, we are apt to faint, and accuse unjustly that which, if we did but understand, we should adore and rest upon. And as fear is begotten, out of guilt; so is ignorance, out of sloth, and through the want of industry. Hence it is, that superstition is most commonly to be found in such as are of low parts, either naturally or through neglect. What consternation have I seen some thrown into, at spilling of the salt against them; a trembling fear has struck them through the heart, as if it were the warning of some sad event which was to befall them! This was, in old days of ignorance, held to be ominous; and successive ages have continued it among us. Blind custom, in this, as well as in other things, has led us into an error. While the star-chamber was in being, at a dinner there, I remember the Sewer overturned the salt, against a person of honour, who startled, sputtered, and blushed as if one had given him a stab, concluding it a prodigy and forerunner of evil; to which, Edward Earl of Dorset, who was of a nobler frame and genius, handsomely replied: *That for the salt to be thrown down, was not strange at all; but if it should not have fallen, when it was thrown down, had been a prodigy indeed.* To make observation of accidents for our own instruction, without either

dishonour to God, or disturbance to ourselves, I hold to be a wise man's part;—but to fear danger where none is, or to be secure where danger may be, is to change properties with one of those simple birds, that either stooping at a door or thrusting their heads into a hole, think none of the rest of their bodies can be visible.

OF COWARDICE.

THERE is nothing that disqualifies a man like cowardice and a base fear of danger. It makes the smooth way difficult, and the difficult inaccessible. The coward is an unfinished man; or, one which nature has made less than others. Plutarch compares him to the sword-fish, that bears something like a weapon, but wants a heart; yet could he be content to walk off quietly, he might often pass undiscovered. But the misery is; for the most part, those that are least in heart, are loudest in tongue;—and indeed, having nothing else to set them forth, they can vapour higher than the valiant man. A coward is neither fit to be a friend, nor an umpire in any affair. A little menacing, makes him faulty in both: He is not to be trusted with another's reputation, who has not courage to defend his own: so, he is not more unfortunate to others, than to himself: his danger is more than other men's. The enemy is fiercest to him, who flies away. A coward's fear, can make a coward valiant. He who dare not fight when he is resisted, will most insult,

when he sees another fearful ; he who flies, forsakes his help, and gives his back to blows, wherein he carries neither eyes nor hands to defend him. The timorous deer will push the feeble from their herd. Even hares will have a conceit of courage, when they shall, for fear of them, see frogs leap into water. So despicable a thing a coward is, that spoils from cowards won, the Spartans scorned to offer to their gods.

Degeneres animos timor arguit ;

Æn. iv. 13.

Fear shews a worthless mind ;

said Virgil long ago. He owns not that *melior Natura*, that does encourage man. And then how low a thing is he, when he has nothing but his own dull earth about him ? If it be but by speech, that man is to act his part, it is fear that puts an ague in his tongue, and often leaves him either in an amazed distraction, or quite elingued. For, the too serious apprehensions of a possible shame, makes him forget what should help him against it ; I mean, a valiant confidence bequeathing a dilated freedom to all faculties and senses : which with fear are put into a trepidation, that unlike a quaver on an instrument, it is not there a grace, but a jar in music. And this Socrates found in Alcibiades, when first he began to declaim, which he cured by asking him, if he feared a cobbler and a common cryer, an upholsterer, or, some other tradesman ? for, of such he told him, the Athenians, to whom he spake, consisted. He that hath a coward in his bosom, shall never do any thing well. Mercury and Apollo may be, in his matter ; but,

the Graces will never be seen in the manner. If not thus: out of too much care to do well, it drives a man into affectation; and that, like exotic and mishapen attire, does mar the beauty of a well-limbed body. Nature is never comely, when distorted with the rack; when she is set too high, she proves untunable, and instead of a sweet close, yields a crack; she ever goes best, in her own free pace. Knowledge, innocence, confidence and experience, constitute a valiant man. When fear is beyond circumspection, it lays too much hold upon us. All fear is out of defect, and in something gives suspicion of guilt. I know not what Divine could have given us more, than the almost christian Seneca; *Tutissima res est nil timere præter Deum. Timidum non facit animum, nisi reprehensibilis vitæ conscientia mala.* The safest of all, is to fear nothing but God. It is only the galling conscience of an ill-led life, that can shake us into a fear. It is better in all things, but in ill, to be confidently bold, than foolishly timorous. He that in every thing fears to do well, will at length do ill in all.

OF HISTORY.

IT is not easy to determine which is greater, the pleasure or the profit of reading history: for, besides the beguiling of tedious hours, and the relief it affords from the troublesome and vexatious affairs of life, and the preserving the frailty of man from slipping into vice, through leisure and wantonness; it enriches

the mind with observation and gives us a view of the actions, the contrivances, and the over-ruling Providences that have swayed the affairs of the world. It is the resurrection of ages past; it gives us an insight into human life, which we may turn to our own correction and improvement. To study history, is to learn wisdom, at the cost of others; and what is rare, while it makes us better, it affords us entertainment. Among all the industrious works of men, there is none which merits more thanks, than that which hath with prudence, truth, and impartiality, related those transactions, which like main hinges, have shut and opened the gates of the world. If Moses had not given us the history of the Creation, how blindly had we walked in the world! If the Prophets had not given us their account of the Jews, how much had we wanted, of that which nows leads us in the way of uprightness?

And indeed in those who shall rightly and well relate the occurrences of states and kingdoms, there is required much more than makes up an ordinary man. They ought to be superlatively intelligent, diligently industrious, and uncorruptedly sincere; neither driven, by fear nor led, by flattery. Nor is it easy for any to give a true history, who have not themselves been actors in the affairs which are treated of. He who writes from the relation and report of others, may easily err, and often miss the truth. Rumours are like thunderings in the air; we have a confused noise; but the particular cause of it, we can only guess at.

The principal aim of him who writes a history, should be truth, and to relate whatever is deserving of notice, whether it be of good, or whether it be of ill. He who writes what is false, tells a lie in the face of the world, and deceives posterity. He is the worst of ill limners; for he draws the mind amiss. Some interlard their relations with fancies of their own. Such works may be romances, but are not histories. Let us not, however, expect in every history, a full and perfect narration; for, besides that they are *men* who write, it is not possible, that, in all things, the truth of affairs should be ever arrived at. None but the omniscient God is able to trace the secret springs of actions, and to ascertain the merits of all human transactions. A history written in the life-time of the actors, usually over-rates virtues, and omits or palliates vices. A history written after death, may be more impartial, but less accurate: some things will be forgot, others obscured by the dust of time, and either spleen or favour, may vary the colour which naked nature gave. And though he that writes be an actor himself, yet we are very rarely to expect that all should be sound and current. He who is in the battle himself, often does not know the turn and progress of it; he can undertake but for himself, and where he is: what is beside him, may be unknown or disguised. And though of all others, he who writes from his own knowledge, as a party concerned, may be nearer truth; yet a man will be nice in blazing forth his own errors, and self-love will incline him to lean to himself. If he be good, he would appear

better;—if he be bad, he will not choose that the world should read it, in the monument of story, when he is gone. The dying Spaniard did but speak humanity, when he begged he might not be stript when he was dead, though the defect were only that he wanted a shirt.

OF FREE DISPOSITIONS.

DIOGENES asked Plato for a glass of wine, and he presently sent him a gallon: when next Diogenes met him, he said to him, *I asked you, how many was two and two? and you have answered, twenty.* There are some of so noble a disposition, that like trees of ripe fruit, by degrees they drop away all that they have; they would even out-do the demands of all their friends, and would give, as if they were gods that could not be exhausted; they look not so much either at the merit of others, or their own ability, as by their bounty, the satisfaction of themselves. I find not a higher genius this way, than flowed in the victorious Alexander. He warred, as if he coveted all things; and gave away, as if he cared for nothing. You would think he did not conquer for himself, but his friends; and that he took, only that he might have wherewith to give;—so that one might well conclude the world itself, was too little for either his ambition or his bounty. When Perillus begged that he would be pleased to give him a portion for his daughters, he immediately commanded him fifty talents. The modest beggar told him, ten would be

enough. To which the prince replied,—*Though they might be enough for him, to receive, yet they were not enough for himself, to bestow.*

Doubtless, all will conclude, a mind, so vast, is a nobleness to be adored and magnified. The bounty of such falls like rain, and fertilizes all beneath them. The vulgar will erect them altars, and they will have all the verbal plaudits which are due to the greatest benefactors.

*Vixit extento Proculeius avo,
Notus in fratres animi paterni ;
Illum aget pennâ metuente solvi
Fama superstes.*

Hor. 1. ii. Ode 2.

The noble love to brothers shew'd
By Proculeius, shall sound loud
In Fame's shrill trump; there mount so high
That it shall never die.

I often find, however, that those who are thus boundless in their bounty, and like the air, breathe nothing but freedom upon all they meet with, and whose dispositions, as the gods', are open, being only men, and therefore their materials limited, do often prove unfortunate to themselves. Exhausted by the impudence and necessities of others, and their unworthily working on a free nature; an unwelcome want at once undoes them, and the goodness of their disposition. Being easy to good, they will be so much more to ill, when they are pressed to it.

Every man we meet, may be made an object either of charity or bounty: but they are very few that will afford us, wherewithal to continue them. When

Zenocrates told Alexander he had no need of his fifty talents, he replied, *Though he had no need of them himself, yet he might have occasion for them, for his friends: since he was sure that all the treasure he had conquered from Darius, would scarce serve him, for his.* Should Neptune's sea be ever flowing out, he would want water for his own inhabitants. The pool whose waste lets out more than its springs supply, will soon be shallow, if not wholly dry. To spend like a prince, and receive like a private man, must needs beget such a fit of vomiting or apericiency, as quickly will impair all health. And though such may be of service to others, yet it will be chiefly to those, who are grating and given to encroach;—for to the generous mind such profuse benefactors are oftentimes less acceptable, than other more reserved men. He that would be entire to himself, cannot well converse with the former, without being fettered by some kindness; so he loses his freedom, which is the felicity and glory of his life. Every extraordinary kindness I receive, I look upon as a help to pinion me. It is nobler to deserve a favour, than receive it; and to keep discreetly, than to lavish and want all things but a vain and empty applause. He who loves his neighbour as himself, is at the extent of the commandment. He who does more, breaks it. I would so serve others, as not to injure myself; but so myself, as to be helpful to others.

THE DANGER OF ONCE ADMITTING A SIN.

THOUGH every thing we know not, be a riddle at first; yet, when we once find it out, there is nothing more easy. And as no feat of activity is so difficult, but being once done, a man ventures on it more freely, the second time; so there is no sin at first so hateful, but being once committed willingly, a man is the more prone to a repetition of it. When once a weighty sin has trodden down the fence, each petty vice will easily then step over. A breach once made, the city is in danger of being lost. To think we shall be wiser by being wickeder, is the mistake of simple man. Alas, we know not what rich joys we lose, when first we dash into a new offence! The world cannot repurchase us our pristine clear integrity. Perhaps we itch, but once to try how pleasing sin will be: but at Adam's price, we buy this painted apple;—the chiefest knowledge that we get, is that, of our guilt and misery. Nor let any man vainly believe he shall not be more attached to sin, for having once committed it;—by tasting it, he vitiates the palate of his soul; and that, which was at first curiosity, does now turn into concupiscence and an eager longing after practised pleasures. Doubtless every active sin is a flame to burn up piety, which we ought if we can, to prevent; if not, to make haste to extinguish it, lest it quite consume our religion.

Even small offences, are but the little thieves, that having entered the dwelling, let in the greater. I

would not purchase knowledge, at the expense of slavery and contamination. An innocent ignorance is to be preferred before a nocent knowledge. Let me rather have others think me defective, than know myself to be vicious.

OF GRATITUDE, AND GOD'S ACCEPTING THE WILL
FOR THE DEED.

IN love and thanks, there is no man who need become a bankrupt; for, both are within a man's own power;— and there is no one so poorly provided for, but will find that he has many things for which he ought to be thankful. Either he enjoys benefits which he could not challenge, as of debt (even a being, life, humanity, the apprehension and expectation of felicity and eternity, which are no way of our own, but God's); or else he is exempted from many hard calamities which might have befallen him, if he were not daily protected by a gracious Providence. To requite such great benefits as man does daily receive from the goodness of God, is not in the power of frail mortality; but to be ever thankful, is the best supply for that defect of power. Gratitude gilds the soul, and if the iron of it, be but smooth and filed, though it be not gold, it shews, as if it were; and even in the sight of God, it is beautiful. And if man lives no day, without a renewed favour, it is the least he can do, daily to renew his thanks. Nor would this be any thing, if we had not a God of such vast goodness, as, by accepting our will for our deed, to dignify our

intentions, by deigning to be pleased with them. Since then, all I have is bounty, let my endeavour be to be always thankful.

Receive favours, I ever must: requite them, I never can: remember them, I always ought. In a better sense, let me say with the poet;

*Semper inoblitâ repetam tua munera mente ;
Et mea me tellus audiet esse tuum.*

Ov. de Pont. 15. Ep. l. 4.

Thy bounties always through my heart shall shine;
And all the earth shall know that I am thine.

OF DISTRUST AND CREDULITY.

TO believe all, and to distrust all, is equally wrong. Credulity keeps us naked, and lays us open to all the sly assaults of ill designing men. Though it was a virtue, when man was in his innocence; yet since his fall, it abuses him who owns it. And causeless suspicion not only injures others, but it puts ourselves into trouble, by exciting fear and inquietude within us, unnecessarily. It is the jaundice of the mind, which is not only yellow itself, but makes every thing else appear so. It turns virtue into vice, and often prompts the innocent man to become in reality, what he was wrongfully suspected of being. Surely that is a precept which first sprang from a perfidious mind, which bids us to think all knaves we deal with. I am sure it is against the great rule of charity; which, in all doubtful senses, lays hold on that which is the most favourable, and by which a man, being

good in himself, is induced to think well of others. If we know men to be spotted with deceit or crimes, then indeed, not to mistrust them, is a breach of charity to ourselves. We trust not a horse, without a bit to guide him; but the well-trained spaniel we let range at pleasure, because we know he is trained to our command. Phocion told the Athenians, *they ought not to blame the Byzantians, for mistrusting the charge of their captains; but their captains, for giving them cause to mistrust them.* He throws his interest into a gulf, who confides it in such hands, as have already been the shipwreck of others:—*Infelix, quem non aliena pericula cautum.* Unhappy he, whom the dangers of other men does not cause to be wary. That man may well be accounted unfortunate who is not made wiser by the trials which others have undergone.

When the deceitful man has shewn to others what he is, why should I take him for other, than what his actions have declared him? If he shews himself to be ill, I do him then no injury, to judge him so. With known dissemblers, poets will not trade; and Martial is an instance of it.

Decipies alios verbis, vultuque benigno :

Nam mihi jam notus dissimulator eris.

L. iv. Ep. 89.

Go cheat elsewhere with words, and smiling eyes :

I know th' art false, and all thy arts despise.

Indeed, where there is too much profession, there is cause for suspicion. Reality cares not to be tricked out, with too taking an outside; and deceit, when she intends to cozen, studies disguise. Least of all, should we be taken with swearing asseverations. Truth

needs not the varnish of an oath, to make her plainness credited. But, where there is no former brand, to shew a man has been criminal; it is a breach of charity, to conclude that he will be false. I will rather think all honest, if strangers (for so I am sure they should be); only, let me remember that they are but men, and therefore, not always proof against the assaults of frailty and corruption. Let me but shew a charity to myself, by providing, that I be not at the mercy of another's undoing me; and I can never be too charitable, in my opinion and belief of others.

CONCEALED GRUDGES, THE DESTRUCTION OF FRIENDSHIP.

THERE is nothing eats out friendship sooner, than concealed grudges. Conceits of unkindness, harbour'd and believed, will work off even a long-grown love. The egg of prejudice once laid, close sitting, hatches it into life; and the shell once broken, it flies about, or, like the lapwing, runs so, as not to be easily seized on. Reserved dispositions, though they may be adapted to retain secrets; yet, they are not so fit to produce love. It is the free and open breast that propagates and continues affection best. Between the best friends, little piques of coolness will sometimes appear, which, though not intended by a willing commission, yet perhaps, are so taken by the wrong opinion of our friend; and these, smothered in silence, grow into a greater distate; but once revealed, in a

friendly manner, often meet with that satisfaction, which banishes all unpleasantness from the mind. And indeed, how can we judge rightly, when we do not see to the bottom? Sometimes ill tongues, by false tales, sow discord between two friends; sometimes mistakes set the mind, in a false apprehension of things; sometimes jealousies imprint suspicion, in the thoughts;—all which may frequently be removed by mild and candid explanation, which if neglected, choler dims the mind's bright eye, and when it might see clear, it mists it, with ascending fumes. Passionate natures like flints, may be quiet alone; but when they knock together, fire itself will issue from them; whereas calm discussions do so card the affections into one another, that oftentimes they never after can be parted or pulled asunder.

If, between friends, there must unkindness spring, it is best, without delay, to tell and reconcile. Perhaps my friend, who appeared a little smutted on his outside, may when unfolded, prove to be clear within; and I may see reason to love him better for the future, than I did before. If he should be in the wrong, he may repent, and being convinced of his error, make more than amends for it, in his conduct afterwards. At all events, let those who would continue friends, be sure so to part, as to shew that they would desire to continue friends, if it could be: a jar at farewell is a contradiction. Those who separate in unkindness, seldom meet in love. The last draught leaves its relish, which dwells upon the palate after it is past; while the taste of the former

one, is washed away. To pass by offences, is wisdom; but to fall from friendship, is levity: even in those friendships that have been improperly contracted, Cato's advice is good;—they ought rather to be unsewed, than cut asunder.

IT IS NEITHER A GREAT ESTATE, NOR GREAT HONOURS, THAT CAN MAKE A MAN TRULY HAPPY.

A GREAT estate, or a high seat of honour, it must be admitted, do, at first view, carry along with them, a pleasing and inviting splendour; yet, if we examine the true and most essential felicities of man, we shall find, that it is not wealth nor power, which can render us more happy than other men. All that really man is capable of truly enjoying here, must be either, of benefit to his mind, or his body. For the mind; surely, kings never found so much content as has attended mean philosophers; a crown of gold is too heavy, to be worn with ease. Their fears, their hopes, their joys, their griefs, their loves, their hates, with all their other passions, are more distracting, and more torturing, than those that belong to obscurer men, who quietly and without notice, can steal unheeded through the world's confusion. Without a guard, they cannot sleep; and with one, they do not. A martial watch disturbs the night, with noises; a midnight council starts their broken rest; and meals are filled with frights, or with suspicion. He that commands the most, enjoys himself the least: thrust

one away, pulled another; hailed on this side, forced on that; driven and coaxed at the same time; enemies abroad, treacheries at home; ambition of neighbours, dissatisfaction of friends; jealousy of most, and fear of all;—in short, who can form a guess at those incessant cares that go to bed with princes, to disturb their rest? It is also to be observed of princes, as well as of great persons, that their delicacy and tenderness make them more subject to injury, more sensible of affronts, more impatient of labour and care, than such as, through habituated custom, are hardened to endure the frost, the heat, the vicissitudes of seasons, and the ups and downs of human life. It is certain, that he is more in the way to be happy, who lives in a kind of retreat from the world. If retirement were not more delicious than affluence and popularity, how comes it, that men of great employment do so often lock up themselves from the crowd and bustle of affairs? Do they not, in their seclusion from the active world, thereby seem to tell us, that they can never enjoy themselves, and be at their ease, but when they have laid by the pendants and caparisons of state, which tease and weary more, than all the pleasure that they bring, can compensate? True wisdom, which proceeds from piety and innocence, they have not leisure, as they should, to prosecute. The greatest pleasure that the mind is capable of in this life, is in the contemplation of God and nature; the sweet exercises of philosophy and reason. And these, can be enjoyed only in retirement, and when free from the cares of business. The pleasures of luxury soon pall

upon the sense. He, whose every meal is a banquet, has not any. He knows not the dear delight of life in any kind, who never lived but in the fulness of all things. It is watching and labour, that sweeten repose and sleep. As he that is ever taking tobacco, loses that physical use of it, which others find, who seldom use it; so, he loses the *gout* of what should be delightful, who so perpetually cloy himself, as not to be able to meet his food with desire. One wholesome dish, with hunger for the sauce, may be tasted with purer health, and with greater ease and more real pleasure, than all those costly viands, which riot and prodigality may have invented, for the table of Vitellius, or the kitchen of Lucullus. Temperance gives a relish to enjoyment, which art can never furnish. When the thirst is quenched, the pleasure is not then so much in drink, as company. Nor can the full-crammed person have his senses and intellects clear. Nor can the like health attend the abounding board, that does the temperate and convenient table.

————— *Vides, ut pallidus omnis*

*Cænâ desurgat dubiâ ; quin corpus onustum
Hesternis vitiis, animum quoque prægravat undâ,
Atque affigit humo divinæ particulam auræ.*

Hor. Sat. ii. l. 2.

Behold, how pale the sated guests arise
From suppers puzzled with varieties !
The body too, with yesterday's excess
Burthen'd and tir'd, shall the pure soul depress ;
Weigh down this portion of celestial birth,
This breath of God, and fix it to the earth.

The temperate man, untainted with disease, like

fish in crystal streams, glides smoothly through the soft currents of life. Epicurus was not far from right, in making pleasure the *summum bonum*: but he meant it, of the mind. What pleasure can we imagine greater, than to be participant and enjoying of the divine nature; of the great and immaculate God! Doubtless, in a great estate, it is very hard to find time for the seclusions, which such contemplations require. The relation of acquaintance, and friends, and alliances; the avocations of business, both contingent and necessary; the applications of others, not to be avoided; the incitements to pleasure, which more moderate fortunes do not experience; with the army of temptations that abundance offers;—these, may instruct us neither to envy those who sail in such full seas, nor yet to be sagaciously liquorish after these more palatable than wholesome sweetmeats. A great estate, without a mind that is greater than it, is a snare. The mind of a middle-fortuned man, is as much at liberty, as his, who is compassed round with plenty; and the body of this latter, is not capable of more than the other, can afford to his. Three ells of Holland is enough to make him a shirt; and more, a prince cannot put into one, without trouble. Perhaps a mean man has not a garment with so long a train; but then he can carry it himself, and has not the inconvenience or the expense of a train-bearer.

OF NEGLECT.

THERE is the same difference between diligence and neglect, that there is between a garden properly

cultivated, and the sluggard's field which fell under Solomon's view, when overgrown with nettles and thorns. The one, is clothed with beauty; the other, is unpleasant and disgusting to the sight. Negligence is the rust of the soul, that corrodes through all her best resolutions. What nature made for use, for strength, and ornament, neglect alone converts to trouble, weakness, and deformity. We need only sit still, and diseases will arise from the mere want of exercise.

How fair soever the soul may be; yet while connected with our fleshy nature, it requires continual care and vigilance, to prevent its being soiled and discoloured. Take the weeders from the Floralium, and a very little time, will change it to a wilderness; and turn that, which was before a recreation for men, into a habitation for vermin. Our life is a warfare: and we ought not, while passing through it, to sleep without a centinel, or march without a scout. He who neglects either of these precautions, exposes himself to surprise, and to become a prey to the diligence and perseverance of his adversary. The mounds of life and virtue, as well as those of pastures, will decay; and if we do not repair them, all the beasts of the field will enter and tear up every thing good which grows within them. With the religious and well disposed, a slight deviation from wisdom's laws will disturb the mind's fair peace. Macarius did penance for only killing a gnat in anger. Like the Jewish touch of things unclean, the least miscarriage requires purification. Man is like a watch; if evening and morning, he be not wound up with prayer and

circumspection, he is unprofitable and false ; or serves to mislead. If the instrument be not truly set, it will be harsh and out of tune ; the diapason dies, when every string does not perform its part. Surely, without an union to God, we cannot be secure, or well. Can he be happy, who from happiness is divided ? To be united to God, we must be influenced by his goodness, and strive to imitate his perfections. Diligence alone is a good patrimony ; but neglect, will waste the fairest fortune. One, preserves and gathers ; the other, like death, is the dissolution of all. The industrious bee, by her sedulity in summer, lives on honey all the winter. But, the drone is not only cast out from the hive, but beaten and punished.

OF INJUSTICE.

WERE right and justice preserved with exactness, earth would be a heaven to live in, and the life of man would be like that of angels, where *majores sine elatione præsumt, et minores sine vitio subsunt*. No crowded throngs would fill our law-tribunals ; nor armed troops devastate our fruitful fields. Every injury is a petty war, and a breach, at least, of God's grand commandments, against killing and stealing ; —and, though perhaps it may seem to prosper a little while, till the wheel of Providence has performed its round ; yet, doubtless, it drags its own punishment after it. *Injustos sequitur ultor à tergo Deus*. It is one of God's peculiar attributes, that he is an

avenger of wrongs. There are but two parts of a Christian's life:—to abstain from doing wrong, and to endeavour to do good. And though the first, in a bad world, be some progress in a Christian's voyage to heaven; yet, it is, in truth, but a dead and torpid virtue. It is no more than a negative piety, which reaches not to the civility of neighbourhood. Though we are commanded to be inoffensive, yet that is not all, which we are commanded unto. *Eschew evil, and do good*, is but one conjunctive precept. He is but the lesser part of his way, that forbears the doing an injury: yet, even this, is a mystery, which but very few attain unto. Either, we misapprehend it; or, blinded by a belief of our own perfections, we slide over this, and yet pretend to be pious. But I can never think him good, who is but temporally good to himself. How he can have a good conscience, either towards God or towards man, who fraudulently or violently takes away what is another man's just property, I am yet to learn. *Offer violence to no man*, is the injunction of our Saviour. And is it not such, to take away any thing from another, which is his? Let the act be ever so clandestinely performed, without either noise, or the owner's knowledge, under the covert of darkness, or in the silence of the grave; yet it is, by the law, held to be done, *vi et armis*. If force can give a title, then all I can catch and keep, is mine. If the rules of justice and property be laid aside, no man would own more than what he might be able to keep by his own craft, or might be left to him by another's courtesy! Take away but justice,

and what are kingdoms else, but fields of war and rapine? But the real signification of the passage is, *terrify no man*; which intimates that we ought not to come so near to taking any man's right, as to put him in fear. What law and civil right gives a man a just title to, I ought not to deprive him of. They are beasts and birds of prey, or else voracious fishes in the wild ocean, who live and fatten on the spoils of others. Man, by all the laws of nature, policy, and religion, is tied up to live, by his own fair industry, on what is justly his; and then he has the promise of a blessing with it. But he who rolls and ruffles in his neighbour's hold, has no protection but his own frail arm, or else his fraudulent head; against which, the prophet hath pronounced a woe. Even natural light, will shew us the blackness of wrong. The *Offices* of the orator will tell us; *qui non defendit, nec obsistit si potest injuriæ, tam est in vitio quàm si parentes, aut patriam, aut socios deserat*: he who does not hinder, or defend a wrong, when it is in his power, is in the same rank with those that basely desert their country, their parents, or their near associates. Surely, right-born nature is nobler than a bastard piety. They wound religion to the quick, that shew her to the world with such ugly spots, as to encourage vice instead of promoting virtue. The pagan tribune is to be preferred before some Christian conventions, which have appeared in the world.

A Christian dares not offer wrong even to an enemy. Religion from above, is pure and peaceable; but wrong, is the fuel of war; and, in the end, helps our

adversary, against ourselves. We engage God on his side; and by our injustice, injure our own cause. Nor may we do wrong, that good may come of it. Justice needs not injury to maintain itself. Though, in the way of hostility, the practice is far more common than commendable; yet, by honest and brave persons, injustice hath ever been abhorred. Themistocles advised the setting fire to the Spartans' navy privately, as it lay in the harbour. Aristides allowed it to be profitable; but as he could not be satisfied that it was just or honourable, Themistocles was enjoined to desist from the project. And when some persons proposed to Alphonsus to entrap and cut off his enemy, the Duke of Anjou, Alphonsus told them, that if they did any such thing, he would proceed against them, as he would against a pack of parricides;—thus declaring to all, that the war he undertook, was not a war of fraud and treachery, but of virtue, of valour, and of noble fortitude. He is next to charity, who abstains from injury: but he is at oppression's threshold, who can dispense with it. Let no man think, he can purchase favour with either God or men, by the exterior formalities of religion, if he lets himself loose unto injury. One unjust and unworthy action, hurts not alone the man that does it; but, it transfers the scandal to the religion he professes, which for his sake groans, and grows suspected, if not contemned. The commission of one wrong, puts a man upon a thousand wrongs, perhaps, to maintain that one: injury, with injury is defended; and we commit a greater, to maintain a less. A lie begets

a lie, till generations succeed. He who is once a rebel, hardens his own heart, involves his friends and relations, oppresses his fellows, murders the loyal, and, like a torrent, lets in all that can tend to confusion. As the powder once would have done the two Houses, so he, at once, blows up both tables of the Commandments.

OF FAITH AND GOOD WORKS.

I FIND not a greater seeming contradiction in the whole Gospel, than that which relates to faith and works. The Apostle St. Paul argues high for the former, and St. James as high for the latter. One, says Abraham and Rahab, were justified *by faith*. The other, that Abraham and Rahab were justified *by works*. One says, *by the works of the law, shall no flesh living be justified*; the other says, *ye see then, how that by works a man is justified, and not by faith only*. Nay, St. Paul may seem to contradict himself, when in one place he says, *the doers of the law shall be justified*; and in another, *we know a man is not justified by the works of the law*;—But that no man is justified by the law in the sight of God, is evident. Surely, though these appear to be contradictions, yet, rightly understood, they are not so; for, to pass over the niceties of those sharp disputes that exist upon the subject, I look upon it as a rule, that were the Scripture seems to run into contrarieties, there is a middle way between both,

which we ought to seek out and follow; and that the extremes on either side, are forbidden, and the union and inseparability of both, are enjoined. I do, therefore, humbly conceive, that the insisting upon justification by works, and the insisting upon justification by faith alone, might, with much more profit to the church of God, have been less strenuously contended for, by the differing parties. No man can be justified, without degrees of both: and to depend solely upon one, is dangerous;—for doubtless, both are meant. And, therefore, when at one time, the people came to our Saviour and asked him, *what shall we do, that we may work the works of God?* he answered, *this is the work of God, that ye believe on him whom he hath sent;* declaring thereby, faith to be even the whole work of the evangelical law. And when the young man, in the Gospel, asked him at another time, what he should do to inherit eternal life? his answer to him was, *that he should keep the commandments.* Neither of which, are to be taken exclusively, for both are commanded: so, both ought to be equally practised. Works without faith, are at best, but arrows shot at random:—no man can assure himself, that they shall ever hit the mark. And for faith, St. James tells us, that *without works, it is dead.* And then, what is it that the dead can do? Faith indeed glorifies God in private, between himself and our souls. It is, as it were, the monastic part of religion, which acts all within the cell of our own bosoms. But works glorify him, before the world and men. Faith without works, is but a

withered tree, wanting both leaves and fruit: and works without faith, is one that has no root to give it sap and verdure. Faith is as the meaning, and works are as the expression of the mind. Faith is the pin that fastens the soul to the chariot of eternity; while works are as the harness and the trappings, whereby it is drawing along, and without which, all her operations are useless. Works without faith, are like a salamander without fire, or a fish without water; it wants the element, it should live in: and though there may seem to be some quick actions of life, and symptoms of agility, yet they are but fore-runners of their end, and the very presages of death. Faith, again, without works, is like a bird without wings, which though she may hop with her companions here upon earth, yet if she lives till the world's end, she will hardly ever find the way to Heaven, because she wants her feathers. But when both are joined together, then does the soul mount to the hill of eternal rest. These conjoined, can bravely raise her to her highest zenith, and, by a noble elevation, fix her there for ever: taking away both the will that did betray her, and the possibility, that might. The former without the latter, is self-deceiving; the latter without the former, is mere hypocrisy; together, the excellency of religion. Faith is the rock, and every good action is, as a stone laid. One, is the foundation; the other, is the structure. The foundation without the walls, is of slender value: the building without the basis, cannot stand;—they are so inseparable, that it is their

conjunction which constitutes their goodness. Who-soever believes in God aright, believes him to be a rewarder of good, a God that requires what is just and equal, that loves to magnify himself in his mercy, in doing good to his creatures, and in his infinite and unbounded beneficence: and that he is a punisher of evil, a detester of injustice, yet one that delights not in afflicting to their torment, the works of his hands. Therefore, such as would persuade us to believe these things, and yet practise the contrary of them; they are Christians of such a new edition, as nothing like them can be found in Scripture or antiquity. They are but *infidel-Christians*, whose faith and works, are at war against each other. Faith which is right, can no more forbear from good works, than can the sun to shed abroad its glorious beams, or a body of perfumes to disperse a grateful odour. Works may be, without faith; they may rise, from other ends; and it is no new thing to see hypocrisy decking herself out with the fringes and pearls of the truest religion;—but faith will not be satisfied, if she have not works attending her. A Solifidean-Christian is a Nullifidean-Pagan, and confutes his tongue with his hand. I will first, labour for a good foundation, saving faith: and equally, will I seek for strong walls, good works. For as man judgeth the house by the edifice more than by the foundation; so, not according to his faith, but according to his works, shall God judge man. Nor is it unworthy of our observation, that when Saint James parallels faith and works

to the body and soul ; he compares faith but to the body, while works he likens to the soul, that gives it motion, life, and animation. I shall forbear to make the inference, but leave it to the reader's sober consideration. See James ii. 26.

OF THE DANGER OF A FRUITLESS HEARER.

THOUGH preaching in its elocutive part, be but the conception of man, and differs as the gifts and abilities of men, give it lustre or depression ; and many hearers, for their knowledge, are able to instruct their teachers : yet, as it puts us in mind of our duties, which may perhaps be out of our thoughts ; and as it is the ordinance of God, and may quicken and enliven our conversation, we owe it both our reverence and attention. And though we may think our education and parts, have set us in a higher form, than it hath done him, who does ascend the pulpit ; yet without a derogation to our own endowments (as in other arts, so in that of divinity) we may well conceive, he who makes it his trade and calling, should better understand it, and is likely to be more perfect in it, than he who hath inspection therein, but by-the-by and obviously. These considerations, may certainly content us to hear sometimes the meaner-parted preach. It was preaching which bruised the staunch philosopher, and brought the wilful pagan off, from all his idols. It topped the soaring eagle with the cross, and bowed the lofty conqueror to his knee and tears. And, what

know we, but sometimes our corruptions may be let out by a poor brass pin, as well as by the dextrous hand that guides a silver lancet? He who is our spiritual physician, is not confined to any certain instrument by which he will cure us. And, if we, out of copper, lead, or pewter-preaching, can extract pure gold, I take it to be no impeachment of our wise philosophy. Surely they are not right, who, because they cannot hear, such as they would, will therefore come to none. I will hear a good preacher, if I can ; but will rather hear an indifferent one, than not hear at all. He abandons his cure, who refuses to go to his surgeon.

I observe that those who leave the church-assemblies (unless they be heretical) do grow, at last, to leave religion too. The righteous man, by the unwise actions of others, does grow wiser ; even out of weakness, he can gather strength. Now the great King of heaven entertains not fools for his followers :— if they be not wise before they come, yet they are wise in coming ; and then, for that, he makes them so for ever after. It is a prerogative which belongs to his servants, that those who pay him their obedience, he rewards with wisdom and understanding. It was by keeping his commandments, that David's wisdom exceeded his teacher's. Every precept of Christianity, is a maxim of the most profound prudence. It is the Gospel's work to reduce man to the principles of his first creation ; that is, to be both good and wise. Our ancestors, it seems, were clearly of this opinion. He that was pious and just, was reckoned a righteous

man. Godliness and integrity were called and accounted righteousness; and in their old Saxon English, righteous was rightwise, and righteousness was originally right-wiseness. *The fear of God, is the beginning of wisdom: and all that seek it, have a good understanding.* It is to be presumed, the merchant who sold all to buy the pearl, was wise, as well as rich. Those, therefore, who withdraw from the means altogether, which, in ordinary, is preaching, or who do not profit under it, by degrees, grow strangers to it, and dislike it. It is an aphorism in physic, that those who, in the beginning of diseases, eat much and mend not, fall at last to a general loathing of food. The moral is as true in divinity. He who has a sick conscience and lives a hearer under a fruitful ministry, if he grows not sound, he will learn to despise the word. When food converts not into nourishment, it will not be long before the body languishes. He who neglects the good he may have, shall find the evil that he would avoid. Justly he sits in darkness, that would not light his taper when the fire burned clearly. Offers of mercy slighted, prepare the way for judgments. We deeper charge ourselves, and become the more incapable of clearing our accounts. Desperate is his state, who hates the thing that should help him. If ever you see a drowning man refuse help, conclude him a wilful murderer. When God offers more than he is obliged to do, we ought, by all the ways we can, to meet such glorious mercy. To the burying of such treasure, there belongs a curse; to the mispending of it, punishment and confusion.

OF SOLITUDE AND SOCIETY.

THE bat and the owl are both recluses; but they are not placed among the number of the wisest birds. Retirement from the world is most allowable, when it is, in a tempest: but if it be in our power to allay it, we ought then to merge our private, in the public safety. The soul of man is active, as well as contemplative. When Domitian was alone, he amused himself with catching flies: but, of Augustus, who was a wise and prudent prince, we have it recorded, that he slept but little, and was so far from liking to be alone, that he had alternate watches to discourse with, in the night when he waked. The world would become a wilderness, but for the activeness of commerce, which makes it an universal city. Solitude indeed may keep a mind in temper, as not being tempted with the frequencies of vice, or the splendour of wealth and greatness: and it is also true, that those who are withdrawn from society, may have more leisure to study virtue, and to think on heaven;—but, when man shall be over-swayed by the weight of his own corruptions, may not time administer thoughts which are evil, as soon as those which are good? No man hath commended Timon, because he hated society. He may laugh alone, and that, because he is alone; but it has not so pleased others, as that they have approved of his solitariness;—and having at his death left his own mad epitaph, you will not think him mended by it:—

*Hic sum post vitam miseramq. e. inopemque sepulius :—
Nomen non quæras ; dii, lector, te malè perdant.*

Life wretched, poor ; this earth doth now surround me :—
Ne'er ask my name ; reader, the gods confound thee.

Temptations may more freely approach him who is alone ; and he who thus is tempted, may more freely sin. He has not the benefit of a companion to give him a check ; whereas in society, if a man will do good, he shall be encouraged ; and if bad, he may be hindered. A man had needs be a great master of his affections, to live sequestered from the world and company. And although he may in retirement, make good use of his leisure ; yet, surely, those who go abroad and communicate a general good, purchase to themselves a nobler palm, than can grow up out of private recess. If a man be good, he ought not to obscure himself ; the world has a share in him ;—he robs his friends and country, who, capable of being of use to both, steals himself out of the world. And if a man be bad, he will hardly mend by being alone. The mastiff grows more fierce, by being shut up ; and horses grow more wild, by not seeing company. He that can afford help when need requires, in the senate, or the field ; and, when he has leisure, makes a happy use of it, and gives himself beneficial employment, has doubtless, the greatest pleasure, and husbands his life to the best purpose ; for, by being abroad, he suffers others to reap the advantage of his parts and piety, and, by looking sometimes inward, he enjoys himself with ease and conscious delight.

OF THE USE OF PLEASURE.

WHO does not admire the wisdom of Demosthenes, in the answer he returned to the Corinthian Laïs. *Pœnitere tanti non emo*, he would not buy repentance, at so dear a rate. Surely, pleasure is lawful, and God at first did ordain it for use: and if we take it as it was at first provided for us, we take it without a sting; but, when in the measure, or the manner, we exceed, we pollute the pure stream; or else, like beasts in heat, we drink to our destruction. All our dishonest actions are but earnest of unhappiness. Vice is an infallible fore-runner of wretchedness: on the best conditions, it brings repentance; but, without repentance, torment and repentance too. I like those pleasures well, that are on all sides legitimated by the bounty of heaven: after which no private gripe, nor fancied goblin comes to upbraid my sense for using them: but, such as may with equal pleasure be again dreamed over, and not disturb my sleep. This is to take off the parchings of the summer sun, by bathing in a pure and crystal fountain. The counsel of the Preacher is the best rule for all the pleasures we enjoy in this life, Eccles. xi. 9. *Rejoice, O young man in thy youth, and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of youth, and walk in the ways of thine heart, and in the sight of thine eyes: but, know that for all these things, God will bring thee to judgment.* Which by some, I find to be taken for serious, and not an irony, as most do interpret it: and, I hope, I shall not offend,

if I incline to their opinion that so think it, and for which I shall presume to give my reasons.

First, it suits with several places before, in the same Book. Chap. ii. 10, when Solomon had given himself a latitude in his desires, he tells us, *His heart rejoiced in all his labours, and it was his portion*; nor do we find his youth reprehended for them, his failing being rather in his age, than it. And in the 24th verse of the same chapter, he says, *There is nothing better for a man, than that he should eat and drink, and that he should make his soul enjoy good in his labour*; and this he saw, that it was from the hand of God. Chap. iii. 22. *He perceives that there is nothing better, than that a man should rejoice in his own works, for that is his portion.* Chap. v. 18, he repeats it with a remark, *Behold that which I have seen, it is good and comely for one to eat, and to drink, and to enjoy the good of all his labour, that he taketh under the sun all the days of his life which God giveth him: for it is his portion.* And in chap. ix. 9, he exhorts again to joyful living: and the reason that he gives for it, is, *Because it is his portion in this life*: so that, one place expounding another, and being alike, either all may be thought ironical, or none. The former places I find not so interpreted by any, and this by some, otherwise, that is, to be serious; as if he should say, rejoice and cheer thyself in all that God gives thee for pleasure; but, yet do it, with that moderation, with that prudence, and that warrantableness, that thou mayest be able to give an account to thy God, that in bounty hath given them to thee,

whenever thou shalt be called to judgment, as doubtless thou shalt be, for all that passes thy hand. That we should indulge ourselves in all the corrupt and mistaken pleasures of life, was never licensed by any of the wiser heathens. Pleasure that impairs our abilities, that brings detriment or sorrow afterward, was laughed at by Epicurus himself: but a lawful pleasure, lawfully used, is an emanation of the goodness of the deity to man.

A second reason I take to be this; the whole book of Ecclesiastes, is a serious tract, a kind of penitential descant and judgment given of all that does belong to man. A sober collection of what his wisdom had observed, from all those various paths of worldly affairs, that he had trod, in the course of his life. And in the whole stream, I find not any thing that bears the aspect of being light and ironical.

A third reason is, that God would never have instigated the appetite of pleasure, and the faculties of enjoying it, so strongly in man, if he had not meant, that in decency, he should make use of them: most natural actions in themselves, are not unlawful, but as they are circumscribed and hedged about by circumstance. The Apostle says, *All things were lawful for him, but all things were not expedient.* And this he seems to explain in the last part of the verse, 1 Cor. vi. 12; *All things are lawful for me; but, I will not be brought under the power of any;* that is, all the acts of men as natural, are lawful for me to do: but, seeing there is so much corruption adhering to their use, by my exceeding the measure, mistaking

the manner, misplacing, or mistiming them (in any of which, if I err the least, I come under the guilt and bondage of them): therefore though they be lawful for me, in themselves; yet, I hold them, if circumstanced amiss, not to be expedient for me; nor will I put myself under the power of any; that is, to be condemned for them, when I shall be called to account for using them. The drinking water sometimes is a julap; but to take it in a fever, is destructive.

A fourth reason is, from the several varieties of delight and complacency, which God created in the world; which surely he would not have done, if it wholly had been unlawful for man to use them. All the several tastes of food, were meant to please the palate, as well as to satisfy our hunger. Of all the fruits and beauties placed in Paradise, there was but one tree that was forbidden man. If God had not intended delight as well as bare supply, sure one kind only might, in every sense, have terminated appetite.

I conceive, therefore, I shall not be far from truth, if I think with Solomon, for man to enjoy himself in those felicities of mind and body, (which God out of his immense liberality hath given him,) be his portion. Only we ought so to use them, as we may not be enthralled in their guilt; but may be able to acquit ourselves, upon account for using them; though questionless, if Solomon, who had a particular spirit, and a far larger measure of wisdom given him than we can pretend to, or promise to ourselves, could not escape being foiled by them, we ought much more to beware in their use. A wise man will not venture on that.

for a little present pleasure, which must involve him in future danger, no way compensable by the short delight he receives. Whatever we do, we ought before we act, to examine the sequel: if that be clear, the present enjoyment will be ease and content. But, to rush inconsiderately upon pleasure that must end in sadness, suits not with the prudence we ought to be indued with. It is a folly of a bigger bulk than ordinary, that makes a man over-rate his pleasure, and under-value his vexation. They are beasts that will be caught in a snare by their appetite. I will endeavour to be content, to want that willingly, which I cannot enjoy without a future distaste.

OF LIBELLING.

LIBELS are usually composed of the deepest, and the bluest gall; being like fire pent up, when they get a vent, they break forth far more violently. And though perhaps there may be wit in some of them, yet, it is accompanied with so much spleen and cowardice, as, duly examined, to overshadow all that shines in them. Wise governments have ever been severe against them. Ulpian tells us of a law, which made the person convicted of libelling, to be *intestabilis*; that is, to be neither capable of making a will himself, or of being witness to one made by another. And Tacitus relates, that libelling was by Augustus, brought within the compass of the law against treason. Certainly, it is an ungenerous thing, to publish that to all, which

we dare not own to any. It is a dastardly meanness to strike a man in the dark, and like a serpent bite him by the heel, and then glide into a hole, for want of courage to justify our conduct. Be it true or false, no man gets reputation, by composing a libel; for it tends to disgrace, enkindles malice, ushers in revenge, and discloses spleen. The most generous, I observe, give themselves the least concern about them. Why should a man keep himself awake, that he may hear these night-birds call? It is not for a wise man to be troubled at that, which nobody living will own. A libel is *filius populi*; having no certain father, it ought not to inherit belief. As it is hard to find any man free from all that may merit reproof; so it is easy, in the best, to find something that we may reprehend. Yet, sure I am, charity will rather abate the score, than inflame the reckoning. He that libels, transgresses against the common rule of morality and religion: he does not do, as he would be done by. We ought rather to pity the unfortunate man, than unworthily to insult over him, particularly if he be not in a condition for his own vindication. It is a disposition quite unchristian; being wholly contrary to that reciprocal amity and friendliness which should be in the world. To rejoice in another's crosses, as if they were blessings to us, is as preposterous, as to be dancing and gay at funerals. If men were heavenly-disposed, they would be enkindled with a warming fire of love and charity to condole disasters or offences, if but human. Nature never meant man to have a mind so cruel, as to add weight to an over-

charged beam. He who falls into a public disgrace, has enough to bear of his own; there is no need of another's hand to load him. To envenom a name by libels, which is already openly tainted, is to add stripes with an iron rod, on one who before is broken, or flayed with whipping: and is sure, in a mind well-tempered, to be looked upon with disdain and abhorrence.

OF APPAREL.

EVERY man's palate may as well be confined to one kind of cookery, as his fancy tied down in dress, to one kind of fashion. It is not only lawful for a man to vary, but even to please himself in that variety, since, in itself, one is as lawful as the other; a little skirt is as legitimate, as a great one; nevertheless, in apparel, especially for constant use, the positive is the best degree; good is better than the best. He is not right who is either mean or gaudy; the one, argues sordidness, singularity or avarice; the other, pride and levity; yet, as the world is, a man loses not by being rather above his rank than under it. It is as old as Saint James, that a gold ring and sumptuous apparel begat more respect, than the mean rayment. It is certainly proper, that upon occasions, we be sometimes more dressed than ordinary; at great solemnities, on approaching persons of extraordinary honour, upon causes of public rejoicings and festivities. Socrates himself, when he went to a feast, was content to be smugged up and essenced in

his pantouffles ; and being asked how he came to be so fine, his answer was, *Ut pulcher eam ad pulchrum* ; that he might appear handsome to those, who were so. Though Joseph was sent for in such haste out of prison, that, as the text says, he was forced to run, yet he shaved himself and changed his rayment, before he would appear before Pharaoh. It is an incongruity to mingle rags and silk together. Though all be pearls, we match not the round and orient with those that are discoloured and uneven. A man ought in his clothes, to conform something to those whom he converses with, to the custom of the nation, and the fashion that is decent and general, to the occasion, and his own condition ; for that is best, which best suits one's calling and the rank one holds. And seeing all men are not Oedipuses, to read the riddle of another man's inside, and that most men judge by appearances ; it behoves a man to look for a good esteem, even from his clothes and outside. We form an opinion of the pasture, by the look which it wears. If there were not a decorous latitude allowed, according to men's rank and quality, where would be the use of silk and softer rayment ? In vain had Tyrian seas, their greedy purples bred ; the Assyrian worm would waste herself to no purpose ; the costly fur, the finer flax, would lose their value, and, instead of a benefit, would be a burden to the full-stored world. Attalic garments have their proper use. The Pontic beaver and Calabrian wool, the brighter ermine and the darker sables, justly find wearers whom they well become : yet, it is to be observed of apparel,

that a manly carelessness is beyond a feminine refinement. Too great a tricking out, tells the world we dwell too much on outside shew. There are three good uses we may lawfully make of apparel—to hide shame, to preserve us from cold, and to adorn the body. The worst use we can put it too, is to engender pride; or, in other words, to make us think the log is precious, because the bark is aromatic and perfumed. When Demonax saw a fool in fine apparel, and, by reason thereof, to wear as well as it, an outward insolence, he hearks him in the ear with this, *That fine wrought wool which you, sir, are so proud of, was worn by a beast, before it was worn by you; and yet that beast, doth still a beast continue.* In general, the man becomes the apparel, rather than the apparel the man; for some are of so homely a garb, that no clothing can hide them from appearing the fool or clown, while others give a grace to any thing that is cast upon them. And that may settle us in this resolution, that comely apparel is better far, than either costly or conceited. He who is fantastic in his clothes, hangs them on him, as a sign to tell the world, that a puppet dwells within. Of Caligula (whose pride and folly rendered him so ridiculous, that he would cry himself up sometimes to be Jupiter, sometimes Juno, otherwhile Diana, often Venus, and so change his habit suitable to those various shapes, which the fabling poets bestowed on their foppish deities) Dion makes this mention: *Quidvis potius quàm homo videri cupiens;* he had rather seem any thing than what he was or should be, a man. He

who will be singular in his apparel, had need have something superlative, to balance that affectation. Commonly speaking, that is most comely which is most liked by others, as well as by oneself. A man may have liberty to please his fancy in his habit, so it does not disparage his judgment.

THE GOOD USE OF AN ENEMY.

IT was the opinion of Diogenes, that our life had need either of faithful friends, or sharp and severe enemies. And indeed our enemies oftentimes do us more good, than those we esteem our friends; for a friend will often pass over ordinary failings, and out of respect, connivance, or self-interest, speak only what shall be grateful or, at least, not displeasing; while an enemy will catch at every error, and sets himself as a spy upon all our actions, whereby, as by a tyrant-governor, we are kept impaled within the bounds of virtue and prudence, beyond whose limits if we dare to wander, we are presently whipt by him into the circle of discretion. Like the serjeant of a regiment, if we be out of rank, he checks us again into the place and file appointed us. To a fool, he is the bellows of passion; but to a wise man, he may be made the schoolmaster of virtue. An enemy also, not only hinders the growth and progress of our vices, but enkindles, exercises, and exalts our virtues. Our patience is improved, by bearing calmly the indignities he strives to load us with; our charity is inflamed, by returning good for ill, and by pardoning and for-

giving the injuries he does us ; our prudence is increased, by wisely managing ourselves in our demeanour, so as not to give him opportunity to wound us ; our fortitude is strengthened, by a manful repelling of scorns, and by giving occasions for the display of an undaunted courage in all our actions ; our industry is strengthened and confirmed, by watching all his attacks and stratagems ; and by our contriving how we may best acquit ourselves in all our contests. And doubtless we ought, in another respect, to be thankful for an enemy. He causes us to shew the world our parts and piety, which else perhaps might go with us to our dark graves, and moulder and die with us quite unknown ; or, could not otherwise well be seen, without the vanity of a light and ostentatious mind. Miltiades had missed his trophy, if he had missed an enemy in the Marathonian fields.

It is further to be observed, that we may be deceived by our friends, and we may deceive ourselves ; but an enemy cannot easily prove unfaithful to us ; because we know him so well, that we are not inclined to trust him, but keep him at a distance, and out of the capacity of betraying us ; so that, though a friend may please us more, yet an enemy may often profit us as much. These considerations may very well explain to us those seeming hard commandments of our Saviour ; *to forgive our enemies ; to pray for them that persecute us ; to do good to them that hurt us ; and even to love our enemies* : for although they love not us, yet they are the occasion of much benefit to us, in promoting our virtues and repressing our

errors. If, but by accident, though unwillingly, a man do us a courtesy, yet we are thankful for it, and it becomes us to be so, because, without him we had not been so happy : every instrument that brings us good, we are beholden to. And certainly, as we ought to be thankful to God for those afflictions, which are sent by him, to amend us ; so our enemies are to be reckoned in the number of those, by whom we may be rendered better if he will. As the hardest stone is the most proper for a basis ; so, there is not a better pedestal to raise a trophy of our virtues upon, than an outward enemy, if we can but keep ourselves from inward enemies, our vices and our weaknesses.

OF GIFTS AND THEIR POWER.

WHEN love and gratitude grow in the heart, they will not only blossom in the tongue, but also fructify by action and expression. To expect or receive favours and not to think of requiting them, is, like the beast, to take bread from the hand, and then gallop away for fear of being made to do service. There is a greater force in gifts, than usually men think of ; they conquer both the wise and foolish. He that has business and spares his hand in presenting, angles without a bait ; and oftentimes renders him who would have been his friend, his enemy. A kindness unrewarded, turns into neglect, as if we slighted both the man and the matter. It is not good to be constant in gifts, at set and fixed times ; for custom, as

in other things, so in this, does usually run into law. Expectation will diminish the value of a free-will-offering, and it will quickly become, as an obliged sacrifice; and if we omit, we displease. This was seen in new-year's-gifts, which being at first only auspicious and honorary, grew to that pass in the time of Augustus, that every man brought them to the Capitol, and there left them, though Augustus was not there: and Caligula, by an edict, ordered them then to be brought him. It is best when we give, to do it so as it may be sure to shew either love, respect, or thankfulness. And great presents are not so much to be commended as those that take the fancy, that square with a present occasion, and may be of often use in the eye, whereby we may be retained in remembrance. The bottle of fowl water which Peribarzanes had from the country fellow, was so grateful to Artaxerxes when he was thirsty, that he protested he never drank of a pleasanter wine in his life-time; nor would he suffer the peasant it was had from to depart, till he had lifted him from his poverty to be a person of wealth. A noble heart wears fetters when he is beholden, and sometimes rather than be overcome, will wane himself to less in his estate; as choosing rather to be less, than lagging to requite a benefit. Among the Romans, donations of estates between married couples were forbidden, unless to purchase honour with; perhaps, because they would have love so pure and natural between them, as that nothing of art should intervene; that love might have no other ground than love and gene-

ral liking. And they had their customary seasons for such intermutual expressions of regard by presents, as on the first of December at their saturnalian feasts; on the first of January for their new-year's-gifts; on their birth-days; and on the calends of March, in memory of the service done by the Sabine women, the green umbrella and fat amber were to women sent. And, in all times, such gifts as were merely, out of affection and benignity, that were amiable and honorary, were never at all forbidden: for, having no ends but these, they were reprehensible, if not done; but much commended, if they were performed. Fishing gifts, that like lines are cast into the water, baited with a small fry, in hope to catch something of a greater growth, the generous have ever disdained. It is but a begging, out of the compass of the statute; which, though it be more safe, I scarce hold so ingenuous, as a downright craving of alms. A man may give for love, for merit, for gratitude, for honour, to engage a lawful favour, to prevent a menacing storm: but never to betray, to entice to injustice, or to make a gain, by begging with a little, greater. For, though the pretence be love and honour, the aim is interest and lucre. And if it be a bribe, it never has a prevalency but when two knaves meet, and agree to cozen a third, that both of them have cause to think honester than themselves.

OF THE INCONVENIENCE OF NEGLECTING
PRAYER.

IT is conversation which chiefly begets both faith and love. Affection cannot but desire a nearness of the object to which it is attached. He who never comes to me, allows me not much of his kindness: if my friend withdraws himself from my company, I may justly suspect that I am waning in his wonted esteem; for absence is a wind which, by degrees, blows off those fruits which grow upon the tree of friendship. It disrobes her of all those pleasing ornaments and contentments, which are enjoyed by familiarity and conversation. And as it fareth between two who have been anciently familiar, but dwell asunder, the inferior, out of a careless neglect, omits or minds not his usual duty of visitation, and this so long, that at last he forbears to go at all; so, their love which by frequent intercourse, was lively and strong, will, by discontinuance alone, drop into decay and shrink away to nothing.

It is the same between the soul and God. Not to pray to him, not to meditate on him, not to have him in our thoughts, indisposes us, and estranges him. And when we more particularly require his aid, our shame enervates our weak faith, and with despair sends our burning blushes down into our bosom. With what confidence can we run to him in need, whom in our plenty we have quite neglected? How can we beg as friends. as

children, as beloved, when we have made ourselves as strange as renegadoes? It is a most unhappy state, to be at a distance with God; man needs no greater infelicity, than to be left to himself. A breach once made by negligence, like that by water worn, in time breaks out into a sea. If we would prevail and be esteemed, we ought with all our care to preserve that interest, which never can, but by our own neglect, be lost. The advice of the accomplished Xenophon, was truly divine:—*That we should in prosperity, frequently worship and adore the gods, so that whensoever we had a more peculiar need of their assistance, we might with greater confidence approach them at their altars.* When a man neglects his praying to, and his praising of, his Maker, it makes a chasm betwixt him and his own felicity. If he does see God at all, it is but as Dives after death saw Lazarus, a great way off, with a large gulf fixt between; and though it is not required that we should be always tied down to a formal solemn praying; yet, by our mental meditations and our ejaculatory emissions of the heart and mind, we may go far towards completing the Apostle's counsel. There is, in the lives of the Fathers, a story of one Abbot Lucius, who being visited by some young probationers, demanded of them, if they did not employ themselves in the practice of some manual labour? They replied, no; that they spent their time according to the precept, in praying perpetually. He then asked them, if they did not eat and sleep? They said, both these, they did. Then,

says the father, who prays for you the while? but they not knowing what well to answer to this, he thus observed: *Well, I perceive you do not do, as you say: but I can tell you how you may pray continually. I am not ashamed to labour with my hands. Of the date-tree leaves, at times of leisure, I make up little lines, or perhaps some other matters; and while I work, I send forth still between, some short petitions to my gracious God. When I have some little quantity of finished work, I sell it, perhaps, for ten pence or a shilling; about a third thereof I give away to the poor; the rest I spend myself. So that when I eat or sleep, these poor men are praying for me; they perform my part; and so, I pray perpetually.* Certainly the breathing and effusions of a devout soul, turn prayer into a chain, which links us fast to God: but intermission breaks it, and when we are so loose, we are easily overthrown; and doubtless it is far less difficult to preserve a friend, once made, than to recover one, that is lost.

OF ENVY.

ENVY is a vice that would pose a man to tell, what it should be liked for. Other vices we assume, for that we falsely suppose they bring us either pleasure, profit, or honour. But, in envy, who is it can find any of these? Instead of pleasure, we vex and gall ourselves. Like cankered brass, it only eats itself; nay, discolours and renders it noisome.

When some one told Agis, that those of his neighbour's family did envy him; why then, says he, they have a double vexation: one, with their own evil; the other, at my prosperity. Like a corroding plaster, it lies gnawing at the heart; and, indeed, is founded in grief. Either he grieves in himself, when another is happy; or else, if ever he does rejoice, it is certainly because another does suffer. So calamity seems the centre that he points unto. As a desert-beast, the day's brightness drives him to the dulness of a melancholy cave, while darkness only presents him with the prey that pleases him: as a negro born of white parents; it is a sordid sadness, begot at another man's joy; and because he hath no infelicity of his own, as is brought and is concomitant, with most of other vices; the envious man creates his own disturbance, from the prosperous successes of others. Socrates called it, the saw of the soul, that pricks and cuts the vital blood, and tears the flesh but into larger atoms. Bion, seeing a spiteful fellow look sad, was not able to say, whether some disaster had befallen himself, or some good luck another. He is a man of a strange constitution, whose sickness is bred of another's health; and seems never in health, but when some other is sick; as if nature had framed him an antipathite to virtue: and so indeed it is equal, that he does become at length his own sad scourge and beadle.

*Justius invidiâ nihil est, quæ protinus ipsum
Authorem rodit excruciatque suum.*

No vice so just as envy, that alone
Doth gall and vex the mind that doth it own.

Profit can never be acquired by the envious man : for, he is an enemy to him that is able to help him ; and, him that is miserable and cannot, he delights in. The swine is pleased with wallowing in his mire ; the dog, by tumbling in his loathsome carrion ; but envy is not pleasure, but the maceration of the body. It sours the countenance, gives the lips a trembling, the eyes, an uncelestial and declining look, and all the face, a meagre wasting paleness. It is the green sickness of the soul, that feeding upon coals and puling rubbish, impallids all the body to an hectic leanness. There is no pleasantness in the envious man's conversation, that should invite us to affect his company : nor is his honesty such, as to make us covetous of so crabbed a companion, whereby we should be drawn to confer favour, or bestow rewards. Flattery is often recompensed with bounty ; injustice finds a bribe ; prodigality obligeth many ; avarice accumulates all : but who did ever give to one, for being envious ? or what is it but outward hate, or inward torment, that the envious gets ?

Honour, I am sure, can never be compassed by it ; for it is so perpetually found in weak minds, that it stamps the fool upon the master for troubling himself, not only with things without him, and that concern not his own well or ill being ; but that he resolves to be miserable, as long as he sees another man to be happy. It was a handsome wish of Seneca, that the eyes of the envious might behold all

the felicities of every several citizen : for their own vexations would rise and swell, according to the flood of joys that appeared in other persons. Envy further proclaims us to be low and inferior to others, for we never envy him that is beneath us ; so that it cheats our own intention. Him, whom we would blast with the dark vapour of disgrace and obloquy, by our envying of him, we point out for excellent, and stick a ray of glory upon his forehead, that all the world may note him. It taints the blood, and infects the spirits. And if it be true what philosophy would inform us of, it turns a man into a witch, and leaves him not, till it leads him into the very condition of devils, to be detruded Heaven, for his very pride and malice.

At a feast in Spain, the meritorious discovery of America by Columbus was discoursed on ; the honester sort did highly praise the enterprise ; but, some haughty Spaniards, envious at so great a glory, slightly said, the thing was no such wonder, since a plain navigation could not well avoid it ; and doubtless there were many Spaniards that could have discovered those, and other unknown lands, without the help or assistance of an Italian. Columbus was by, and silently heard the passage, whereupon he leaves the room, and immediately returns with an egg in his hand, and to this effect bespeaks them :—Gentlemen, which of you can make this egg stand upright, upon one end ? they tried and could not, so concluded, it was not to be done : but Columbus shaking it, and giving it a gentle crack,

straight way set it up in their sight. At this they jeered as a thing so trivial, that it was no mystery, but this way it might be done, by any body: yet, replies Columbus, none of you could do it, till first I shewed you the way;—and such was my discovery of the West Indies. Till I had made it, none of you could do it; and now I have done it, you boast how easily you could find out that, which I have found out for you.

Of all the spies that are, envy is the most observant and prying. When the physicians to Frederic were relating what most would sharpen the sight, and some were for fennel, and some for glasses, and others for other matters; the noble Actius assured them, there was nothing that would do it, like envy. Whatsoever a man does ill, by envy is magnified, and multiplied; his failings all are watched, drawn out, and blazed to the world, and under the pretence of good, he often is led to the extremest issue of evil. Like oil that is poured upon the roots of trees, which softens it, destroys, and withers all the branches; and being once caught, with scorn he is insulted on; for, envy is so ignoble a devil, that it ever tyrannizes most upon a slip or low prostration; at which time gallant minds do most disdain to triumph.

The envious man is more unhappy than the serpent: for though he hath poison within him, and can cast it, upon others; yet to his proper bosom it is not burdensome, as is the rancour of the envious: but this most plainly is the plague, as it infects

others, so it fevers him that hath it, till he dies. Nor is it more noxious to the owner, than fatal and detrimental to all the world beside. It was envy first unmade the angels and created devils. It was envy first that turned man out of Paradise and with the blood of the innocent first dyed the untainted earth. It was envy sold chaste Joseph as a bondman, and unto crucifixion gave the only Son of God. He walks among burning coals, that converses with those that are envious. He that would avoid it in himself, must have worth enough to be humble and beneficent ; but he that would avoid the danger of it from others, must abandon their company. We are forbidden to eat with him, that hath an evil eye, lest we vomit up the morsels we have eaten, and lose our sweet words ; that is, lest we get a sickness instead of nutriment, and have to do with those that, like enchanter's with smooth language, will charm us to destruction.

WHY MEN CHOOSE HONEST ADVERSITY BEFORE
UNDUE PROSPERITY.

SINCE pleasure and complacency, with glory and applause, either true, or mistaken, is the general aim of man : and the avoiding pain, disgrace and trouble, the shelf that we would not touch on ; it is to be considered, from whence it comes to pass, that wise men, and mostly such, should choose goodness and virtue with affliction, and the burthens

of unpleasing accidents, rather than vice garlanded with all the soft demulsions of a present contentment. Even among the Egyptians, the midwives would rather incur the danger of Pharaoh's angry and armed power, than commit those murders that would have brought them preferment. Moses, when he was grown up, that is, was full forty years old, (the time of judgment's ripeness) chose adversity and affliction, which he might have avoided, before the pomp and splendour of Pharaoh's court, and the sonship of the Princess his daughter. Socrates being committed by public authority (though unjustly), would neither break his prison nor violate justice, to purchase life and liberty. Hath not our own age seen him, who hath abandoned both his life and crown, rather than betray his honour and his people's liberties, returning to the offer (as my author says) this heroical and truly regal answer, *Mille mortes mihi subire potius erit, quàm sic meum honorem, sic populi libertates prostituere*, I shall sooner undergo a thousand deaths, than so my honour, so my people's freedoms, prostitute! Certainly, the appetite of happiness, and that (*primus omnium motor*) love and care of ourselves, even in this seeming contrariety of choice, holds still, and leads us to this bold election. Else man, in the most serious exigents of his life, were his own false cheat, and led by a genius that in his greatest extremity, would cozen him. It would cast deceit upon Providence, that if we did not do for the best, in choosing these indurances, would delude us with vain beliefs and running into nothings. *Seeming* would be better

than *being*, and falsehood should be preferred before truth; which being contrary to reason and nature, cannot be admitted by man. If therefore we did not believe, truth and honour and justice were to be preferred before this present life, and all those clincant sparklings that dance and dangle in the rays and jubilations of it, sure we should not be so sottish as to choose the first, and let the latter slip away, disdained. Among some other less weighty, these following reasons may for this, be given: one, is the majesty and excellency that virtue hath in herself; which is not only beautiful, but eternal; so that there is a power in her, to attract our adherence to her, before all the transient and skin-deep pleasures that we fondly smack after, in this postage of life. The philosopher said, and truly too, that virtue was the beauty of the soul; vice, the deformity. Virtue hath a flavour, that when the draught is past, leaves a grateful gust and fume, which makes us love and covet after more. Socrates taught every where, that the just man and the happy, were all one. The soul of man, like a tree in a fruitful soil, at first was planted in the element of virtue, and while it is nourished by it, it spreads and thrives with fruit and fair viridity. But every vice is a worm or frost or blast, that checks the sap, that nips the tender branches, and cankers the whole body itself.

A second reason is, because the soul is immortal, of which this to me, appears a potent argument. If it were not to be any more, why should it not prefer fruition and the exercises of life, before a dissolution

and privation? Were a man sure that all would end, with life, we should be simple to provide, beyond it : but, because it does not, Providence, which in the general, leaves none unfurnished with that which is fit for him, hath given him this prospect and apprehension of futurity, and out-living life, and his journeying through this world. Socrates, when he was condemned, told his judges that Melitus and Anytus might cause him to die, but they could not do him mischief or incommode him.

A third reason is, that doubtless, there is an eternal justice, of which God gives us both the sense and notion, that when hereafter man shall find a punishment for his sins and vices, he cannot plead the want of proclamation, since it is more than whispered to his spirit within him, and so characterized in his soul, that it is one of the distinctive properties of man from beast, that he can reflect upon himself, and apprehend eternity : which as it will justly condemn us, so it will leave our great Creator, without blame, and ourselves without excuse. It is the opinion of Plato in his *Phædon*, that the souls of good men are, after death, in a happy condition, united unto God in some place inaccessible : but those of bad men, in some convenient room, condignly suffer punishment. Besides these, there is so much good in affliction, and the consequents of it, that, as the wise Creator knows it to be the physic of our frailty ; so wise men, are the least offended at it. He that by the oracle was approved for the wisest, confessed, though he knew before he married her, that his Xantippe was a scold unsuffer-

able; yet, that he wittingly did marry her, to exercise his patience, that by the practice of enduring her shrewish heats, he might be able to brook all companies; the brawls, the scorns, the sophisms, and the petulancies of rude and unskilful men; and the frettings, the thwartings, and the excruciations of life; and so go out, a more perfect and an exact philosopher. Virtue is not learned perfectly without a tutor, who by the rod of discipline and the fire of affliction, can scour us from our dross, and burn out all our rust. A good man, like an asbestine garment, as well as a tobacco-pipe, when foul, is cleansed by burning. The faithful hereby learn all their excellent virtues, patience, charity, temperance, fortitude, humility, and contentment, with the whole train of other glorious graces that crown the most deserving. By this, God forms his servants into splendour: he brushes off their dust, washes away their stains, consumes their dregs, and builds them up into saints. Nor is it to be doubted, that it is a mark of favour to be bred up thus like princes, under the tuition of so grave an instructor, in the rudiments of piety and goodness. The Apostle bastardiseth those that suffer not. It is a sign of sonship, to be chastised. We are the objects of our heavenly Father's care, while we are lessoned in the arts of virtue, while we are checked and bounded and impaled from offence. It therefore is no wonder, that the devout Climachus should persuade men, that persevering under scorns and reproaches, they should drink them off, as they would do milk and honey. The soldier is not expert, without pass-

ing through several perils. Iron is but a dull thing, till it be forged and anviled, viced and filed, into shape and brightness; but then, and not before, it is fit to take its gilding. We most approve that horse, that hath best been managed to the bit and spur, without which, he were an untameable danger. He that is so headstrong as to cast away discipline, is in danger, to have the next thing he throws away to be virtue. We correct, where we would amend; where there is no hope, we do not trouble ourselves so much, as to reprehend. Nor does correction so much respect what is past, as that which is to come. *Nemo prudens punit, quia peccatum est, sed ne peccetur*; a wise man does not punish so much the ill we have done, as to prevent, that we may do none, hereafter. It is Seneca's, and may instruct us to believe, that though we be not at ease, yet we may not be unfortunate. As bodies that are crooked, disdain not to be braced in steel, that they may become straight; so the mind that is warping to vice, should not think much to be kept upright, by the curbings and the strokes of adversity.

OF PLAY AND GAMING.

THE Olympic and the other games of Greece, were at first instituted merely for honour and exercise: and their rewards, were only wreaths and garlands, plucked from such plants as were common among them:

Serta quibus, pinus, malus, oliva, apium;

With pine, with apple, olive, parsley crown'd;

though afterwards, the victors came to have pensions and provisions from the public for life. These, and such like, are not much to be found fault with: for the institution of them was liberal, and their end and aim was good. The sort of play that is most objectionable, is the inordinate gaming for money: and he who first invented it, was certainly, either very idle, or else extremely covetous. And, indeed, to play for gain, and by unlawful means to draw away money from another, to his detriment, is, in the opinion of divines, no better than permitted thievery. To see some men, when they have played away their money, their watches, their horses, and clothes, would one judge less than that they had fallen among thieves, and had been plundered of all that they had? Nay, they are not only robbed themselves, but they themselves rob others: for their dependents and friends, have an interest in what they possessed. How often does the lavish gamester squander away a large patrimony, and, instead of plenty, entail want and beggary on his issue! Indeed, if we examine, we shall find gaming, not only to be, as a serpent in itself, but attended by a troop of other scorpions, which bite and sting with equal poison and venom. By gaming, we lose both our time and treasure, two things most precious to the life of man. Those who are bewitched with a humour for play, cannot be quiet, without it; it is a *malus genus*, which eggs and urges them on to their own destruction. He who is a lover of play, like the lover of an harlot, minds that so much, that he

neglects every thing else. Business, friends, reproof, religion, and relations, are all laid aside, when once a man is set upon play. Night is by flaming tapers, turned to day; and day worn out with the pen of walls, as if confined and a prisoner to his sports. As the Romans did with drink, we do with play; we play down the evening star, and play up the morning star: the sun may travel round the world, before one room can be relinquished by us. Surely, a gamester can never expect to be knowing, or approved for either his own, his friend's, or his country's service. The time he should lay out in fitting of himself for these, runs waste at this brack of play, by which he only learns how to deceive and gain: though, however well skilled in this art, he comes to be deceived, at last. If he does win, it wantons him with an overplus, and plunges him into new ways of expense, which bring on habits of prodigality; and these, deliver him over to an aged poverty. Whatsoever is gotten by play is, for the most part, either vainly wasted, or but borrowed to be repaid with interest. Gaming leads men into excess, which without it, would be quite avoided. If they win, they spare no cost, and luxuriate in riot; if they lose, they must be at it, to keep up their galled and vexed spirits. In both, a man is exposed as a prey to rooks and daws, to impudent and indigent characters who flatter, suck, and perpetually pillage from him. Gaming is the mine which, carried close in dark and private trenches, through hollow and crooked caverns, blows up, at once, his

fortune, family, fame, and welfare. Certainly it cannot be the pleasure of the action, that so strongly can enchant men. What pleasure can it be, out of a dead box, to tumble out bones, as dead; to see a square run round, or our estate put into a lottery, to try whether we shall hold it any longer or no? Surely, it must be covetousness, and the inordinate desire of gain which, once prevailing over us, we become possessed with it, and are carried as well to the grave and sepulchres of the dead, as the cities of the living, by the guidance of this evil spirit. I cannot conceive how it can consist with a noble mind, to play either much or deeply. It keeps a man from better employment; and sinks him into less, than he is. If he wins, he knows not whether his adversary can spare, what he has won from him. If he cannot, a generous mind would scorn to take from another, what he wants himself, and hates to make another suffer merely for his sake. If he can spare it, he will yet disdain to be supplied by the bounty of him, who is his equal or superior. If he himself loses, and cannot afford to do so, it shews him to be unwise to put himself in that situation, for mere will and humour; and not honest, for he injures all about him. He who plays for more than he can afford, stakes his heart and patrimony, his peace, his independence, the wife of his bosom, and his children; even the earth he holds, floats from him, in this ebbing tide. Be he rich or poor, he cannot play his own. He holds not wealth, to waste it thus, in wantonness. Besides a man's rela-

tions, the commonwealth and poor, have some share due to them ; and he cannot but acknowledge, he might have employed it better. It gains him neither honour nor thanks, but under the other's cloak, perhaps, is laughed at : and he who has observed, what heats, what fears, what distempers and disorders, what madness and vexations, a cross-hand plunges some men into, will never hazard his own peace of mind, with bidding by play for such frenzies, such bedlam-fits and distortions of the whole frame of man, sometimes never leaving him, till they drive him to despair and to a halter. What is it provokes to anger, like it? And anger ushers in, black oaths, prodigious curses, senseless imprecations, horrid rage, and blacker blasphemy ; with quarrels, injuries, reproaches, wounds, and death ;—and, (which is not the meanest of the ills, attending gaming,) he that is addicted to play and loves it, is so limed by custom to it, that if he would stir his wings to fly away, he cannot. Plato, therefore, was in the right, when he sharply reprov'd the boy he found at play. The boy told him, he wondered how he could be so angry for so small a matter : Plato replied, that custom was no small matter. It is not, however, to be denied, that labours and cares are entitled to their recreations. Though Memnius objected to Cato's nightly play and jollity ; yet Cicero excused it, on account of his perpetual daily toil for the public. But we must beware, lest we make a trade of sport ; and never to play for more, than we can lose with content, and without injury to ourselves or others.

PRAYER MOST NEEDFUL IN THE MORNING.

THERE is no doubt that prayer is needful, daily, ever profitable, and at all times commendable. If it be for ourselves alone, it is necessary : and when it is for others, it is charitable. At night, it is our covering ; in the morning, it is our armour ; so, at all times, it defends us from the malice of Satan and our own betrayings, the unequal weather which the world assaults us with, and preserves us, in the favour and esteem of Heaven. We are dependents upon the court, while we are but petitioners there : so, till we be denied and dismissed, we have the protection thereof ; which is certainly a privilege that a stranger cannot claim. And though prayer should be the key of the day, and the lock of the night ; yet I hold it of the two, more needful in the morning, than when, in the evening, we commit ourselves to repose. It is true, we have enough to induce us to it, then ; the day could not but present us with something either worthy our thanks, or that needed our beseechings and pardon, for removing or continuing something : and though we be immured within walls, and in darkness, we are not so exempted from perils, but that, without God's assistance, we are left a prey to all that is at enmity with man. Besides, sleep is the image or shadow of death : and when the shadow is so near, the substance cannot be far remote. The dying Gorgias, being in a slumber, and asked by a friend how he did ? answered, pretty well ; only sleep is recommending me up to his brother. Some, we know,

in health, have gone to rest eternal; and without thinking of the other world, have taken their leave of this, not knowing themselves that they were on their way, till they had fully dispatched their journey. But, notwithstanding all this, a man at rest in his chamber (like a sheep impenned in the fold) is subject only to unusual events, and such as rarely happen. Danger seems shut out from him. We are secured from the injury of the elements, and guarded with a fence of iron, against the force of such as would invade us. We are removed from the world's bustle, and the crowd of occasions which every where jostle against us, as we walk abroad. The ship is safer in the bay or harbour, than when tossed and beaten in the boiling ocean. Retiredness is more safe than business. We are withdrawn, when the veil of night and rest enwraps us in their dark and silent cabinet. But with the sun, we disclose ourselves, and are discovered to our prying enemies: we go abroad to meet, what at home does not look after us. We are in the day, as if travelling through a wilderness, where there are wild and savage creatures, as well as tamer animals; the air, the fire, the earth, and water, are all more apt to wound us; the frays, the trains, the incitements, the opportunities, the occasions of offence, the lures and temptings from abroad, and the businesses and accidents of life, deny us any safety, but what we have from the favour of protecting Providence. Besides, prayer sanctifies all our actions. When the mind in the morning opens to God, as the eye to the sun's clear light, by the radiance of the

divine beams, we become enlightened inwardly all the day. He is listed in God's service and protection, who makes it his first work to be enrolled by prayer, under the standard of the Almighty. It was surely hence, that the custom arose of Christians crossing themselves, at their entering upon business. All thriving states have ever sought the gods, in their first infancy. The morning to the day, is as youth to the life of a man; if that, be well seasoned, it is likely that his age may answer it, and be progressive in the path of virtue. To live well every day, is the greatest and most important business of man; and being unable for it, of himself alone, he needs the more, to gain Divine assistance. On works of moment, even the heathen never ventured, without their seeking first such deities as they believed might help them:—

Nothing's well done,
But what at first is with the gods begun.

He carries an assistant angel with him for his help, who begs his benediction from above; and, without it, he is lame and unarmed. We do not find that Saul's devotion ever was superlative; yet, he was troubled for fear the Philistines should catch him, before he had said his prayers; 1 *Sam.* xiii. 12.

TO BEWARE OF BEING SURPRISED.

HE who thinks not of a business, and is on the sudden called upon, is, as if he were asleep, and at first waking starts, but knows not where, nor with whom, he is. He is a wise man, who is not caught by the

suddenness of unlooked-for accidents. Like darted lights which swiftly break upon us, they blind our weakened sight, and, at best, they leave us but to chance, whether we shall come off with glory or with shame. As a fired petard when the city is walled about, this gives an entrance through the shattered gates. When Phrynè knew not how to obtain the best performance of Praxiteles, which he, when in love, had promised her, she sent a person out of breath to tell him, that a sudden fire had almost consumed his house; on which he instantly cried out, Is Cupid and the Satyr saved? by which, she knew that was the best piece in his collection, and then told him, all was well, but that Cupid and the Satyr was her's. We see, that love which is kindled at first sight, has often an eager fierceness with it, beyond that which is leisurely produced by time and conversation. Lightning melts the sword, which is proof against all the strokes it could receive upon the anvil. Surely Job considered how apt he was to be surprised, when he made a covenant with his eyes against beauty; for the want of which, David was caught by accidentally seeing Bathsheba bathe at a distance. It is often the booty, that makes the un-intending thief; for that, first steals the man, before the man steals it. Opportunity creates a sinner; at least, it calls him into action, and like the warming sun, invites the sleeping serpent from his hole. We are like flax which is dressed, and dried, and combed; if the least spark falls upon us, we are sure to burn. And though the Pelagians of old, would understand our praying against temptation to be no more than a desire to be

protected from the accidents and chances of human life; yet, doubtless, our Saviour knowing the proneness of our nature to sin, and how easily we were to be surprised, and how hardly we could escape, if once temptations did but glance upon us, taught us to pray, *that we might not come into temptation*, lest by it, we should be overcome and perish. It is one of the weightiest, and most material parts of prudence, to prepare and arm ourselves to encounter accidents. Wit, as well as wisdom, is required for this business; for, a man surprised, is even in reason more than half beaten, being taken at a disadvantage, from which he has no way to extricate himself, but by the dexterousness of his ingenuity. It is a fright which shrinks the soul into a corner, out of which, it dares not peep to look abroad for help; so, instead of a remedy, it runs to despair. Had not the richness of the Babylonish garment, and the weighty wedge of gold tempted the inclining Achan, he had not been seduced to trouble Israel. It was Dinah's itch to see new fashions, that exposed her to seduction. To avoid occasions, and to be above accidents, is one of the greatest masteries of man. How like a naked beggar, we see the weak soul skip under the lash of every sudden disaster; while the magnanimous and composed mind, by preparing and forethinking, meets nothing new to bring him to amazement! He who foresees an inconvenience, though he cannot always avoid it, yet he may be able to bear it the better. The edge of an evil is abated, if we but see the bow that is bent against us.

OF IMPROVING BY GOOD EXAMPLES.

IT is for the interest of every man to be honest. There may sometimes be temptations to be otherwise; but, all cards cast up, we shall find it the greatest ease, the highest profit, the best pleasure, the greatest safety, and the noblest fame, to hold fast our integrity; which in all trials, will be our protection. And though in the march of human life, a man shall sometimes meet with examples of thriving vice, and occasions to invite him, for a seeming advantage, to close with unhandsome practices: yet, every man ought so to improve his progress in what is just and right, as to be able to discern the fraud and feigned pleasure of evil deeds, and to choose and follow what is good and warrantable. If any man shall object, that the world has far more bad than good in it, so that the good man shall be sure to be overpowered by the wicked; the case is long since resolved by Antisthenes,—*That it is better with a few good men, to fight against an army of bad, than with swarms and shoals of bad men, to have a few good men for our enemies.* And surely, this it was which raised up David to that bravery of spirit which made him declare, *That though an host were pitched against him, yet should not his heart be afraid.* He that is entirely and genuinely honest, is the figure and representation of the Deity, which will draw down a protection upon it, against all the injuries of those who shall dare to abuse it. The rays of heaven do

more perpendicularly strike upon the minds of such, whereby they have both assimilation to God, propensity to good, and defence against injury. Besides, honesty not only obliges men not to do wrong, but to make amends, if wrong be done; and to refuse a benefit to oneself, if in the least, it be a detriment to another. Thus, if I find a treasure, and know not him that lost it, I owe my endeavour to search and find him out, that it may be again restored. It is truly said by St. Augustin, *Quod invenisti et non reddidisti, rapuisti*: He steals the thing he finds, who labours not to restore it.

And although no man is allowed to swerve from what is honest, yet, some men are under greater obligation to be so, than others. Such are those who have tasted of higher dispensations, have been more deterred by judgments, more gained on by mercies, or are endowed with greater knowledge, whereby they understand better than others, how to act.

There are also some who have more reason to be honest than others, as having found dealings from others, which, like fire brought nearer, warms their conscience more; and not only would be evidence and conviction against them, if they did wrong, but stirs them up to do right. And truly, I shall not blush to tell my reader, that, in the number of these, I look upon myself as concerned. Should I fail of being honest, when advantage should be in my hand, I should not only be upbraided but condemned, by two especial passages which happened to myself; which for their rarity may beget my pardon, if here I make them known. One was:—

An unknown porter brought to me, at my lodging, a box sealed up, and on the outside directed to myself. I inquired from whom he had it? He told me, a gentleman who was a stranger to him, and whose name or residence he knew not, gave it him in the street, and gave him sixpence to deliver it safely; which now he had done, and having discharged his part, he could give me no further account. I opened the box, and the first thing I met with, was a note written in a hand I knew not, without any name subscribed, in these words:—

Mr. Owen Feltham; It was my hap, in some dealing with you, to wrong you of five pounds; which I do now repay double, humbly intreating you to forgive me that great wrong, and to pray the Lord to forgive me this, and the rest of my sins.

And under this note, folded in another paper in the same box, were ten twenty-shilling-pieces in gold. I cannot call to mind, that I was ever wronged of such a sum as five pounds, in any kind of dealing; nor to this hour, can I so much as guess at the person from whom the money came. But I believe, he sent it to disburthen his conscience; and surely, if I knew him, I should return him an esteem suitable to the merit of so pious an action. And since he would not let me know his name, to value him as he deserved, I have presumed to recite the thing here, that others, from the sense of it, may learn to be honest; and himself, reap the benefit, that may happen by so good an example.

This perhaps might be from some one, who not only professed, but practised piety, and the rules of

honest living.—And though I could not expect so much should be found, among those that pretend not so much to religion; yet, to shew, that even in looser callings, and as well now, as in our Saviour's time, some, reckoned among publicans and sinners, may go to Heaven, before the captious and the critical censorist (if we judge by exterior demeanour, according to the rule that is given us); I shall beg leave to give my reader my second story, which is as follows:—

Going with some gentlewomen to a play at Salisbury Court, I cast, as I thought, into the woman's box, who sat at the door to receive the pay, so many shillings, as we were persons in number; so we passed on, and sat out the play. Returning out the same way, the woman who held the box, as we went in, was there again, as we went out. Neither I, nor any of my company knew her, nor she us; but, as she had observed us going in, she addressed me, saying, *Sir, do you remember what money you gave me when you went in?—Sure* (said I) *as I take it, I gave you twelve-pence a piece for myself, and these of my company.—Aye, sir,* (replied she,) *that you did, and something more; for here is an eleven-shilling-piece of gold which you gave me, instead of a shilling: and if you please to give me twelve-pence for it, it is as much as I can demand.* Here the woman might have made, though a little, yet a secure prize, if she had been so minded.—But, as many do probably conjecture, that Zaccheus, who made restitution to the shame of the obdurate Jews, was a Gentile as well as a publican: so this, from one of a calling in disrepute and suspected,

may not only instruct the more precise of garb, and form of honesty; but shew us that, in any vocation, a man may take occasion to be just and faithful. And let no man wonder, if a person thus dealt with, and lessoned into his duty by the practice of others to him, joined to his other obligations to goodness, be hereby prevailed upon to a greater care of his own uprightness and integrity, than perhaps, without finding these, he might have been. I have not the vanity to say, that these passages have rendered me better: but I am not ashamed to confess, that I have sometimes remembered them with profit. Sure I am, they ought not to lose their influence, nor to pass unheeded. He who means to be a good linner, will be sure to draw after the most excellent copies, and guide every stroke of his pencil, by the better pattern that he lays before him: so, he who desires that the table of his life may be fair, will be careful to propose the best examples; and will never be content, till he equals, or excels them.

OF HATRED.

THERE is a civil hatred, when men in general detest whatsoever is vice. The Prophet David speaking of the wicked, says, *He hated them with a perfect hatred*; to shew us, that hatred is then perfect, when the object is only sin; for we ought not as a creature, to hate any thing that God hath made. All that he framed was good, excellently

good, and merited both love and admiration. But sin and vice, being things that God never created, we ought to abandon and abhor them, as being derogatory to his glory and wisdom, and destructive to the being of that which he was pleased to make for the satisfaction of his own free will and pleasure. So far hatred is good. But of hate, as a vice, either in ourselves towards others, or from others to us, there is reason to be careful, that, even with both hands, we thrust them both away. Hatred in ourselves against others, is but perpetuated and long-lived anger, which ought never to last longer than the declining sun; but continued, like heady wine, it intoxicates the brain and senses. He that nourishes hate in himself, against any other person whatsoever, sows weeds in his own garden, that will quickly choke those flowers, that else he might take pleasure in. At first, it does but simmer, yet time will boil it up to height and rage;—as pismires towards August, though they did but creep before, yet now they will begin to fly. The beginning for the most part, is but mean and poor; yet, it is fire from a shaving, that can sometimes easily burn whole cities to cinders. The feuds of families, bubbled up at first from little weeping springs, that any child with ease might trample over, that shewed all clear, and seemed to tell no danger: but gathering, as they creep and curl about, they rise to rivers, past our fording over. Timon, who at first allowed himself to hate but only bad, grew at last, to hate whatever he found was man. No man drenched in hate, can

promise to himself the candidness of an upright judge ; his hate will partialize his opinion. He that is known to hate a man, shall never be believed in speaking of him : no, in neither truth, nor falsehood. If he speak well, he shall be thought to dissemble ; if ill, it will be taken as from malice, and the prejudice that he is biassed with ; so, while he carries the heart of a murderer, he shall be sure to have the fate of a liar ;—not to be believed, though he speaks what is true.

And though this in ourselves, be fatally enough destructive, yet, it is much more dangerous, when it flies upon us, from others. A wise man will be wary of purchasing the hate of any. Those which prudence might make his guard, as Cadmus' teeth, he sows into serpents, that lie in wait to sting. Against the hatred of a multitude there is no fence, but, what must come by miracle. Nor wealth, nor wit, nor bands of armed men, can keep them safe, that have made themselves the hate of an enraged multitude. It is thunder, lightnings, storm and hail, together. How many Imperial heads did the Roman populace tread upon ? Let no man slight the scorns and hate of the people. When it is unjust, it is a wolf ; but, when it is just, a dragon. Though the tyrant seated high, thinks he may contemn their malice : yet, he may remember, they have many hands, while he hath one neck only. If he, being single, be dangerous to many ; those many, will to him alone be dangerous in their hate. The sands of Africa, though they be but barren dust, and

lightness; yet, angered by the winds, they bury both the horse and traveller alive. With any weapon that comes next, it can both fight and kill. *Quem quisque odit, periisse expetit*; his hated enemy he expects should perish. And when he hath neither wealth nor strength, he watches occasion, and attends both time and fortune. There are four things that more particularly generate hate,—pride, covetousness, perfidiousness, and cruelty.

The proud man is the subject of contempt. And it is no wonder to find man against him, when we find upon record, that God doth resist him. Pride is the eldest of the seven deadly sins: and because, that would domineer over all, it is just, that all should seek to pull it down. If it cast angels out of heaven, from earth, it well may throw offending man. The proud man would have us believe him to be a God; he would rule all, he would be thought to excel all: he would be papal and infallible, when others know him to be short of a man, a bond-man to some pitiful lust, and quite misled and erring. And it is for this, that though some out of fear, or interest, may bow to him; yet, the generous and wise most abhor to have him for their ruler, that cannot rule himself: usually, though he be high, he is barren. Like Mount Gilboa, he has neither dew nor rain. As to Sejanus' goddess, fortune, we offer incense and perfumes, till we find she turns away, and then (as he) we kick her, and break her to pieces. Even heaven, to proud ones, does deny its influence. Let no man therefore think

to get to heaven and stability by that, with which the angels there, could not be permitted to stay.

Secondly, covetousness. This is so greedy to catch at all, that it pulls even hate along. A sordidness so cleaves to it, that disdain and scorn attends it. It is the inlet of those sins, that grate and scratch and gall; thefts, rapes, and plunders, perjuries, and oppressive murders; and makes a man not only a thief, but a gaoler too: for, whatever the covetous catches, he keeps it up a prisoner; so that neither himself will, nor any other can, make use of it. Hatred is as properly due to the covetous, as affection to the bountiful. The enjoyment of property, is that which preserves men in peace; but, he that rapines upon that, as a robber, shall find swords and staves taken up against him to defend it. Septimius Severus had not ventured to march to Rome, in quest of the empire, if he had not known his soldiers all paid; and Julianus was hated of the people for his covetousness. Marcus Crassus being a Roman general, had never been used so hardly by the Parthians, as to have melted gold poured down his throat, if his avarice and rapine, turning the public calamities to his private benefit, had not made him hated.

*Possideat quantum rapuit Nero, montibus aurum
Exæquet, nec amet quenquam, nec ametur ab ullo.*

Gold more than mountains, or than Nero seiz'd,
Can never make him pleasing, or well pleased.

A third and main procurer of hate, is falsehood and perfidiousness: it is the highest cheat in huma-

nity. A deceived trust exasperates affection into an enemy, and cancels all the bonds of nature. When we prosecute a deceiver and a violator of faith, we undertake the cause of all mankind; for every one is concerned, that a traitor and an impostor be banished out of the world; for, he that premeditatedly cozens one, does not cozen all, only because he cannot. And, when a man grows once to be noted for a person of falsehood, and a juggler, every man will avoid him, as a trap that is set only to give wounds and death; as with a jaded horse, if we will be safe, we must be sure not to come within the reach of his heels: who is it that will not hate him, with whom it is not safe to live? If a man be once a fox, he owes his preservation to his craft, but nothing to the good will of his neighbours. He comes then to be in the catalogue of those that Peter Ramus speaks of, *Quidam versantur in dolis, et eis quælibet adversantur*. Every thing is enemy to him, that is deceitful. Pausanias was but suspected of betraying Lysander in the battle: and the people would not rest, till he was banished from among them. Deceit is a thief in the night, which steals upon us in the dark, when we think ourselves secure, and are not aware of either his way or his time, which makes us sleep as it were, in armour guarded about with bars against him, and with mastiffs to destroy him.

The next monster that calls up hate against us, is cruelty; which is ever ushered on with severity and rigour. Man is a frail thing, and should he be put

to expiate every offence, with the extremity of punishment, he must have many lives, or else have his torments endless. We expect a father's pardon, and know the gods do not always punish to the height. He that hath not mercy to mitigate correction, excludes himself from favour, when he fails. To be always strict and scrupulous, presently descends a man into cruelty, which makes him, as a wild beast, shunned. He that cannot kill him, will avoid him, if he can : it is not in nature, that he should ever be loved. It is with cruelty, as it is with choler. It is kindled by meeting with its like ; as flints that knock together, fire flies from both. No man can love his tormentor, or him that would destroy his being. *Ferina ista rabies est, sanguine gaudere et vulneribus, et abjecto homine, in sylvestre animal transire.* That rage is wholly bestial that smacks the lips with blood and bleeding wounds, and casting off humanity, passes into fierce and savage. Nero, Caligula, Vitellius, and many more, afford us sad examples of the end of cruelty : and above all, the unfortunate Andronicus, who met with more by the torrent of a popular hate, than one would think humanity could either suffer or invent : all things that men met with, were instruments of fury, and every boy and girl became an executioner.

To prevent the hate of others, is not to love ourselves too much. He that does so, becomes *unrivalled* in affection, and at last does love alone, what all men else, do hate. The best is, rather to pass over trivials, than be angry at punctilios. He that

minds his own with moderation, and but seldom intrudes on the concerns of others, shall surely find less cause to hate, or to be hated ; and may at last come to live like the Adonis of the sea, that Ælian speaks of, in perfect tranquillity among all the rapacious fishes of the ocean.

OF HARDNESS OF HEART.

THIS is not so much when a man is careless and insensible of another's condition, as when, by the practice and custom of sin, he has grown obdurate, and so seared up that nothing can work to mollify him that he may be medicinable. Origen gives a handsome character of it, *Cor durum est, cum mens humana velut cera, frigore iniquitatis obstricta, signaculum imaginis divinæ non recipit* ; then is the *heart hardened* when the mind of man like wax, becomes so petrified with the cold benummings of sin, that the impression of the divine image cannot be made in it. So that other sinners are passing on the way, but the *hard-hearted* man is come within the confines of a final destruction. He not only marches fast from God, but he builds a wall at his back, that he cannot retire to the camp where he might be safe. He puts himself out of the power of persuasion ; like a stubborn metal, once ill cast, he leaves no way to be mended, but by breaking. It is not the distilling shower nor the gently fanning air, nor the ruffling wind, nor the rowling thunder, that can

work upon him. It is only lightning that can pierce the pores and melt the steeled heart within the scabbard, that must either do the business or leave him quite undone for ever; for whatsoever happens to him to mend him, makes him worse.

Adversity, which is, the academy of life to instruct and breed up man in all the ways of virtue and knowledge, is to him like the gaol where he only learns to shift and cheat, till at last he grows incorrigible and desperate. Prosperity suns him to a harder temper. Elation leads in disdain, which spurns away the hand that offers but to lift him up. Benefits seldom sink into *obdurate minds*; they hold them to duty in others, but merit and desert in themselves. It is the soft and gentle nature that is soonest taken with a courtesy; there, it sinks as essence does in cotton, till all becomes a fragrancy; and therefore, as they are most unhappy to themselves, in the end, so they are worse for others to converse with, in the way. For as nothing but compulsion can make them be endurable, so it is not a little trouble to the ingenious to be put upon ways of constraint. The generous nature likes himself the worst, when he must appear a pedagogue with a rod or ferula even in his hand; the good inclination is soonest won, by fair and civil dealings. But ill dispositions, being led by passion and a sensual appetite, grow dangerous when not awed by force, nor yet are they much the better by punishment or faring worse. The unruly horse that's spurred, is more so, for his spurring. Like the steel both by

fire and water too, it is hardened ; Pharoah was not bettered by all the plagues brought over him. Nor were the Jews by his example mended, either in the radiance of the Gospel, or the raging of their sedition in Jerusalem. Judgments which are the terrors and the turners of the seduced soul, that hath but humanity in it ; upon the obstinate, do not work at all. Either they reverberate them back, before they pierce ; as a wall of steel does, a blunt-headed arrow ; or if they do perhaps a little while find entrance, like the elephant with the convulsion of his nerves, and his body's contraction, he casts out the shaft that sticks within him : so he closes in his own corruption, which else might find vent at the wounds. It is a fatal notion under which the Apostle renders it, the *hardness* of thy *heart* that *cannot repent* ; as if by a bar put upon it, it were sealed up to ruin. He is chained and pinnioned and prepared for execution, so that he cannot repent. It is like being born a fool. When nature has doomed him among the incapacitated and silly, it is not in the power of correction or instruction, or in all the arts, to cure him. The pestle and the mortar cannot do it, nor can the hardened soul by any thing be mollified, being indeed fit only for destruction. He is neither meet to govern, nor to be governed by others. As Rome when sinking to confusion, *nec libertatem, nec servitatem potest tolerare*. Neither obedience or commands can be endured or managed. And this does easily come to pass, when men are ouce habituated in vice. As constant labour sears the

painful hand to hardened brawn, and a callous insensibility : so the continued practice of vice does hinder the mind's clear sense, and leaves it in a way incorrigible, *Desinit esse remedio locus, ubi, quæ fuerant vitia, mores fiant*, when vices habit themselves into custom and manners, there then wants room to take in what should be the remedy. If frailty therefore casts us into vice, let no man's obstinacy so fasten the nail in his soul, that it cannot, without tearing all in pieces, be pulled out. He that commits an error does too much : but he that persists in it, grows an heretic, and shuts himself out of the verge of the Church.

OF REVENGE.

THOUGH it be a thing both easy and usual, and as the world thinks, savouring of nobleness, to repay a wrong with wrong ; yet religion speaks the contrary, and tells us that it is better to neglect, it than requite it. When wrong is done us, that which we have to do, is to remove it ; we are not commissioned to return it. What will it gase me when I am vexed, to vex another ? Can another's suffering pain, take off from my own smart ? It is but a purer folly to make another weep, because I have that, which grieves me. Nay, well examined, it is a kind of frenzy, and something irrational, because another hath done us a mischief, to hurt therefore ourselves, that we may do him one. Perhaps it was from hence, that poets have feigned, that Nemesis was transformed by

Jupiter into a goose, (a silly creature,) to shew us the folly of revenge; for, at best, it is but returning evil for evil; and, in the most favourable view, is more a sin, than it is a frailty. Suppose a mad dog bites me, shall I be mad and bite him in return? If I do kill him, it is not so much to help myself, as it is to keep others from harm. My interest is to seek a present remedy; while pursuing the cur, I may at once, both lose my wit and my cure. If a wasp sting me, I pursue not the winged insect, through the air; but straight apply myself to draw the venom forth.

And, in revenge, though the rancour should be tolerable; yet the usurpation never can be justified. The right of vengeance rests in God alone; and he that takes it out of his hand, does so far dethrone him, as to put himself in his place. And while we throw a petty vengeance on the head of our offending brother, we boldly pull the Almighty's, on our own. The mind of man in peace and charity, is the temple and the palace of the Holy Ghost; but, revenge is a raging flame which burns this house of God in the land. Nor is it only against the laws of divinity, but against the laws of reason, for a man in his own concern, to make himself accuser, judge, and executioner too. It is like our late misnamed high court of justice, to which the loyal and the noble, the honest and the brave, were forced by ambition and malice, and sacrificed to the demons of misguided rage and passion. Surely, the best return of injury, is to do good; the next, is to overlook it, as a thing below us. If it really be an injury, our revenge is in

the actor's bosom. What need we do that, which his own mind within him, will do for us? If it be not an injury, we ought not to be angry at all: so if we feel a disposition to do another an evil by judging of him wrongfully, upon ourselves the revenge ought to be practised, for having suffered our passion to exceed its proper temper. It was a high imperial act in Conrade the First, who, having had a sharp war with Henry Duke of Saxony, (in which his army was defeated, and his brother beaten out of the field, and being seized with sickness, and believing he should shortly die,) sent for all the princes of the empire, and though his brother was still alive, recommended to them, this his enemy, as the fittest man to rule the empire after him. Thus we see, that great minds sometimes light on suitable actions, and learn by commanding others, at least to command themselves; and by their example, shew us, that, as in God, so in those who in their power draw nearest to him, there is a greatness greater than revenge, while meaner and lesser beings are wholly swallowed up by it. It shews our want of strength, when we let this passion master us. What sort of beings revengeful men are, we may learn from Martial's friend:—

————— *Indocti, quorum præcordia nullis
Interdum aut levibus videas flagrantia causis:
Quantulacunque adeò est occasio, sufficit iræ.
Chrysippus non dicit idem, nec mite Thaletis
Ingenium; dulcique senex vicinus Hymetto,
Qui partem acceptæ sæva inter vinc'la cicuta
Accusatori nollet dare.*—————

Unletter'd souls, whose glowing hearts will hiss
 With nothing, or what next to nothing is:
 Each petty chance for passion shall suffice.
 Though so Chrysippus taught not, nor the wise
 Cool Thales: nor old Socrates, who would
 In chains not part his hemlock to the bold
 Accuser 'gainst his life.——

If ever revenge be fit, it is when all our passions are becalmed; and then it is but as physic, to be used more to prevent a future fit, than satisfy our craving appetite. All revenge is a kind of war, and an easy peace is to be preferred before it; for when we are once engaged, we know not when to recoil. A single child may set on fire a populous city, when all the wise men in it, may perhaps be posed to quench it. If we consider rightly, we shall, for the most part, find that the remedy is worse than the disease; and it is not a wise man's part, to choose the worst. He who defers his revenge, gains time: and then, he may look about and see his way more clearly; so with safety, he may make that punishment, which acted in passion, would be revenge.

THAT MOST MEN HAVE THEIR WEAKNESSES, BY
 WHICH THEY MAY BE TAKEN.

THAT man is most likely to be the happiest, who is in such a condition, as neither to be driven by want, to what is unworthy, nor by affluence, to be exposed to the danger of becoming proud and insolent. Whosoever shews a passion or an avidity to any thing, thereby tells his enemy where he is weak, and

in that way, we may set a snare to take him. And it is a rare thing to find any man so fortified on all sides, that he can rest staunch, against all the baits that are cast out to catch him. Even Augustus had his Mecænas, and Alexander his Hephæstion. It is well, if we be drawn at all, that we happen to be led by a noble conduct; though it is best, when a man can be his own Solomon, and his own honest Hushai, to support himself, and overthrow the designs of his enemies.

Those who are not balanced by true virtue, have not only some peculiar enormity, but are liable to be enslaved by every sensual appetite. Even the meanest and the most petty thing will, sometimes, lead them any where. As if they were paper kites, even a little boy, can with a slender packthread, pull them where he pleases, and draw them down from heaven to earth. Vitellius and Apicius were given up, to gormandizing and gluttony; Vespasian and Didius Julianus, to profit; Nero might be caught, with a song, and Domitian, with a fly. Claudius had his beloved mushroom, and Crassus wept for the death of his dear Muræna. Nor is it of attachment only, but of aversion also. A known antipathy gives our enemy help to subdue us. Even beasts, though wanting reason, have the sense to make their advantage of it. The fox, who knows that the badger hates sluttishness, by fouling his entrance, drives him out of his earth. And it is a vast prerogative, which man enjoys over other creatures, by merely knowing their inclinations and abhorrences: for by studying their appetites and fears, he can obtain the mastery over

those, who, by mere power, and the corporeal endowments of nature, he never would be able to conquer. What force could seize the fierce lion, if he were not tempted by the lamb upon the post, or terrified by the fire which he hates and trembles at? What swiftness could overtake or draw the mountain falcon from the clouds, if the pigeon on the lure, did not entice her down, to the small reward on the extended fist?

I have never read of any island so impregnable, but nature had left in it, some place or other, by which it might be vanquishable: nor have I ever met with any person so well armed, at all points, as not to leave some way, whereby he might be sometimes surprised; this passion, that affection, this friend, or that kinsman, this or that delight, or inclination. He is the strongest, who has the fewest accesses. As those places are the weakest, which lie open to every invader; so certainly, he is the most subject to be overcome, whose easiness exposes him to be prevailed upon, by every feeble attempt. And however, by nature, he may be fertile, and of a good soil; yet, if he lies unmounded, he shall be sure to be always low. At least, he ought to have a fence, and a gate, and not let every beast that has but craft or impudence, to graze or dung upon him. In any estate, it most conduces to freedom, not to be behind-hand. He that puts himself into a needy condition, walks with manacles on his hands; and to every one he deals with, he gives power to lock them on. He can neither buy nor sell like other men; but wearing his own chains, is at the mercy of him who will lead him.

THAT SPIRITUAL THINGS ARE BETTER, AND TEMPORAL THINGS WORSE, THAN THEY SEEM.

WHAT Seneca said of joy, is almost universally true: *Omnes tendunt ad gaudium; sed, unde magnum et stabile consequantur, ignorant*: Every man would arrive at joy and contentment; but how to come by such, as may be great and lasting, there are but few who know. We are quite mistaken, in most of what we grasp at. The progress of man is like some lofty tower, erected in the bottom of a valley: we climb up high, in hopes to see wonders, and when we are at the top, our prospect is nothing the better. The hills which encompass us, terminate our view, and, after all our pains, we have nothing to behold but larger piles of earth, which interpose between us and heaven. Our greatest pleasure was, whilst we were getting up: belief of better, lifts our easy steps; but, mounted once, we find that we have been deluded. It was this, which led wise Bias to conclude that nothing was to man more sweet, than hope. All earthly delights are sweeter in expectation than enjoyment; but, all spiritual pleasures, more in fruition than expectation. As to the former, they are seen through a perspective glass, which makes them seem greater, clearer, and nearer at hand. When the devil took our Saviour to the mountain, *he shewed him all the kingdoms, and the glory of them*; but said nothing of the troubles, the dangers, the cares, the fears, the vexations, and the vigilancies, which are, as it were, the thorns and mantlings

wherewith a crown is lined. He held forth a full-blown rose, but concealed the prickles underneath. I something doubt, whether to get wealth with some labour, be not a greater pleasure, than wantonly to spend it. Whatsoever temporal felicity we contemplate and promise ourselves, we generally, in our eagerness for enjoying it, overlook the pain and trouble which attend it; and are led away by the seductiveness of outward appearances. Pleasures, like time, carry a comely front; but, behind, are pilled and balled.

But, when we look at what is spiritual, we turn the glass about, and give a narrowing figure to all those fair proportions that present themselves to the eye: we believe them less, and more remote from us. Thus, the sense obscures things which are spiritual and heavenly; but, reveals and augments those which are earthly and temporal. The sphere of spiritual things, is higher than our sense can reach; but, as we mount, our prospect still is nearer. *Acquiri potest, æstimari non potest*; obtained, it may be, but rightly valued, never. Who, at the first blush, (if humanity may be judge,) would choose the austerities of a regular and conscientious life? Our Saviour, at first, by reason of the ignorance and infidelity of man, gave his Church the power of miracles, to establish men in the belief of finding a felicity in godliness. For although it be most true, as is memorably spoken by Æneas Sylvius, that admitting Christianity had not by our Saviour and his Apostles been confirmed by miracles, it would in

time have been taken up, and entertained, and become rooted in men's hearts, for the very honesty and integrity of it: yet, by the but meanly wise and common apprehensions of bemisted nature, it would have required no common oratory, to persuade us to *the taking up of the cross to follow Him*. A man who has not experienced the delights of true piety, and the sweetness of spiritual influence, will hardly believe, that such satisfactions are to be found in godliness. They are the foretaste of the joys of an hereafter. Let no man then be discouraged with the pallidness of piety at first, nor captivated with the seeming freshness of terrenity: both will change. And though we may be deceived in both; we shall be sure to be cheated, but in one.

OF BUSINESS.

THERE are some men who have so great an aversion to business, that you may as soon persuade a cat to go into water, or an ape to put his fingers into fire, as to get them to enter upon any thing which may prove troublesome, or require attention and care. But these, for the most part, are persons, who have passed their youth undisciplined, and have been so bred up in that ease and indulgence, as to know no other business, but their pleasures; and to be impatient of any thing, which even looks like an hindrance of them; and this, in the end, is oftentimes productive of bad and destructive effects. For, hereby, the

management of affairs falls into inferior hands, which, through covetousness and ambition, and for want of skill, put all the wheels of government out of order; till they run both themselves, and the state into ruin. There is another sort of men quite contrary to these, whom custom and daily practice have made so much in love with action, that if they once come to be put out of their employment, even life itself, seems tedious and irksome; and, like a spaniel tied up from his hunting, they sleep away their time, in sadness and melancholy. As the world is more beholden to men of business, than to men of pleasure; so the men of pleasure must be content to be governed, by those of business. However such, may be contemned by the vanity of those who look after nothing but entertainment; yet, the government of the world is in their hands, and they are the men who give laws to the sensual and voluptuous. That man is but of the lower part of the world, who is not brought up to business and affairs. And, though there may be some, who may think it a little too serious for the capering blood and sprightly vigour of youth: yet, upon experience, they will find such a life more satisfactory than idleness, or perpetual gaiety. He, who walks constantly in a smooth and levelled path, will be sooner tired, than he who beats the rising and descending ground. A calm at sea is more troublesome, than the gale that swells the waves. If a man with a scythe, should mow the empty air, he would sooner be weary, than he who sweats with toil, in cutting the standing corn. Business is the salt of

life, which not only gives a grateful smack to it; but dries up those crudities that would offend, preserves from putrefaction, and drives off all those blowing flies, that would corrupt it. There are in business three things necessary; Knowledge, Temper, and Time.

Unless a man knows what he is going about, he is liable to go astray, or to lose much time in finding out the right course; and his journey will be sure to seem more tedious, than it would, if he knew the road.

And if he want temper, he will be sure not to want trouble. All the stars are seen at night, when there is a clear serenity; but tempests arising, darken all the sky, and take those little guides of light away. No storm can shake the edifice of that mind, which is built upon the base of temperance. It places a man, out of the reach of others; and brings others to be, within his own. It is the temper of the sword, which makes it to cut keenly, and not to be hacked by others striking on it; it is the oil which makes the joint turn smooth, and opens the door without noise. Cæsar, with a word, appeased a daring mutiny, by calling his army Romans, instead of fellow-soldiers; and, with as small a matter, Psamniticus saved the sackage of a city. Cyrus had newly taken one of his, and the soldiers, in a hurry, running up and down, Psamniticus, who was with him, asked, what was the matter? Cyrus answered; *they destroy and plunder your city.* Psamniticus replied, *it is not now mine, but yours.* And upon that consideration, they were immediately called off from the spoil.

The next, is the aptly timing of affairs, for which there can be no particular rule; it must be left to judgment to discern when the season is proper. Men do not reap in seed-time, nor sow in harvest. The smith may strike in vain and tire his labouring arm, if first with fire, his iron be not mollified. Circumstances are often more, than that which is the main; and those must be laid hold of, as they offer themselves. Men may set their baits, and cast their nets, and, as the Apostles did, fish all night and catch nothing, if they take not the seasons when the shoals move upon the coast. And let a man be sure to drive his business, rather than let it, drive him. When a man is but once brought to be driven, he becomes a vassal to his affairs; they master him, which should by him, be commanded. Any thing put off till the last, like a snow-ball, rolls and gathers, and is by far a greater giant than it was, before it grew to age; as exhalations once condensed and gathered, they break not then but with thunder. In the last acts of plays, the end of business is commonly a huddle. The scenes then grow thick, and quick, and full. As rivers though they run smooth, through lengthened tracts of earth; yet when they come near the sea, they swell, and roar, and foam. Business is like the devil; it rages most when the time it has, is shortest. And it is hard to say which of the two is worst; too nice a scrupulosity, or too rash a confidence. He is as mad, who thinks himself an urinal, and will not stir at all, for fear of cracking; as he who believes himself to be shot-free, and therefore will run into the

hail of a battle. And surely, it conduces infinitely to the ease of business, when we have to deal with honest and upright men. *Facile imperium in bonos*: the good and wise make the empire easy. Reason and right give the quickest dispatch. All the entanglements that we meet with, arise from the irrationalities of ourselves or others. With a wise and honest man, a business is soon ended; but with a fool or a knave, there is no conclusion, and seldom even a beginning.

OF NOBILITY.

THOMAS SARSANNES being asked, what kind of prelate he thought Eugenius IV. would prove; his answer was; *You may easily guess at that, if you but know the stock he comes of: for such as his family is, such a prince you shall find him.* It is true, by his own virtues or vices, a man often differs from his progenitors, but usually the blood through successive generations, retains its tincture; and in a noble family, the stream, for the most part, does still hold noble. This, by wise states has been sometimes so far counted upon, that they have set marks of honour upon them; not only out of respect to their ancestors, but out of the hope of finding the successor not to degenerate. It was a law among the Romans, that if there happened contentions in their elections for the consulship, those who were descended from the Sylvians, Torquacians, and Fabricians, should, in the first place, be preferred. And we see it common

among princes, that offices of trust, and places of command, are settled upon the heirs of some deserving families, on the presumption that they will deserve what their ancestors at first, by their merit, had acquired. It is certainly to be believed, that he who from nothing, or a mean beginning, becomes the first founder of a house and fortune, has something in him beyond the standard of an ordinary man. And it is likewise to be believed, that where the spirits are by virtue and industry, so rarified and refined; even in the generation of posterity they do transmit themselves, and are propagated to succeeding ages. Some families are distinguishable for peculiar eminences, in the current of successions. The Romans had not a family of more merit than the Scipio's; and it is not unworthy of observation, that even the original founders of that family, were eminent for their piety to the gods and their parents. The first of the race, when his father was blind, as his staff and his guide, led him about in his way, from whence he took his name. The next, even while a child, devoted a part of every day to the devotions of the temple; and at seventeen years of age, brought off his wounded father, when encompassed by the enemy. Those who are bred under the government of such as are thus disposed, have infinitely the advantage of a plebeian race. They are seasoned with the maxims of honour, and by their education lifted above those grosser vapours which those are subject to, who have their being in the lower region of men. And if but one in an age, comes up to this, he leaves it as an example,

and puts posterity in the way of continuing it. And not to speak of the helps of fortune, which unabused, are infinite, they are preceded into virtue and honour, and they are deterred from poor and skulking means, by the lustre of that fame which their forefathers have left them;—so that, doubtless, earth cannot present us any thing which is more glorious than ancient nobility, when it is adorned by the rays of virtue. If there were not something more than ordinary which lay couched in this bed of honour, surely nature never would have planted an appetite of it, in generous and enlarged souls. Alexander would needs derive his origin, from Jupiter; the Romans, from Hercules, from Venus, from Æneas, and the like. And how many nations have thought it their honour to draw their descents from the Trojans? As it was an honour to be a Grecian, where virtue and the arts were learned: so it was held a stain, and he was branded with the name of a barbarian, who was of another nation. But however this may be, virtue and true nobleness is the true crown of honour; it enamels and enchases what is gold, and gilds what is not, so that it makes it, like it. Those who are of the highest merit in themselves, the least insist upon their ancestry: for they well know that *aliena laudat, qui genus jactat suum*: who boasts his stock, commends what is another's. The best use we can make of the glorious actions, which those whom we have succeeded may have achieved, is to endeavour, if possible, to exceed them, or at least to beware, we darken not, by our own

falling off, the splendour that they lived in. The best way to keep our ancestors' great acts in memory, is to refresh them, with new ones of our own. And let us be sure to remember that they grew up to the honourable fame they enjoyed, by degrees. He who at the first leap, jumps into the height of all his ancestors, had need be strong and well-winded; lest he lose his race, before he gets to the post. He leaves himself no room for casual accidents, and cannot give a loose, if he be put to a strain in his race. Of the two, it is better to be the fool of the family, than the unthrifty one. Another generation may prove wise: but, the riotous and indiscreetly prodigal, after he has wasted all the fruit, digs up the tree by the root, so that it can bear no more; and instead of hoped applause, he leaves the world with infamy, and dwells among the curses of posterity. A degenerate son of a noble family, is a worm at the root that would make a Jonas angry; for it takes away the shade, from all who shall come after. They who have nothing of their own, but their forefathers' merits, subsist like felons, by the protection of that altar, from whence if pulled, they fall to death and shame. Who would not rather have died all those deaths which tyrants have invented, than, being the son of the elder Scipio, to be fined by the censors, to be turned out of the senate, and have the signet with the head of his glorious father graven on it, torn from off his finger? He is not likely to be prevalent in battle, who without fighting, thinks it enough for him, to be covered with the shields of his ancestors.

*Quis enim generosum dixerit hunc, qui
Indignus genere, et præclaro nomine tantum
Insignis? Nanum cujusdam Atlanta vocemus;
Æthiopem, cygnum; parvam extortamque puellam
Europen. ———*

Juv. Sat. 8.

Who'll count him noble, that unworthy lives
Of his great stock; and by that only thrives?
We may as well some dwarf an Atlas call;
A Moor, a swan; some low, crook'd girl, the tall
Europa. ———

OF THREE THINGS TO BE CONSIDERED IN MEN.

IN every man that we meet with, there be three things that encounter our consideration. The mind, the behaviour, and the person. As a beauty in any of these, commends the party to our liking; so a blemish in any of these, sticks some disgrace on the unhappy owner. The most beautiful and the most lasting of these, is that which to the eye is not visible; and, though it take not that sense, yet, it casts abroad such rays, as draw out the love and liking of those, that come to find the goodness, or the parts, that it is furnished with. How grateful does the ingenuity of some men make them? It is a wealth by which they live; and many times having none of their own, they are, for the handsomeness of their disposition, taken into a partnership of empire, with those that have abundance. Such was Aristippus, being at first forced to read philosophy to get a living, by the gratefulness of his wit and parts, grew high in the favour of Dionysius: and when he had been shipwrecked at

sea, and cast upon Rhodes ; it got him such friends there, that when all his companions returned, he was tempted by the favour of the citizens to stay from his own country among strangers ; with whom he had no interest, but what his parts had won him. Horace has said of him,

Omnis Aristippum decuit status, et color, et res.

In all the wiles of fortune, he was lovely.

Ep. l. i. 17.

It is the noblest wealth, and with the greatest ease is carried every where. It is kept without a foreign guard, and is of present use wheresoever a man is thrown. Like the philosopher's stone, it creates a man gold, that had none of his own. It turns the coarser metal into useful coin, and is such as cannot be lost without our health or being. And truly, the beauty and comeliness of the body, does often-times do the like ; nay, with mean capacities, it does a great deal more ; for, it suits to their mind, and is more obvious to their senses, who see no deeper than the grounds of corporeal beauty, and the emanations of a pleasing aspect. Yet, certainly, it is a form that pleaseth all, as well the wise in mind, as the weak in apprehension. Xenophon was of more than ordinary loveliness ; and being a youth, by chance was met by Socrates in a narrow alley at Athens ; Socrates liking his aspect, held out his staff, to stop him in his way, and questioned him, where such and such merchandises were sold ? which Xenophon presently told him : then he asked him, if he knew, *where men were made better ?* To this he said, *he could not tell.* Then

says Socrates, *Go with me, and I will shew you.* Upon this he became his scholar, and afterwards grew a favorite to Cyrus, and for arts and arms, left his memory famous even to this day.

The next is a handsome behaviour. He that demeans himself well, is ever ushered in by a friend, that recommends him to the company that knew him not. It is not difficult by the behaviour to guess at the man. This is a motive beauty, which waits upon the whole body, as the other does upon the face and complexion. *Sapienti viro incessus modestior convenit.* A sober garb becomes the wiser man. The Emperor Trajan was so winning this way, that his friends would have thought it too much, had he not satisfied with this answer: *that he desired to be such a prince to others, as he desired another prince should be to him, if he were a subject.* There is a grace waits upon a noble mien, that exacts a liking, if not a love from all that behold it.

As these, being well complexioned, procure favour, and let us into men's affections; so a stain in any of them, sets us like the owl, among birds; if there be but light, we shall be sure to be chattered at, or struck at. A mind who is filled with ignorance, or the perverseness of a froward disposition, hath many enemies and no friends. As upon the sea in a storm, men may look without horror at a distance, but never will covet to come upon it; where, if we escape drowning, we cannot, being frightened and wet. He who is of a bad disposition, wants nothing of being a tyrant, but power; and wants not will but means, to do mischief.

He who is a clown in behaviour, tells people that it flows from a rude mind. Diogenes, though he had wit, by his currishness, got him the name of dog; and coming once to a feast, the company called him so, and threw him bones. The vices which we harbour inwardly, are divulged by our outward fashion. *Ex minimis poteris cognoscere impudicum; et incessus ostendit, et manus mota, et interdum responsum, et relatus ad caput digitus, et flexus oculorum. Improbum et insanum risus, vultus, habitusque demonstrat.* Even the petty things the wanton do discover, the gait, the motion of the hand, sometimes the answer, holding up the finger to the head, or the very cast of the eyes does do it. Laughter, the countenance, or the habit, discovers to us the wicked and the wild. And though sometimes, under an unpleasing aspect, the goodness of a well-disciplined inside may be covered; yet, usually, the deformed are envious and disdainful; and they had need excel others in the mind, being mulcted by nature with a corporal deformity. Æsop, with all the morality of his handsome fables, could not wipe off the coarseness of his outside; which, doubtless, as a chain held him ever in the condition of a slave: who else by the sublimity of his fancy might have mounted to higher preferment.

The best remedies for these are divinity, morality, physic. Religion can convert and adorn that mind, which naturally was ill. It is the reason of a Deity, which, doubtless, can do more than all that is infused from man; and, comprehending the universal duty

of man, as to God, the world, and himself, it must needs excel in this, all that can be gained from man. They that are truly acted from the inspirations of Heaven, have all that can be got from below, with the excellencies of what is above.

Though to mend our conversation, philosophy can go far, as Socrates did confess to Zopirus, when he taxed him of several vices; yet its effects are allowable rather in outward morality, than in the intrinsic integrities of the soul. And certainly, when that is prevalent within, the outward demeanour is both acquired and directed by it. A wise man ought not in his carriage to commit a solecism against wisdom. There may be many outward gestures that are not in themselves unlawful; yet, highly are indecorous. It was observed by the Jews, that, *cum digito loquitur stultus*; the pointing finger ensigns out a fool; though the hand may direct to the text, yet it dwells but in a blank margin. It was one of Solon's adages, *In via non properandum*; to run upon a journey, is either necessity or folly. And the cringes of some are such, as one would take them to be dancers or tumblers, rather than persons of staid and sober callings. Men are like wine, not good before the lees of clownishness be settled; nor when it is too windy, and will fly out of the bottle; nor when it is too austere and sour to be tasted. In a middling clarity and quickness, it is best: and so is man in his carriage and comportment, when he is neither dull nor vapouring, nor too tart and severe in his way. He that can preserve himself in this temper, shall preserve his body in health, the

better; and so correct the inconveniences that may by want of that, render him less grateful to the company. As it is not necessary for every man to be a doctor in these arts: so it will be convenient, he have so much of them, as may not only keep him from contempt, but procure him approbation abroad.

OF DANCING.

DOUBTLESS, it was out of the jollity of nature, that this art was first invented and taken up, among men. Bate but the fiddle; and the colts, the calves, and lambs of the field, do the same. So that the thing, in itself seems to me, to be natural and innocent, begotten and born at first out of the sprightly and harmless activity and rarification of the blood and spirits, excited by the youthful heat that flows within the swelling veins. We need, therefore, the less wonder, that some of the ancient Grecians should so much extol it, as even to deduce it from Heaven itself, as being practised there by the stars, the conjunctions and oppositions, the aspects and revolutions, the ingresses and the egresses, and the like; making such a harmony and concert, as to seem to be a well-ordered dance amongst them.

And we shall find it not only practised by almost all the nations of the earth; but, by many of the most generous and civilized, brought into the solemnities of their religion. The Phrygians had their Corybantes; the Cretans, their Curetes dancing in armour:

in Delos, scarcely any sacred service was performed without it: the Indian Brahmins, morning and evening dancing, did adore the sun; the Egyptians, the Ethiopians, the rude Scythian, and the learned Greek, rarely entered upon any thing that was solemn without it; the Romans had their Salii, who in pied coats, with swords by their sides, a javelin in one hand, and a shield in the other, danced about the city. Socrates, who was allowed to be the wisest among all the Greeks, disdained not, in his age, to learn to dance, and afterwards to commend the exercise; and Seneca tells us, that the meritorious Scipio was not ashamed, *ut antiqui illi viri solebant, inter lusum, et festa tempora, virilem in modum tripudiare*: as the ancients then were wont, at plays and solemn festivals, in a manly way, to trip it up and down. Even among the Jews, where the oracles of God were extant, we find it was used in the rites and exercises of their religion, and upon occasions of extraordinary joy.

When the prophet Jeremiah foretold the return of the Jews from captivity, and began to reckon up the joys that would ensue; he told them, *the virgins shall rejoice in the dance*: the Latin hath it *in choro*; and doubtless, it often consisted of both men and women together: and if dancing were unlawful, neither would God allow of being served by it; nor would Solomon have told us that, *there is a time to dance, and a time to mourn*. So that it is not the thing that is to be condemned, but the manner and corrupt abuse of it. I do not find that Sallust blamed

Sempronia, merely for her dancing ; but, for doing it more artificially than an honest woman needed. And it is for this, that Gabinius and Cælius, are reproached. Cato, I know, accused Lucius Muræna, for dancing in Asia ; and Cicero, who undertook to defend him, argued that he did not do it, constantly ; as if the occasional use of it, were a kind of justification. And in this sense, was his saying, *Nemo saltat sobrius*, the sober man does seldom act in capers ; taking it to be an admitted doctrine, that *aliquando dulce est insanire in loco* ; it is pleasant to be frolicsome, in season.

Ludovicus Vives tells us of some Asiatics who, coming into Spain and seeing the people dance, ran away affrighted ; thinking them possessed with some evil spirit, or else that they were out of their wits. And indeed, one would think there were some sorcery in it, that the tickling of a sheep's gut with hair and a little rosin, should make a wise man leap up and down, as if he were mad. Such did the wise Alphonsus deem that woman, whom he saw so wildly dancing, that he concluded it would not be long before the Sibyl would declare her oracle ; though he himself, a little after, with the Emperor Frederic, and his Empress, was content to make one at the sport. To dance too exquisitely, is so laborious a vanity, that a man ought to be ashamed to let any body see, by his dexterity in it, that he has spent so much time in learning such a trifle. And to be totally ignorant of it, and of the garb and comportment which by learning it, is learned ; shews a man

either stoical, or but meanly bred, and not accustomed to society. The best is a kind of carelessness, as if it were rather natural motion, than curious and artificial practising.

That evils have, sometimes, attended it, is not to me an argument, against the thing itself. Even at sermons, I have read, that scenes of vice have been laid. I would not patronize it, for the least offence, that is in it. But if it conduces to the bettering of behaviour, and the handsome carriage of a man's person among strangers; if it be for a harmless exercise, for a recreation merely, or to express inoffensively, a justifiable joy; I see not why it should be condemned. It is good for a man so to dance, as not to put his friends, who shall behold him, out of countenance; or, that he need be ashamed, if his enemy should stand by. Some men have a dislike to it; and these, it seldom becomes.

If it were absolutely ill in itself, or if the ill which sometimes accompanies it, were inseparable from it; it were better all were gone, than for the greatest pleasure, to keep the least of mischief. But I cannot think, that all must sin, if they come but once to humour an instrument; or, that there cannot be dancing, without danger to morals. I had rather hold with Aristippus;

— *In Liberi patris sacris*
Mens, quæ pudica est, nescit corrumpere.

— The truly modest will,
In Bacchus' orgies, can be modest still.

And although some of the fathers have highly declaimed against this recreation; yet, I take it to be, as it was rudely and lasciviously used by the vulgar, and the Pagans of those times. But, surely, at orderly entertainments among great persons, and meetings of love and friendship among persons of condition, there is nothing more modest, more decent, or more civil. To conclude this theme, I take dancing to be like usury; something difficult to be kept in the mean, easy to be let into excess, and almost, by all nations, at once decried and practised.

OF THE FOLLY OF SIN.

IT was the fool that said, *there is no God*; but it was only *in his heart*, that he said it. Nor could he seriously think it, *in his heart*; though he would be glad it were so. He could no more believe there was no soul of this vast world, than that there was no spirit to actuate his body, or, that a watch could tell us time, and give motion to all its wheels, without a spring or balance. If we believe and see, as we must, that the mind can with ease and pleasure, dispose and command every motion and member, every muscle and nerve, every posture of our corporeal frame: we may as well conceive, that an infinite and incomprehensible Spirit, may as easily dispose and order every particle of this great and surrounding world. And then, it cannot but follow, that this great soul of all, must be infinitely wise,

infinitely just, omnipotent, and omniscient, and possess all those other glorious attributes, which go to the making up of God. . And if God be such, as sense and reason demonstratively prove him to be, can there be a greater folly than to incur the displeasure of this almighty and all-wise Being? Sin can no more be without folly, than fire without dryness, or water without moisture. It is folly that opens the door and lets it into the heart, and retains it there. It was well said of Stobæus, *malorum omnium stultitia est mater*: folly is the mother of all evil.

Sin is so deeply a folly, that it sets a man against himself, and in direct opposition to his true and proper interest. Even nature, teaches all animate things, a self-preservation. But the sinner is more brutish than the beast of the field; he destroys himself, and locks his own legs in the stocks. It was Solomon who saw the young man as a fool going to receive the correction of the stocks, for his incontinence. It is the *fool* that utters *slanders*; it is the *fool* that *sports in mischief*; it is the *fool* that *rages and is confident*; it is the *fool* that *despiseth instruction, though from a father's love*; it is the *fool's lip* that *enters into contention*; it is the *fool* that *will be meddling*; it is the *fool* that *holds his hands in sloth*; it is the *fool* that *trusteth in his own frail heart*; it is the *fool* that *makes a mock at sin*. And the Prophet Jeremy will tell us, *he that gets wealth wrongfully, though he may run well, at his end, he shall be a fool*. It is not, however, the want

of parts, or an inability of nature which undoes a man, but the turpitude and stain of sin. The Psalmist will tell us, *that fools, because of their transgressions and iniquities, are afflicted.* A man is not condemned for being a natural innocent; it is not his fault:—the children which our Saviour received, were such. But it is sin, which exposes us to punishment. All the sufferings in the world, are not, in themselves, so evil, as is the smallest sin. Therefore, rarely spoke the excellent and admired Seneca, when he said, *licèt scirem homines ignoraturos, et Deum ignosciturum; tamen peccare nollem, ob peccati turpitudinem:*—though I were sure, men should never know it, and that God would certainly pardon it; yet, I would not commit a sin, for the foulness and dishonesty of the sin itself. Sin debilitates us in the progress of good. If we would be moving towards Heaven, like a chain about a prisoner's leg, it pulls us back, and keeps us still in slavery.

Tell me, if in all nature, a greater fool can be found, than he who, having a friend and father, who loves and will not leave him, till he hath fixed him in eternal happiness; will yet, giddily, wilfully, ignorantly, and wantonly, run from him, to crouch, and creep, and become a slave to one, whom he knows, will use him with all tyranny and torment? Nor is this, in the gross only, but also in each particular offence. Are not men out of their wits, who will play away estates of plenty, when afterwards, they must live to starve? Who by their lust and lasciviousness, will make themselves lazars and cripples?

Who by their ambition, beget themselves trouble and ruin? Who by their covetousness, purchase contempt and curses, and enjoy nothing themselves, but greater fear and guilt? Who by their rash anger, throw themselves into quarrels and destruction? Who by drunkenness make themselves sots, and get vizards instead of faces? Who by their riot and gluttony, send all their riches down the common sewer? and at last, as Lucullus, grown stupid, are obliged to live under the tutelage of another! Does not the sinner act more foolishly than a child, when for a toy, a conceit, a licorish desire, an humour, or fancy, he abandons the prospect of felicity, and all those saving graces that can render him happy for ever? We traffic gold for dirt, when we purchase ought by sinning. Let a man be never so great a politician, yet, if he be a sinner, he will turn out to be simple at last. And though he may think, by injury, to gain upon others; yet, let him remember, that no man can do an injury to another, without doing one to himself; and so, though he may think to shew himself of a deeper reach, and a higher standard of wit than his neighbours; yet, in the end, he will come forth a fool.

THAT THE MIND ONLY MAKES CONTENT.

IT is neither ease, nor labour, nor wealth, nor want, on which a man's happiness or unhappiness, depends. Some men, with liberty, leisure, plenty, and rest,

have less satisfaction than those that toil, in sweating pains and labour. And others, even for pleasure do that, which would quite destroy the comfort of him, who is not that way affected. We see some who are gifted with the world's plenty, and seem to have every thing they can wish for, who by their wealth may make summer and winter at will, and who appear to others to command all the walks in Paradise ; but after all, this high shine of prosperity only makes them nice and wanton, and for want of something else, they quarrel with their own felicity.

Even content turns to vexation : and we are weary, with having nothing to weary us. All the winds in the compass, cannot blow a gale that all men shall be pleased with. A peevish fretful mind, makes all the Muses furies ; nor is it possible for men of this temper, to enjoy themselves in the smiles of fortune. The lily is too pale for them ; and the rose's smell is fulsome. Some men are so made up of jealousy, envy, pride, and choler, that, like savage beasts, they are ready to tear not only those who seek to tie them up, but also those who would loose their chains, and bring them food. Tell them what is distasteful, or tell them what is pleasing, they will carp at both alike ; as kindling charcoal, they throw out sparks and crackle, even though you do not blow them. Differ with them in opinion, and they will scold you ; say as they say, and they will snarl and shew an ill-temper. As wasps, disturbed, or let alone, they buz ; and angry, make a noise about you : being of a nice and tender spirit, neither heat nor

cold can be endured by them, and their own dispositions raise a terrestrial hell within their bosoms. On the other side, do we not often meet with many who take pleasure in toil? Who can out-rise the sun, out-watch the moon, and out-run the wild beasts of the fields?—Who, from merely fancy and liking, can find out mirth, in vociferation; and music, in the barking of dogs; and be content to be led about the earth, over hedges and through sloughs, by the windings and the shifts of a poor, affrighted vermin; yet after all, come off, tired, but without enough of it. Were a man enjoined to this, who did not like it, how tedious and how painful would it prove to him? It would be as bad, as riding post; or obliging a rational man to follow and humour, the motions of a child or simple animal. Let no one, therefore, wonder at the several pleasures of men; for, unless their desires be bounded by prudence and moderation, the appetite of the mind will be as various, as the palate of the body. As he will be most at ease in his journey, who likes the pace of the beast he rides on: so is he, who can bring his mind to approve of that condition which God hath set him in. And since the mind alone is judge of pleasure, it is not what others apprehend, but what the party fancies to himself, that satisfies him.

OF CEREMONIES.

THE rarest and most precious materials we think not splendid, till we have refined them. We cut and

polish diamonds. We burnish gold and silver. Our silks, we scour and give them gloss and dye. Our wool, we card and mingle. We wear not cloth till dressed and dyed, and then with lace and fancy, work it up for wearing. We do not rudely heap our wood and stone together for our dwellings, but hew and fit them into decent order.

Every calling has its badge and ornament. The soldier shines in steel, the lady in her jewels, the courtier in his silks; the lawyer and the physician have their proper habits, fitted to their known professions;—and in all religions, Jewish, Heathen, Mahometan, and Christian, the priests, by their garments, are distinguished from the laic flock. Of late years, we have had a race of men who, under the pretence of piety, have taken up a garb both sottish and disdainful; who would not be known, by their habits, to be priests of the living God; and can wear a cypress or a ribband, for a friend; but neither a scarf nor a girdle, for the church or state. Surely a gown or surplice may, in themselves, as well be worn, as a shirt, a band, or a cloak: and a good reason can hardly be given for declining them, unless it be, that they are commanded by authority:—as if, because the Apostle orders *that things be done decently, and in order*; therefore, it were sufficient ground for men to be cross, and rude, uncommon, and slovenly. What would have become of these men, had they been enjoined to have been attired as Aaron was, in light and flaming colours, with bells tinkling, and pomegranates dangling round about

their skirts? How would they have brooked a linen mitre of sixteen cubits long, who would rather lose a living, and the opportunity of saving souls, and the honour of being an agent for Heaven, than own a simple surplice? As if white were not a colour, as lawful as black; or, the thread of the flax as warrantable to be worn, as the wool we cut from off the sheep's back: or that a gown were not as lawful to be worn in a church, as for them to wrap themselves up in it, in their own house or study. I find that the Jews, by God's appointment, had twelve peculiar habits for the Levites. And surely, (not being forbidden,) why may not his church, without offence enjoin some, and which are worn by those who find fault with them, in *eâdem specie*, though not *in eâdem formâ*; and would be worn *in eâdem formâ*, if they were not enjoined by authority. It is allowed by Chemnitius, and I think, by most of the reformed divines, that *in ritibus adiaphoris habet Ecclesia potestatem*; in things indifferent, the church wants not authority. He who is lieutenant of a province, though, in the main, he be bound to govern by the laws, from which he may not deviate; yet he is not so restricted, but that, in circumstances, he has a latitude of discretion. And if (although in itself indifferent) a thing be once by the church enjoined, it then becomes so far a divine law, as to be divine, *in licitis*, as obeying the supreme governor, and legislative power. And then, where will be the difference, in refusing an innocent ceremony, authoritatively imposed, and assuming the practice of one, disputable,

and not imposed? It is not possible to perform a worship, without some natural or instituted ceremony; and while it is not contradictory to the canon, I cannot think God will be angry with me, for observing it. As long as ceremonies are not declared essentials of that worship, do not cross the sacred text, and are ordained only for distinction, order, decency, and as helps to piety and devotion; I see not, why it may not be, in the prudence of the church, moderately to enjoin them; and why it may not become the piety and humility of the best men, to submit to what shall be thus established. I remember a passage of a grave divine upon this subject, which was this:—*A ceremony (he saith) in the judgment of all, is in itself a thing indifferent: to preach the word, a thing precepted and of necessity.* Now, I would have men lay the thing indifferent in one scale, and the thing necessary in the other, and then let them tell me, if it be not better, to conform to a ceremony, than to rend a church. Obedience and unity tend to peace; and peace is the world's prosperity; but division and disobedience are as the trains leading to the mine, that blows up all. If the ceremony did admit of a dispute; yet, being servants to the church, it would not wholly light upon them who obeyed; and it may well be believed, their submission would be more acceptable, than either their cavil, or their criticisms. The ceremonies of state, though the wise man knows they are not of the sinews of government, yet, they are of the air, and the countenance thereof; and so, beget in common

people, a kind of awful reverence both of the person and the function. There is no doubt, but the practice of decent and seemly ceremonies does help to preserve a church, not only in fixation, but in esteem; and is a rail to keep off the profane Julians, who else might do, as he did. Nor do I find, but as soon as the church arrived at any state of power, but she took upon her, to be as well *formally*, as *materially* a church; and besides the rites of worship by her prescribed, (festivals and liturgies,) her splendour was such, that with some emulation, if not envy, her enemies began to cry out, *En, qualibus vasis Mariæ Filio administrant!* See, with what costly vessels they officiate to the Son of Mary! *Theod.* lib. iii. cap. 12. Though the bark of a tree be no part of the timber, fruits, or leaves; yet we see, if that be stripped away, the tree itself will die. So it is with a naked church; it is no more lasting nor comely, than the body of a man, without clothes, is seemly or secure.

OF ALMS.

IT is not necessary they should always come out of a sack. A man may be charitable, though he hath not an expanding plenty. A little purse contained that mite, which once put in, was the greatest gift in the treasury. Nay, sometimes, a willing mind, (when we are in want ourselves,) is as acceptable as the richest offerings of wealth. But surely, where there

is plenty, charity is a duty, not a courtesy: it is a tribute imposed by Heaven upon us, and he is not a good subject who refuses to pay it. If God has caused many rivers to run into our sea; we ought to water all those low and thirsty places, which our waves may reach. Nature herself, in some measure, indicates this; for, questionless, the benefits which the earth produces, were, at first, intended for the use of mankind in general; and no man ought so to grasp at all, as that another shall not have a share in them, as well as he. If another, be not so fortunate in acquiring those benefits; yet, as a human creature, he has a right of common, though he may not be admitted to break into another's enclosure. Suitably to this, we see God in his moral law, enjoins us, *to love our neighbour as ourselves*: and in the political laws of the Old Testament, men are commanded *to leave in the field, and after vintage, gleanings and remains for the poor*. And we cannot but have observed, that there are more frequent precepts, higher promises, and greater efficacy, set upon the grace of giving alms, than there is, upon almost any other human virtue. The precepts in favour of almsgiving, are every where so obvious, as to render particular mention of them needless. The promises are usually annexed to the precepts; and these, contain all that we can expect, either in this world, or in the next. But the efficacy which is ascribed to this kind of charity, would incline one, at first view, to think it had a kind of inherent merit in it. In Daniel, Nebuchadnezzar is advised to *break off his sins by*

righteousness, and his iniquities by shewing mercy to the poor; as if the practice of these, could wash away offences. We find it ranked with righteousness, and, by the Sacred Text, it is made almost equivalent to it. Our most learned and laborious annotator on the New Testament, informs us, and confirms it by an example from the fifth of Matthew, *that alms and righteousness, are, in the Holy Scripture, promiscuously used, the one for the other.* But, above all, is that place of St. Luke, chap. xi. ver. 41, where our Saviour, (after he had told the Pharisees of their cheats and hypocrisy,) says, *Nevertheless, give alms, and all things shall be clean unto you.* Surely, these words carry such a promissory merit with them, that it is a wonder that any Christian should neglect the frequent performance of alms-giving.

It is the part of a good steward, to see that all the family be provided for. And the poor of this world, being part of God's; we discharge not our parts, unless we take care of them. He that does so (if there were no reward) has certainly a fairer account to give, than such as have spent their substance on themselves only, or on pride, on lust, on riot, and on wantonness. He that supplies the poor, has a warrant from Heaven for what he so expends. It is true, there are many poor, that indeed deserve not charity, if we look at their vices, and how they misapply what they have given to them: and, therefore, though the impotent, the indigent, and the innocent, deserve most; yet the reward of charity is not, in the receiver, so much, as in him that bestows. If I do my part

well, I shall not lose the benefit, because another makes a bad use of it. When Aristotle was blamed for giving to a dissolute fellow; his answer was, he gave not to the manners, but to the man. That is properly the best alms, which is given, in obedience to the laws of charity: and readiness adds vigour to the benefit. When the seed is long in ripening up to alms, it shews, the air of charity is cold; and if the season be once past, we sow our grains in winds, and cannot expect that they should grow up to increase. If heaven be our country, and we intend to dwell there, it is best to make over what we have, to be ready against our arrival. The poor are our credentials that will help us to treasure in heaven. What we leave behind, we lose, as, never afterwards, being likely to make any use of it; but, if bestowed in charity, we carry it with us, and leave it also here. *The generations of the merciful shall be blessed, and find it.* Like porcelain earth, we may so bury our wealth in the ground of poverty, that our children and posterity may gather it when we are gone. And though we be turned to dust; yet, by the mercy of our Father above, our good deeds here below, may blossom and be fruitful.

OF PROMISES AND KEEPING ONE'S WORD.

IT was a false maxim of Domitian, that he who would gain the people of Rome, must promise all things, and perform nothing. For, when a man is known to be false in his word, instead of a column,

which he might be by keeping it, for others to rest upon, he becomes a reed, which no man will vouchsafe to lean upon. Like a floating island, when we come next day to seek it, it is carried from the place we left it in, and instead of earth to build upon, we find nothing but inconstant and deceiving waves. A man who is true to his word, is the anchor of his friends and neighbours; the altar that they fly to, and rely upon. A faithful promise, is a shield and buckler; a guard in both the rear and van, by which we march in safety, notwithstanding the ambushes of our adversaries. It is the ship that carries us safe upon the ocean, and amidst the several winds of business and affairs. It is indeed the patron of the other virtues, which make men cried up in the world. He who is just, will scorn to deceive; it is below the loftiness which dwells in noble minds, which would sooner do any thing, than wrong. Truth and fidelity are the pillars of the temple of the world; when these are broken, the fabric falls, and crushes all to pieces. If we believe the Scriptures, this justice unlocks the gates of Heaven, and lets us into Paradise; for, when the question is asked,—*Who shall inhabit God's holy hill?* the answer is, *He that sweareth to his neighbour, and disappointeth him not, though it were to his own hindrance.* What may he not do, that hath the reputation of a just man? It spares him the trouble of sureties, he is his own pledge and security; what others have, is his, as well as what he owns himself; he makes himself the master of the world, and, if he can but promise, others will not fear to

trust. The Prophet tells us, *The just shall live by faith*; that is, not only by dependence on the providence and promises that God hath pleased to communicate to man; but also, by the credit, the esteem, and trust, that others bear towards him. A man who breaks his word, by his example, teaches others to be false; and doubtless, leaves men angry by their being deceived, and shame and hate, will dwell within him. When Alcibiades met Socrates at a feast, he confessed, he could not but inwardly blush to see him, because he had not performed what he promised him. Instead of a blessing, which our clients expect, by performance of what we promise, we throw, by the breach of it, a curse and scorn upon them; their hopes are by us quite cut off and destroyed. Solomon assures us, that *hope but deferred, maketh the heart sick*; but, when it is frustrated, we often find, it kills. And it is probably in this sense, that Job compares the failing of hope to the giving up of the ghost. Many times, a man's whole stock of comfort lies on the hope of a promise, which when it is broken, his anchor-hold is gone. He doth not wisely consult his own safety, who is prevailed upon to break his word. That friend who will put me upon the violation of my word, does rob me of both my integrity and honour; and what a carcass then is man, when these two, are gone? They are the royal ensigns of humanity; there will be reverence paid, while these keep about us; but, when we are once disrobed of them, we meet contempt from all. When Tissaphernes had broken the truce he had made with king Agesilaüs,

Agesilaüs sent ambassadors to him, to give him thanks, for having broken his promise, by which he made the gods his enemies. Nor is it a wonder, that the failure of a promise should so startle us: since all the stress of life lies on it. For almost four thousand years, what had the world to live on, but the promises of the Messiah? And since then, what is it we have for Heaven, but the promise, upon faith to be admitted in it? So that the weight of all depends upon a promise: and, if that should fail, we have no other refuge, and must fall to misery. Certainly, there is the same equity in all just promises, though they be not of equally great concern; so that we ought to be as careful to keep our word, as we would be, to preserve our happiness; and much rather, be slow in making promises, than backward in performing them. It is no shame, with reason, to refuse a petition; but it is a shame, having once promised to do a thing, not to make it good. He cheats his friends, destroys himself, and gratifies his enemies, that loosely promises, and is negligent in performing. Promises may get friends; but it is performance that must nurse and keep them.

OF LAW.

IT is the bridle of the human beast, whereby he is held from starting and from stumbling in his way. It is the hedge on either side the road, which hinders him from breaking into other men's property. A man

had as well live in Egypt among all the ten plagues, as in the world among the wicked, without law to defend him. It is every man's civil armour, that guards him from the gripes of rapine. And indeed, it is for this chiefly, that laws are of use among men; for the wise and good do not need them as a guide, but as a shield; they can live civilly and orderly, though there were no law in the world. And though wise and good men invented laws, they were fools and wicked men that put them upon the study. To rule such wild cattle, there needed both the judgment and the wit of the best and ablest, to find out ways to trammel them, and keep them within orderly bounds. And foreseeing that those ways were like enough to be slighted by the ignorant and scornful; to put the more regard and countenance upon their laws, and the observance of them, they pretended to receive them from some deity, of whom men stood in awe, and feared to offend. Hence it was that Minos among the Cretans, affirmed that he had discourse with Jupiter; and Lycurgus, that he had taken his code from Apollo; Numa, his, from the goddess Egeria; Mahomet, his, from his pigeon whispering him into an ecstasy, as coming from some sacred spirit. And Moses declares the two tables to have been received from God himself in Mount Sinai. And surely, it adds vigour to our compliance with Christianity, that we know our Blessed Saviour to be the Son of the Most High, and to be God as well as man. It is most certain, that the original of all laws is divine; and though at the first creation, God gave

not man a written law: yet, he gave him a law parole, and inscribed it in his heart, that by those inward dictates, he might be guided and regulated in the course of his life.

Among the ancient Druids, it was absolutely forbidden to register their laws in writing. And, Cæsar, in his Gallic wars, gives us two reasons for it. One was, that their mysteries might not come to be profaned by, and rendered common to, the vulgar; the other, that not being written, they might be the more careful to carry them, in their thoughts and memory. It was also, doubtless, intended by the rulers to preserve their own authority, to induce the people to have recourse to them, and to have a reverence and esteem for their judgments. It likewise often falls out, that what is written, though it were a good law, when made; yet, by the emergency of affairs, and the mutable condition of men and times, it becomes defective, and necessary to be altered. And we find it to be evidently true, that, as where there are many physicians, there are many diseases; so where there are many laws, there are many enormities. That nation which swarms with law, and lawyers, certainly abounds with vice and corruption. Where you find much fowl resort, you may be sure there is no want of either water, mud, or weeds.

In the beginnings of thriving states, when they are more industrious and simple, they have the fewest laws. Rome itself had, at first, but twelve tables: but, afterwards, how infinitely did their laws increase! Old states, like old bodies, will be sure to contract

diseases: and where the law-makers are many, the laws will never be few. That nation is, in the best state, which has the fewest laws, and those good. Variety only multiplies snares. And oftentimes, when the law did not intend it, men are made guilty by the pleader's oratory, which is exerted either to display his eloquence, to advance his practice, or, out of mastery, to carry his cause. To go to law, is, for two persons to kindle a fire at their own cost, to warm others, and singe themselves to cinders. Because they cannot agree as to what is truth and equity, they will both agree to unplume themselves, that others may be stuck with their feathers.

The Apostle throws the brand of simple on those who, by striving this way, consume both their peace, their treasure, and their time; and expose a game to the packing and the shuffling of others, when they might soberly cut, and deal the cards themselves. Is there none wise enough to compound businesses, without calling in the crafty, and the cunning? Or is there none who has wisdom sufficient to moderate a little, that he may save a great deal more?

A law-suit is like a building; we cast up the charge in gross, and under-reckon it: but being in for it, we are trained along through several items, till we can neither bear the account, nor leave off, though we have a mind to it. The anxiety, the trouble, the attendance, the hazard, the checks, the vexatious delays, the surreptitious advantages against us, the defeats of hope, the falseness of pretending friends, the interests of parties, the negligence of agents, and

the designs of ruin upon us, do put us upon a combat against all that can plague poor man; or else we must lie down, be trodden upon, be kicked and die.

If men could coolly have their business dispatched, and rightly judged; no doubt, in things of weight, the decision would be profitable. And this does sometimes happen; for undoubtedly, there are those in the profession of the law, who are the light and wonder of the age; who have knowledge and integrity; and being versed in books and men, in the noble arts of justice, and of prudence, are fitter for judgment, and the due settling the affairs of the world, than any other men. A faithful advocate can never sit without clients. Nor do I believe, that that man could lose by it, in the end, who would not undertake a cause, he knew not honest. In all pleadings, foul language, malice, impertinence, and recriminations, are ever to be avoided. The cause, more than the man, is to be defended. Overpowering oratory ought not to be practised; torrents of words often bear down even the trophies of truth.

It is not good to be too severe, or to enforce too rigorously, the observation of every petty and penal law: in charity, there is something to be allowed to ignorance, and custom. Blood and treasure ought to be but sparingly taken. Those lawyers who are sedulous to press penalties, are little better than purse beadles.

So far law may be compared to war, that it is a last resort, and ought never to be used, but when all other means do fail;—and then the pleaders ought to

hold themselves, to that. He who vindicates the law, does no man wrong: but he that digresseth to imperinencies or the personal stains of men, is rather a fly that buzzes, and sucks the wound, than a champion for truth, or a helmet to keep the head of justice whole.

OF CONSCIENCE.

IT is the blushing part of the soul, that will colour and kick at every little crumb that goes awry against its swallow;—and we can neither cozen it, nor be rid of it. It is a kind of inward deity; it will be with us, wheresoever we are, and will see us, in whatever we do. It can give us rest, in unjust sufferings; and can whip us, in the midst of unjust applauses. It is the guard that God hath left us, to preserve us from the darts of sin; and the beadle that corrects us, if yet we will be sinning. But that which most men pretend to be conscience, is at best but a present persuasion, opinion, interest, or corrupted judgment. How many have we known, who have held it a heinous offence to eat flesh in Lent, or upon prohibited days, that afterwards have been brought, without a check of conscience, familiarly to do it? Custom wears it quite out, terror frightens it, knowledge alters it, interest sways it. So that, in fact, the main force of it, rests in a right understanding and integrity.

While things remain in dispute, and by reason of their intricacy, cannot clearly be determined, surely

the safest post to lean upon, is antiquity, and the authority under which our God hath placed us; if we should be enjoined to that, which should afterwards appear to be wrong, I question whether our obedience, where we owe submission, would not better bear us out, than a tenacious adherence to our own conceited truth; whereby we cause an eddy in the tide of government, which is safer running smooth, than in either curls or whirlpools.

I observe that every peevish and ignorant action of some simple people, is defended by the plea of sacredness of conscience. And lying under that guard, they think to escape, and mate both the royal and ecclesiastical power. Have we not some, who will not admit the holy table to be communicated on, but in the body of the church; as if it were an offence against conscience, to communicate in the chancel, though they have the church's authority, and their own precedent practice to invite them to it? who will not christen, but at their reading-pew, though antiquity placed the font next the door, as relating to the sacrament of entrance and initiation? If it be out of conscience, why is it not pleaded? If it be not, why is it done? A simple Quaker cannot be civil to his superiors, nor swear in judgment, either to ascertain faith, or to satisfy law, or to determine a controversy; and all these, are laid to the account of conscience, when indeed they are nothing but ignorance and wilful blindness: for, what text, or what reason, can be alleged to justify such things? Where is it made a sin, to put off our

hats to our betters? or judicially to swear before a lawful magistrate? Let any thing be proved a sin, and I hold with them, that would sooner die than defile their upright souls : but till it so be manifested, or probably so conceived, I doubt not but it is better far to dispense with such natural, political, or civil rites, and to give up ourselves to the deliberate sanctions of such as we ought to obey, than by the stiff maintaining them, to take all the hazard on ourselves, and disturb and scandal others. I would know whether he does not better, who kneels at the sacrament, and hath the authority of the church to back him, than he who will take it standing only, and hath nothing but his own opinion to support him? And though conscience in itself, be out of the reach of compulsion ; yet, we are beholden to those, who enforce us to do, what in conscience we ought. Hence it is, that power is given to the magistrate, that he may bend the refractory, and reduce the wilful, and the unwise wanderer. I doubt not, but those could have pleaded conscience, who refused to come to the supper, for they were rooted and grown in another religion ; yet, the command to the servant is, that he should compel them to come in.

The law of God and man, in things not plainly forbidden by the word of God, enjoins and expects my obedience : and, if I refuse to obey, I set up myself as supreme, and make my will, my prince's master. Cicero I conceive in the right, when he tells us, *Inobedientia est ex duritiâ mentis obstinatæ* ; disobedience proceeds from the hardness of an

obstinate mind. He dissolves the bonds of government, who spurns at public edicts: refractoriness ushers in confusion. Though Abraham, in humanity, could not be justified in sacrificing his son; yet, as he implicitly gave up himself to the obedience of his superior, God; he is highly commended, for being ready to do it.

OF CIVILITY.

UNLESS they be of passionate natures, the greatest spirits, and those of the best and noblest breeding, are ever the most respectful and obsequious in their garb, and the most observant and grateful in their language to all. This we may build upon: that men of the most staid judgments are persons of the highest civility. They think, to displease is contrary to the proper interests of man: nature having made him communicable and sociable. To be rude or foolish is the badge of a weak mind, and of one deficient in the conversive quality of man. The noblest natures are the more universally good. The fire refuses not, as well to warm the beggar as the prince. The water bears, as well the carrick as the cork; the earth to all allows her bearing bosom; the equal air as equally serveth all; and the bright sun, without distinction, shines upon us. To occasion a quarrel is a thing of reproach. And if a wise man has unawares provoked one, it lies in the mind, as mercury does in the body, ceasing not to work till it quite be got out. It is not for one gentleman to

speaking to another what shall beget either shame or anger, or call up either a blush or frown. And if there be a necessity to displease, we ought to do it as nurses do with children, when they are to give them what is bitter, smear it in honey or roll it in sugar, that even the palate (if possible) may not be offended. When the dying Aristotle was solicited by his scholars to declare his successor, among whom there were two especially of more eminent merit than the rest, Theophrastus a Lesbian, and Menedemus a Rhodian; he called for the wine of both those places, pretending to drink his last farewell with his scholars before he died. He tasted the wine of Rhodes and commended it both as sound and pleasant: then tasting that of Lesbos, he commended both, as excellently good, but that of Lesbos to be the more delicious: by which they understood, he meant, that Theophrastus was to succeed him:—so by commending both, he tacitly preferred the one, without the least disparagement to the other. And in religion, this will hold as well as in morality and the common conversation of the world. Jacob we know to have been a person elect and in grace with God himself, and though Esau were a profane person, and had sold his birth-right to his younger brother, whereby the privileges of primogeniture were lost, and his right in the sacred Covenant disputable, if not vacated; yet, when Jacob intended to meet him, because he was a great man, and in the nature of a petty prince, and in some kind a general, (for he had a band of four hundred men,) he first sends him a noble pre-

sent of many numerous beasts : and commanded his servants, when Esau inquired whose they were, that they should say, they were *a present for my Lord Esau, sent him from his servant Jacob* : and when he himself came near him, *he bowed himself seven times to the ground* upon his approach to his brother : All his retinue that followed him, the handmaids and their children, Leah and her children, Joseph and Rachel, *all of them also bowed themselves* ; and after that, in discourse he complimented him several times with, *Let me find grace in the sight of my Lord* ; and therefore have I seen thy face, as though I had seen the face of God. David, though he was anointed and designed king ; yet, when he met Prince Jonathan, *he fell on his face three times, and bowed himself to the ground*. The Shunamite fell at the Prophet Elisha's feet, and *bowed herself to the ground*. The widow of Tekoa told David ; *as an angel of God, so is my Lord the King*. Though Darius were a pagan prince, and had (though unwillingly) yet unjustly, permitted Daniel to the lions' den : yet as soon as he was out, his language was, *O King, live for ever*. In the New Testament, St. Paul begins his compliment with, *King Agrippa*. And when Festus charged him wrongfully with being mad, his return was not reviling, nor recrimination, but, *I am not mad, most noble Festus*. Certainly, in those Eastern parts of the world, though they used not to uncover the head, yet the ordinary bowing of the body was equivalent to the putting off the hat with us ; but bowing down to the ground,

with all those reiterations, was far beyond our practice of uncovering; and descended well near to a sacred veneration. And the rhetorical addresses, with the honourable epithets given to their persons, were far beyond the appellations that are used in our days; yet are we commanded to use to every man the respects that are due to his place and quality. God himself calls men *to honourable places*, and doubtless where he is pleased to bestow it, we ought not to deny it. *Render to all their dues, honour to whom honour belongs.* When our blessed Saviour, who took upon him the form of a servant, was living among the Jews, though they hated his doctrine, and at last condemned his person, yet their common salutation was, *Rabbi Rabboni*, master; and when in honour to his descent, as allied to the crown, he was called the son of David, he gave no check to the title, but in John xiii. he tells them, *You call me master, and you say well.* So that we may safely conclude, that behaviour, rude and clownish, and indeed unchristian, in keeping on the hat before nobles, magistrates, kings, and superiors (with that singular way of *thouing* men, and not owning their titles) comes not from Scripture, or any example of the people of God, but from some who, under the pretence of piety and the Spirit, walk contrary to the practice of the faithful. The Apostle commands us *to submit ourselves to every ordinance of man for the Lord's sake*, as yielding compliance, not so much for our own ends, but purely out of conscience, as being a constitution ordained by God

himself; whose wisdom established the world, not only in the larger frame, where naturally every thing subsides to what is superior, but even in every province, and each particular, where government and obedience perpetuates the harmony of all.

OF THE UNCERTAINTY OF FAME.

A GOOD fame is as the beams about the sun, or the glory about a holy picture, that shews it to be a saint. Though it be no essential part, it rises from the body of that virtue, which cannot choose but shine and give a light through all the clouds of error and destruction. And though sometimes the mists and vapours of the lower earth impede the light it gives; yet, there will be apparent rays, that shew there is desert unseen, which yields those gleams of brightness to the whole horizon, that it moves and shines in. The philosopher Bion was pleased to call good fame, the *mother of years*; for it gives a kind of perpetuity, when all of us else is gone. And indeed, it may as well be the *daughter of years*; for they are not to be obtained, but by the continued succession of noble actions. They are among all the externals of life, one of the best, yet one of the brittlest and most fading blessings, and the hardest both to get and keep. That which is not gained, but by a settled habit of eminent virtues, by one short vicious action, may be lost for ever. The ill success of an affair, the reverse of fortune, the eleva-

tion of a faction, or depression of a party, a mistake of judgment, or the craft of a subtil juggler, how it alters quite the sound of fame's loud trumpet? Like a beauty, drawn by some great artist's hand, one dash from a rude pencil, turns it to a Gorgon. If it could not be lost, but upon certainties; if it were in our own keeping; or, if not in our own, in the hands of the wise and honest; it would be possible to preserve our reputation pure. But, the misery is, that it rests upon probabilities; which, as they are hard to disprove, so it is easy to make others believe; that it is in the hands of others, not ourselves; in the custody, not of the discreet and good only, but of the simple also, the artful, and the vile: who, though they cannot make us worse to ourselves, yet how foul and sullied may they render us to others: with an unfavourable character, we get a taint that spoils our whitest innocence: with designing men, we are not what we are, but by such lights are seen, as they will please to shew us in; and with the simple, we are left naked, that we may be exposed to shame. Some are gilded over, so that the world is cheated in them. Some are gold within, and by the ignorant and unskilful, are taken for brass or copper. To vindicate us from the stain of these, there is no remedy but a constant careful discretion. We are in the world, as men in a town besieged; if we be not always upon our guard, we have so many enemies to assail us, that we may be soon surprised. A careless watch invites the vigilant foe; and by our own remissness, we contribute to our own defamation.

We must be wary, as well of words as actions. Sometimes a short laconic stabbing speech, destroys the fabric of a well-built fame. It was the advice of the sober Epictetus, *That those who desired to hear well, should first learn well to speak*: for it is our speech as well as deeds, that charm the ears, and lead the hearts of others. Even all the art Tiberius was master of, could never so disguise his inward rancour, but, that through his own expressions, it would oft break out. Nor is it enough that we be really good; we must not *seem* to be *ill*. Appearance alone which in good, is too little, is in evil, far too much. It is not enough to live *well*, we must so regulate our tongue, as to be *well spoken of*. Our friends may know us by the things they see, but strangers judge us by the things they hear. As that is most likely to be truth, wherein all the differing parties do agree: so, that fame is likeliest to last, and to be real, wherein friends and enemies, strangers and familiars, shall join and concur; and wherein *words* and *actions* shall not cross and run counter. The one is as a healthful habit and a good complexion; the other, as a handsome carriage and a pleasing countenance. The first and best way to procure a good reputation, is a good life; the next is, good discourse and behaviour. Though when all is done, we are at the mercy of others, whether we shall enjoy it or no. It will therefore be but a fond thing to be too greedy of that, which when we have gotten, we may lose, in spite of ourselves.

THAT THE PRESENT TIMES ARE NOT WORSE THAN
THE FORMER.

IT is the Preacher's precept that a man should not say, why is it, that the former days were better than these? for he does not inquire wisely of these things. Some have confined its application, to those who smart under present troubles; so passion, rather than reason, begets the complaint. Others, limit it, to the comparing the Law with the Gospel; and then, there is no doubt, if any be judge besides the Jew, he must be condemned of folly, who would prefer the times of Moses, under the load of ceremonious shadows, before those since Christ, wherein the yoke is taken off, and the cloud irradiated with the shine of Evangelical truth. So that we may confidently acknowledge that memorable saying of Æneas Sylvius, that although the Christian religion had never been confirmed by miracles, yet, it deserved to be embraced, and would have been taken up, by men, for the very honesty that it carries with it. But since this, was written in Solomon's time, so long before the coming of our blessed Saviour among us, we may believe he meant it more universally, both of the past and future courses of the world. And surely, if we examine all things in a judicious scale, we shall find, we do not wisely, when we indulge in the complaint and censure, noticed in the text. Human nature is more sensible of smart in suffering, than of pleasure in rejoicing; and present endurances easily

engross our thoughts. We cry out, for a little pain ; while we only smile, for a great deal of contentment. And hence we blame the present, for a little pressure ; and pass over all those advantages, and causes of satisfaction, which belong to the age in which we live. Nor indeed are the pungencies of former times, in the comprehension of our view, but at a distance, and only known to us, by some records, that have picked out only what was extraordinary. So like promontories at sea which are far off, they look high, and all the country, as if it were an elevated mountain ; but if we were to get to land, we should find them of the same altitude with the other parts of the world we have seen. It is true, there are sometimes intervals of virtue and vice ; inclinations to wars and propensions to peace. The Sybarites had a vein of delicacy ; the Spartans a strain of arms ; Athens had her arts and learning ; and Scythia's fame was barbarism. And in the same country, one age runs upon one thing, and another neglects, what in former times, had been courted, by the inhabitants of the self-same climate. But these, being but in parts, if the whole be summed up together, we shall find the proportion of all, to be much about the same fathom that the world was at, before. If the present age exceed, former ages, in some particulars ; we may read, of former ages, which, in other particulars, exceeded us. If we have inventions of newer date, with us ; they, certainly, had others, which, now to us, are lost. And if we survey the vices of foregoing times, they will appear more barbarous, and more

epidemical, than such, as now flame in the world. We look upon it as the wonder of vice to this day, that a stranger could not come to Sodom, but the more than brutish citizens must burn in a sordid lust, which was so foul, that nothing but fire and brimstone could purge the world from the stench of it. After this, among the Egyptians was that, of the strawless tax. The Grecians, under the wisest of their law-givers, approved of cunning thievery; and drinking was such a vice among them, that even the grammar lost its sense by their debauchery; the signification of *pergræcari*, being to be mad with drink. Have we any so vain as Xerxes, who thought to whip the sea into calmness? or so prodigal as Alexander, who, as Plutarch tells us, spent twelve millions of talents upon Hephæstion's funeral; a sum so great, that it is a question whether, at that time, the revenue of the world could afford it? Among the Jews, who, by their religion, pretended to such preciseness, we find incest, fratricide, parricide, treason, oppression; and cruelty, to the cutting men with saws, and killing one another, for the play and sport for princes. Absalom, a younger son, and the prince of a petty province, had his fifty footmen dashing by his chariot side. Lucius Florus tells us of the German women, who, in battle, made their children their weapons; and would fling their own naked sprawling infants, in the face of those they fought with, that the horror of the thing, might daunt the Roman courage. Under Titus, who, for the sweetness of his disposition, was cried up by the Romans, as the

world's delicious jewel; there were no less than five hundred persons, every day while the siege was strict, crucified before the walls of Jerusalem, till they wanted not only crosses, but room to set them in. There were eleven hundred thousand slain, nine hundred and seventy thousand captives, and many alive ripped up with bloody hands, in hope to find among the ordure of the body, the gold they so much coveted. Was there ever since then, any thing like the ten persecutions? Was there any thing but Nero's luxury, equal to Nero's cruelty? and yet, Domitian, in one particular, outdid him; he loved to feed his eyes, and see those tortures, Nero but commanded. Where have we now a Licinius Lucullus, who, at once, put twenty thousand of the Caucaei to the sword, contrary to the articles of their capitulation? or, like the famous Augustus, who at one time in Perusia, sacrificed three hundred of the principal citizens, at the altar of his uncle Julius. Tiberius would cause men to be filled with wine, then tie them up from urine, that their torment might swell with their bodies. Suetonius records it of Caligula, that it was common for him to brand with marks of infamy, the most honoured and deserving persons; then, to condemn them to the mines, shut them up in cages, expose them to beasts, or saw them through the middle.

The covetousness of those times, was as great, as the cruelties of them. It was crime enough to possess wealth with virtue. Accusations were not for offences, but for confiscations. Men, towns, and

temples, escaped not from being rifled: yet this, *ob prædam, non ob delictum*; to enrich the court with coin, not to empty the commonwealth of vice. Marcus Antonius in one year, from the Lesser Asia only, raised two hundred thousand talents. And for their luxury, their drinking, and their feasting: whoever reads their stories, shall find they have outgone belief, continuing sometimes thirty-six hours at a meal, with the interventions only of lust and vomiting. Their apparel was sometimes only tiffany; thus inverting nature's institution, who meant it to hide shame; while they used it for the contrary. Seneca speaks thus of their matrons: *Ne adulteris quidem plus suæ in cubiculo, quàm in publico ostendunt*. They had nothing of weight about them, but their jewels. Every joint of every finger, had its particular load to carry. They had their winter and summer rings; so that, by the sight of their hand, you might tell the season, though you felt neither heat nor cold. Hortensius a great orator, sued his fellow commissioner for disordering a plait in his robe. And they had their dinner and their supper garments. So curious were they, in composing their hair; so costly in their apparel, diet, servants, household-stuff, and all belonging to them; that if we compare the excesses of those times, with the petty vanities of ours, there will appear the same difference as between a court and cottage, and the vast extension of their enlarged empire, and the small circumference of our single-moated island. Every nation has its zenith and its declination. As nations rise in

empire, they enlarge both in virtue and vice; and they sink in these, as they decline in dominion. And though, as to themselves, one time may be either better or worse than another: yet, take the world in the gross, and all together, and there is nothing now to be complained of, in the main, but what has been as bad if not worse, heretofore. Every nation has endured oppression, has felt tyranny, has admitted treason, and has trod the mazes of vice. Only as islanders are usually the most nefarious, we have, in one thing out-acted all the lands, the sun did ever shine upon:—A prince no less by virtue and glorious parts, than by right of inheritance and descent of ancestry, hath, under the pretence of abused justice, with the formality of misinterpreted law, been sentenced (by his sworn subjects turned into rebels) to a decapitation; and, as a tyrant, put to death, because he ever abhorred to be one. Creation never yet saw any thing, to equal it. For two pieces of treason (the Powder and the Parliamentary treason) we have digged lower towards hell, than ever yet, did any other people; as if, to revenge the attempt of the one, we had strained to gratify the authors of it, by outdoing them in the other. It would appear however, on a general view, that in other particulars, other times have been marked by blacker crimes, than ours; and that the world is rather better than worse. Wars, rapine, murder, treason, pride, and lust, have ever been, since man was man. But, in regard of the influence of Christian religion, I believe it hath so wrought upon the

general genius of the world, that it is not so audaciously, and epidemically vicious, as it was, in the days of Paganism, when men were taught by their gods to be loose, and less than men. And surely, these considerations may so far prevail upon the opinions of men, that, though they may be sorry the world is not better, yet, compared with what it hath formerly been, they need not wonder that it is now so bad, as it is.

OF PEACE.

IF men knew rightly, how to value peace, this lower world might be an empyreal heaven; where all the motions of the surrounding orbs, the several constellations, and the various positions of the stars and planets, produce a beauteous chorus, and a harmony truly ravishing. As health is to the body, so peace is to the soul. What is wealth or wit or honour, when want of health shall deprive us of all enjoyment in them? And what are all the blandishments of fortune, when war shall tear them away from us, and trample on our glory?

Though the other attributes of God are, no doubt, beyond our comprehension; yet, it is peace which more emphatically is said, to *pass all our understanding*. Next his own glory;—it was the establishing of this, which invited God from heaven. The first branch of the celestial proclamation, was, *Glory be to God on high*; the next was, *On earth, peace*. This is the cement between the soul and the Deity;

between earth and heaven. The enjoyment of friends, the improvement of arts, the sweetness of nature's delicacies, the fragrancy of fruits and flowers, the prosperities of nations, and those other pleasing contentations, which stream from the heroic virtues, are all brought in, and glorified by peace.

The drum and trumpet which in war sound terror and astonishment, in peace do echo mirth and jollity. Though in war, we sometimes wear the victor's wreath; yet, it is often purchased, at much too dear a rate, and many times, the conqueror's garland crowns the captive's head. In the same battle, Hannibal confessed that though, he first, was conqueror; yet, he at last, was overcome. Though he broke Minutius' forces; he was forced by Fabius to give up all his palms. Nor does it often fare better, with those that are dependents on the general, who commands. Victory, not seldom produces severity. The haughtiness of the conqueror, is often to his own people, less tolerable, than the triumphs of the enemy. Success inflames the blood to pride and insolence; and as often kindles new, as it concludes old wars. One world sufficed not Alexander. Nor could all the Roman territories set bounds to Cæsar's limitless ambition.

The entrance into war, is like to that of hell; it is gaping wide for any fool to enter at. But, it will require a Hercules, with all his labours, to redeem one, once engaged in it. They know not what they part with, who part with such a jewel, as peace; for indeed, if we consider it; what price can be too

dear, to purchase it? We buy off all the open force, and sly designs of malice, and we entitle ourselves to all the good, that ever was for man intended.

When God would declare, how he would reward and bless the good man, he finds out that, which most may crown his happiness. He tells us, *he will make his enemies at peace with him*. Securely, he enjoys himself and friends, who is free from enemies. The palace of the world stands open to him, who hath no foes.

If any man will see in little (for what is an island or two, to the world?) let him but well consider, the havock which, a few years, made among us. The waste of wealth; the wreck of worth; the sad fate lighting on the great and good; the virtuous left to scorn; the loyal used, as once the Roman parricides, with desperate and malicious persons left to rule and vex them; wealth prostituted to the beggarly and the base; palaces plundered and pulled down; temples profaned; antiquities razed; religion rivuled into petty issues running thick corruption. Then, let men consider, after a little revolution, how little have the authors gained.—Those who would take peace from others, themselves have missed it, in their hollow graves; the earth they tore, hath fled them from her bosom and her bowels, with nought in the least considerable, to the expense of blood and treasure. Then also, let men see, how the sacred wheel of Providence hath resurrectioned all our joys. How the Church recovers her late besmeared beauties; how the tide of trade returns; how brightened swords,

have now, a peaceful glitter ; how glory, wealth, and honour, with loyalty, is returned ; how shouts of joy, have drowned the cannon's roar ; that till men come in heaven, such joy can never again be expected to be seen. Three nations looking for a fatal stroke, at once, reprieved from slavery and ruin. So have I known some generous courser stand, tremble and quake, under both whip and spur ; but, once turned loose into the open fields, he neighs, curvets, and prances forth his joy ; and, gladdened now with ease and liberty, he fills himself with pleasure, and all those high contents that bounteous nature meant him.

*O Pax alma ! datrix opum,
O pulcherrima calitum !
Quam te mens sitit ! O moram !
Obrepat metuo mihi
Ætas nè mala, te prius
Suavem ô quam tuear diem ;
Plausus undique cum strepant,
Cantusque et chori, amicaque
Commessatio floribus !*

Euripides.

Hail, lovely Peace ! thou spring of wealth,
Heaven's fairest issue, this world's health !
Oh, how my soul does court thy sight,
More precious, than the pleasing light !
Let never blacker day appear,
But dwell, and shine, for ever here !
Let shouts of joy still, still, resound ;
While songs, and dances walk the round,
At feasts of friends, with garlands crown'd !

OF DIVINE PROVIDENCE.

EVERY thing that man can look upon, is both a miracle for the creation of it, and a wonder for the apt contrivance, in fitting it to its parts and province, wherein it is set to move. So that the world is but God's great cabinet of rarities; which he hath opened to astonish man, who shall but well consider them. If man reflect upon himself, he will easily find how very wonderfully he is made, beyond all other creatures. None but he, by reflective acts of understanding, is able to argue, to consider, and to judge of himself. Who is it but he, can hope or fear the future? can curb, encourage, accuse, or commend himself? or can apprehend or reverence, either the Deity or eternity.

And to magnify the goodness of this great Creator, we shall find that every natural action man is capable of doing, affords him pleasure in the execution. To eat, to drink, to sleep, to fast, to wake, to forbear; to speak, to be silent; to move, to rest; to be warm, and to be cool; to be in company, and to retire: they are all in themselves, pleasing acts;—whereas, the things that vex, and trouble him, either come from without, or happen by our own disorder. So that, a man may live at ease, if he will; and if he does not, it is by his own default. In the frame of his body, (not to descend to all particulars, which are full of admiration,) how exquisite, and how well

adapted are they, for all occasions, which, at any time, may befall him! In his ears and nostrils, the one relating to the head, the other to the lungs; those slender hairs are not in vain placed there, but are, as nets to catch the dust and moats, which, with our breath we should else draw in, and dry up all our lungs, which are the engines of life; or, mixed with wax, would, as pellets, stop our sense of hearing. In the world, what we complain of as inconveniences, if rightly we examine, we shall find to be quite the contrary. The unevenness of the earth is clearly providential. The hills and valleys have all, their special use. One helps in wet, and soaking inundations; the other aids, in droughts, in heats, and scorching seasons. And the feet and legs of men; having nerves and sinews, to rise and to descend, to recede and proceed, are, by the unevenness of the earth, more exercised and refreshed, than if it were all a level walk. That weeds, without a tillage, voluntarily spring, surely has a double benefit;—one, that man may have something wherewith to exercise his industry, without which he would settle into corruption; another, that by these, the earth itself, does breed its own manure, and beasts and birds, by them, have tables ready spread. Even venomous creatures have their proper use; not only to gather what to man might be noisome, but to qualify other creatures, that they may be physical and salutary to the several constitutions of man. It is also undoubtedly a great benefit to man, that beasts want understanding: if

they were gifted with the faculty of reason, their strength could never be kept subjected to the service of man; whose cruel usage, nothing rational could ever long endure. Would the horse be curbed, and brought to champ on steel? Would he suffer his lazy rider to bestride his patient back, with his hands and whip to wheal his flesh, and with his heels to dig into his hungry bowels? Would he be brought in hempen chains, to draw beyond his breath, and strength? Would he be tied up to the staved wood, or walk the round all day, in rolling ponderous stones? or, wear his life away, under the pressure of a heavy burthen?

We see it full as necessary, that there should be poor, as rich; for one, could not live, without the other. We see both fruits and wines retain their flavour and their beauty, until the new appear; God having, in his providence, made them to last, till he provides us more;—and yet, not so long as for us to be idle, or trusting to our lasting store, grow wanton, and forget the Author, and ourselves. Those things of common use, which we, in common, have among us: what we need, and will not last, in our own climate, grows: our spices and our drugs, that we must fetch from far, are freed so from corruption, that they several years endure.

In common corn, what wonders may we find! How one small grain springs up to several hundreds; how it gives a sustentation by its several parts, both unto man and beast; and being so useful, only see

how carefully nature does preserve it. It grows up in a corselet, an inward coat, which does from dews defend it; and on the outside, a stand of pikes in bearded ranges upright, do appear, to fence it from the birds, and catch the falling rain, and by degrees convey it into the grains within, to swell and ripen it; but, when it is ripe, this moisture is not useful; and it downward turns its loaded head, and gently draws it off, that it may not hurt, nor rot it. And because, (being weak) if from one grain, one single stalk alone should shoot and grow, each easy wind would break it to unfruitfulness; there spring up many from every several kernel, that getting strength by multitude, it may withstand the assaults of storm and rain. And, whereas, other fruits from trees and such large plants, last but their year about, or not so long; this, as more useful, several winters, keeps from all decay, that when there is a plenty (as once in Egypt) to help against dearth, it may be kept in store. Even the enmity of creatures, one against another, is for the advantage of man; in fear of one another, they are kept from trespassing on him; and by their mutual antipathies, we make use of one, to take the other;—and so serve ourselves of both.

By these, and millions of other examples, and indeed by all we can see or comprehend, we may conclude as does the Psalmist, *O Lord, how wonderful are thy works, in wisdom hast thou made them all!* And if we should complain, as Alphonsus profanely did, that God might have ordered many things

better, in the creation of the world, than he hath done; we may well return that grave and sober answer of St. Augustine; *in creaturis siquid erratum cogitamus, inde est quòd non in congruis sedibus, ea quærimus*; if we complain of defect in the works of creation, it is because we do not consider them, in their proper spheres and uses.

Surely, the infinitely wise manner, in which all things are ordered by a superintending and all-sufficient God, might tutor us to be less out of humour, at any thing that happens. It was an excellent remark of the wise philosopher, in discoursing of this matter, when he said, *if all the misfortunes of all the men in the world, were crowded together in one man; and then, every man out of this heap, were to take but an equal share; he did believe, every man would rather resume his own, than after a proportionate rate, take what should then befall him.* Why then should any grumble at their condition? Who wisely made the world, as wisely does preserve and govern it. And he who shewed his power and wisdom, in every worm, in every fly, and smaller atom that he did at first create; does, in his providence, attend to order, and rightly dispose of every little particle of this great main, the world. Who makes a watch, does look as well to every pin and nick in every wheel, as to the spring itself, that guides and steers the whole. As it is maximed of the elements, *nullum in suo loco ponderosum*, nothing is heavy in its proper place; so, nothing is a burthen,

as God did first design it. And, as by contemplation of God's glorious works, we never can want cause to admire his providence, to magnify his wisdom, to adore his goodness, and find a rest for all our warring thoughts: so by our weak complaining, we unloose our hold of the Deity that supports us, we proclaim our own defects, and detract from what is due to his great glory.

Omnia Deo.

END OF THE SECOND PART.

Selections
FROM
THE POETRY
OF
Owen Felltham.

The Poetry of OWEN FELLTHAM here presented to the Reader, are selected from the "Lusoria; or, Occasional Pieces," which are appended to the later Editions of his "Resolves;" and consist of some of his lighter productions.

P O E M S.



True Happiness.

LONG have I sought the wish of all,
To find; and what it is men call
True happiness; but cannot see
The world has it, which it can be.
Or with it hold a sympathy.

He that enjoys, what here below
Frail elements have to bestow,
Shall find most sweet, bare hopes at first;
Fruition, by fruition's burst:
Sea-water so allays your thirst.

Whos'ever would be happy then,
Must be so to himself: for when
Judges are taken from without,
To judge what we (fenc'd close about)
Are: they judge not, but guess and doubt.

He must have reason store, to spy
Nature's hid ways, to satisfy
His judgment. So he may be safe
From the vain fret: for fools will chafe
At that, which makes a wise man laugh.

If 'bove the mean his mind be pitcht,
 Or with unruly passions twicht,
 A storm is there : but he sails most
 Secure, whose bark in any coast
 Can neither be becalm'd nor tost.

A cheerful, but an upright heart
 Is music wheresoe'er thou art :
 And where God pleaseth to confer it,
 Man can no greater good inherit,
 Than is a clear and temperate spirit.

Wealth to keep want away, and fear
 Of it : not more : some friends, still near,
 And chosen well : nor must he miss
 A calling : yet, some such as is
 Employment ; not a business.

His soul must hug no private sin,
 For that's a thorn hid by the skin.
 But innocence, where she is nurs'd,
 Plants valiant peace. So Cato durst
 Be God-like good, when Rome was worst.

God built, he must be in his mind ;
 That is, part God : whose faith no wind
 Can shake. When boldly he relies
 On one so noble ; he out-flies
 Low chance, and fate of destinies.

Life as a middle way, immur'd
 With joy and grief, to be endur'd,
 Not spurn'd, nor wanton'd hence, he knows.
 In crooked banks, a spring so flows
 O'er stone, mud, weeds : yet still clear goes.

And as springs rest not, till they lead
 Meand'ring high, as their first head :
 So souls rest not, till man has trod
 Death's height. Then by that period,
 They rest too, rais'd as high as God.

Sum all ! he happiest is, that can
 In this world's jar be honest man.
 For since perfection is so high,
 Beyond life's reach, he that would try
 True happiness indeed, must die.

The Sun and Wind.

WHY think'st thou (fool) thy beauties' rays,
 Should flame my colder heart ;
 When thy disdain shall several ways,
 Such piercing blasts impart ?

Seest not those beams that gild the day,
 Though they be hot and fierce,
 Yet have nor heat nor power to stay,
 When winds their strength disperse.

So though thy Sun heats my desire,
 Yet know thy coy disdain
 Falls like a storm on that young fire,
 So blows me cool again.

On a Jewel given at Parting.

WHEN cruel time enforced me
 Subscribe to a dividing,
 A heart all faith and loyalty
 I left you freshly bleeding.

You in requital gave a stone,
 Not easy to be broken ;
 An emblem sure that of your own
 Heart's hardness was a token.

O fate, what justice is in this,
 That I a heart must tender :
 And you so cold in courtesies,
 As but a stone to render.

Either your stone turn to a heart,
 That love may find requiting :
 Or else my heart to stone convert,
 That may not feel your slighting.

The Sympathy.

SOUL of my soul! it cannot be,
 That you should weep, and I from tears be free.
 All the vast room between both poles,
 Can never dull the sense of souls,
 Knit in so fast a knot.
 Oh! can you grieve, and think that I
 Can feel no smart, because not nigh,
 Or that I know it not?

Th' are heretic thoughts. Two lutes are strung,
 And on a table tun'd alike for song ;
 Strike one, and that which none did touch,
 Shall sympathising sound as much,
 As that which touch'd you see.
 Think then this world (which heaven enrolls)
 Is but a table round, and souls
 More apprehensive be.

Know they that in their grossest parts,
 Mix by their hallowed loves entwined hearts,
 This privilege boast, that no remove
 Can e'er infringe their sense of love.
 Judge hence then our estate,
 Since when we lov'd there was not put
 Two earthen hearts in one breast, but
 Two souls co-animate.

An Answer

TO

BEN JONSON'S ODE

OR

"Come leave the loathed Stage," &c.

COME leave this saucy way
 Of baiting those that pay
 Dear for the sight of your declining wit :
 'Tis known it is not fit,
 That a sale poet, just contempt once thrown,
 Should cry up thus his own.
 I wonder by what dower
 Or patent you had power
 From all to rap't a judgment. Let 't suffice,
 Had you been modest, y' had been granted wise.

G G

'Tis known you can do well,
 And that you do excel
 As a translator: but when things require
 A genius and fire,
 Not kindled heretofore by others' pains;
 As oft y' have wanted brains
 And art to strike the white,
 As you have level'd right:
 Yet if men vouch not things Apocryphal,
 You bellow, rave, and spatter round your gall.

Jug, Pierce, Peck, Fly, and all
 Your jests so nominal,
 Are things so far beneath an able brain,
 As they do throw a stain
 Through all th' unlikely plot, and do displease
 As deep a Pericles,
 Where yet there is not laid
 Before a chambermaid
 Discourse so weigh'd, as might have serv'd of old
 For schools, when they of love and valour told.

Why rage then? when the show
 Should judgment be and know-
 ledge, that there are in plush who scorn to drudge,
 For stages, yet can judge
 Not only poets' looser lines but wits,
 And all their perquisites.
 A gift as rich as high
 Is noble poesy:
 Yet though in sport it be for kings a play,
 'Tis next mechanic, when it works for pay.

Alcæus' lute had none,
 Nor loose Anacreon
 E'er taught so bold assuming of the bays,
 When they deserv'd no praise.
 To rail men into approbation
 Is new in your's alone,
 And prospers not : for know,
 Fame is as coy as you,
 Can be disdainful ; and who dares to prove
 A rape on her, shall gather scorn, not love.

Leave then this humour vain,
 And this more humorous strain,
 Where self-conceit and choler of the blood
 Eclipse what else is good :
 Then if you please those raptures high to touch,
 Whereof you boast so much :
 And forbear your crown
 Till the world puts it on :
 No doubt from all you may amazement draw,
 Since braver theme no Phœbus ever saw.

UPON A BREACH OF PROMISE.

Song.

I AM confirm'd in my belief,
 No woman hath a soul :
 They but delude, that is the chief
 To which their fancies roll.

Else how could bright Aurelia fail,
 When she her faith had given ;
 Since vows that others' ears assail,
 Recorded are in heaven.

But as the alch'mist's flattering fires
 Swell up his hopes of prize ;
 Till the crack'd spirit quite expires,
 And with his fortune dies.

So though they seem to cheer, and speak
 Those things we most implore,
 They do but flame us up to break,
 Then never mind us more.



*This ensuing Copy the late Printer had been pleased
 to honour, by mistaking it among those of the
 most ingenious and too early lost, SIR JOHN
 SUCKLING.*

WHEN, dearest, I but think on thee,
 Methinks all things that lovely be
 Are present, and my soul delighted :
 For beauties that from worth arise,
 Are like the grace of deities,
 Still present with us, though unsighted.

Thus while I sit and sigh the day,
 With all his spreading lights away,
 Till night's black wings do overtake me :
 Thinking on thee, thy beauties then,
 As sudden lights do sleeping men,
 So they by their bright rays awake me.

Thus absence dies, and dying proves
 No absence can consist with loves,

That do partake of fair perfection :
 Since in the darkest night they may,
 By their quick motion find a way
 To see each other by reflection.

The waving sea can with such flood,
 Bathe some high palace that hath stood,

Far from the main up in the river :
 Oh think not then but love can do
 As much, for that 's an ocean too,
 That flows not every day, but ever.



Song.

Now (as I live) I love thee much,
 And fain would love thee more,
 Did I but know thy temper such,
 As could give o'er.

But to engage thy virgin heart,
 Then leave it in distress,
 Were to betray thy brave desert,
 And make it less.

Were all the Eastern treasures mine,
 I'd pour them at thy feet :
 But to invite a prince to dine
 With air's not meet.

No, let me rather pine alone,
Then if my fate prove coy,
I can dispense with grief my own,
While thou hast joy.

But if through my too niggard fate
Thou shouldst unhappy prove,
I should grow mad and desperate
Through grief and love.

Since then though more I cannot love,
Without thy injury ;
As saints that to an altar move,
My thoughts shall be.

And think not that the flame is less,
For 'tis upon this score,
Were 't not a love beyond excess,
It might be more.

Finis.

BJ Feltham, Owen
1520 Resolves 2d ed., as rev.
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1820

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